# The All-America Football Team

December 22, 1934

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# Collier's

THE NA[illegible]AL WEEKLY

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DEC. 22, 1934

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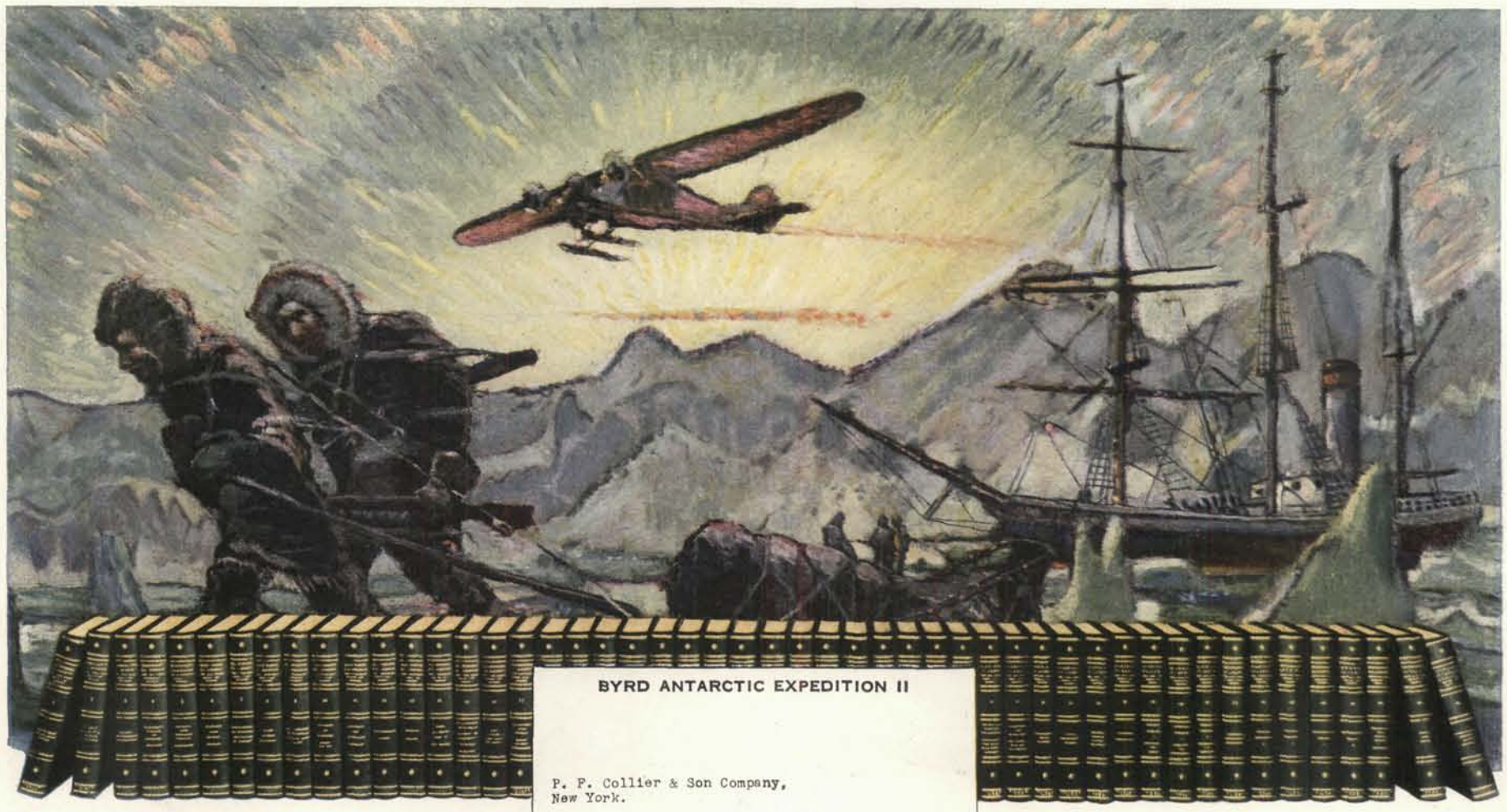
# THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIBRARY
## Goes with Byrd to Little America



As HEAVILY LADEN as were the ships of the second Antarctic Expedition, with stores of necessary food and clothing, Commander Byrd nevertheless made room for The Harvard Classics. When Byrd went to the Antarctic in 1928, he asked for this magnificent set for the use of himself and his men. In 1933 he repeated his request. The publishers each time were happy to supply The Harvard Classics in so noble an undertaking.

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When the first expedition returned home, the volumes showed unmistakable results of hard usage. They had been read and studied with fervor and devotion during the long months of total darkness of the antarctic night. On the second expedition, the Five-Foot Shelf has again been installed in the little library on the ice pack. These men know well the stimulation, inspiration and entertainment which these superb books can give.

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**BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION II**

P. F. Collier & Son Company,
New York.

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We wish to extend to you our sincere appreciation for the set of Harvard Classics which were included in the library of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition II.

As on the First Expedition, the members were anxious that Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books be taken along for reading during the long Antarctic night of total darkness.

They will not only derive a great deal of pleasure from these books, but a vast amount of valuable information.

With all good wishes, we are

Yours very truly,

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION II

John McNeil,
Personal Representative.

jmcn-jr

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# DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

*(The Harvard Classics)*

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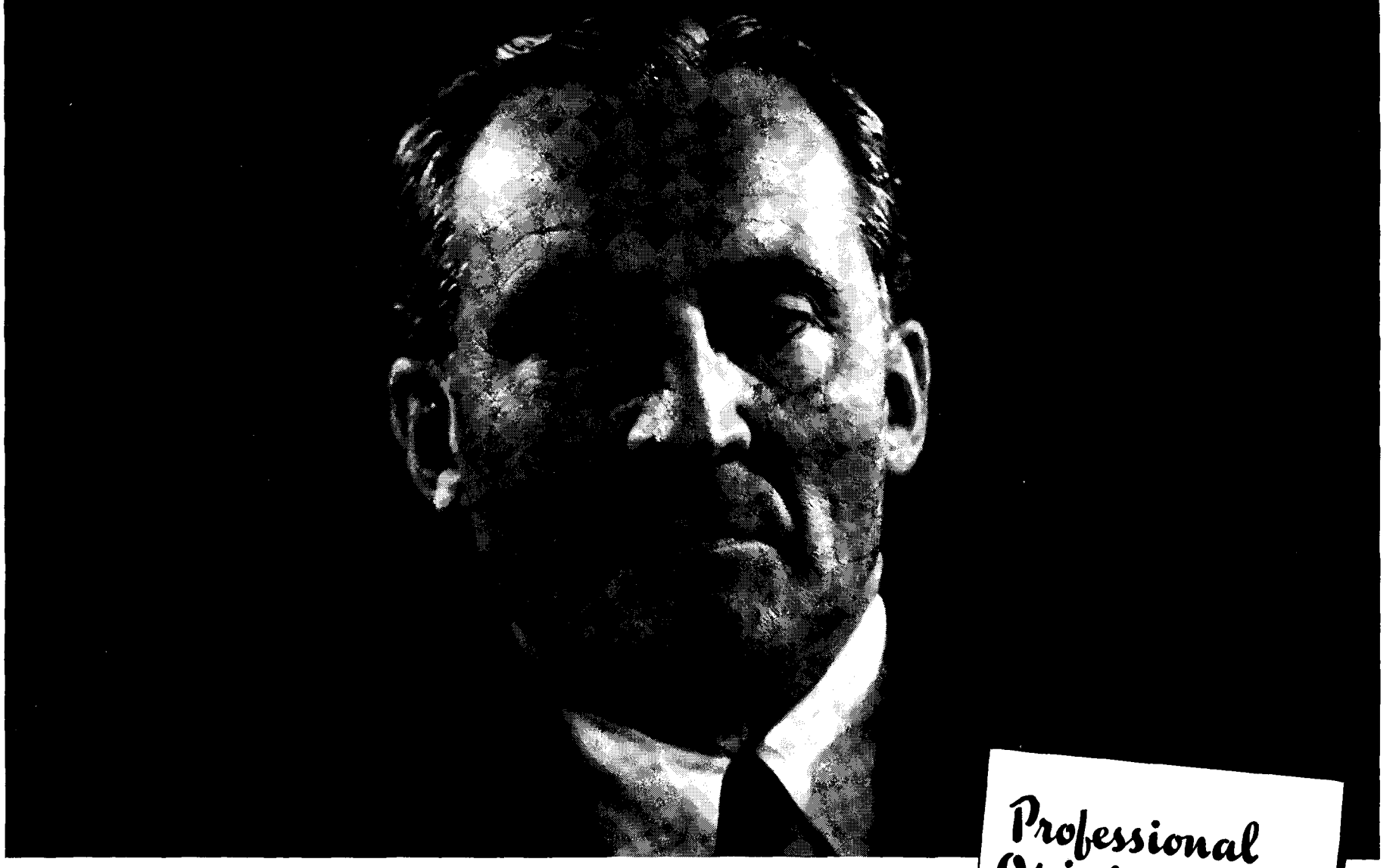
# Bridged Rivers on Three Continents but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the same!



## "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" STARTED IT ALL

NO one could accuse this man of carelessness —*no one but his dentist.*

He couldn't afford mistakes in his career. He supervised every job—watched every detail. Reputation meant money and success—and he couldn't afford to take chances. But about his teeth and his gums—well, there just didn't seem to be time—there was too much else to do.

Today—he's a Dental Cripple.

Today he regrets that he let his dentist's warnings go unheeded. Today he knows his dentist was absolutely right—that our soft, modern foods do rob our gums of work—*and health.* Today he knows the consequences of "pink tooth brush"—the dangers that lie in wait for tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste and care for your gums as well as your teeth. Make gum massage with Ipana a regular part of your daily dental routine.

Every time you brush your teeth, be sure to massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana with massage aids in getting a full, healthy circulation started, rouses sluggish gums, helps to give them back their natural firmness.

Begin to use Ipana. You may expect whiter teeth and healthier gums. And there are no better safeguards against "pink tooth brush."

### Professional Opinion says:

• *By a well-known authority:*
"Modern food is too soft and does not call for a hard effort to chew it."

• *From a widely-read text book:*
"Massage improves the health of the gums by stimulating the blood circulation. It also toughens the gums, making them more resistant to disease."

• *A famous scientist says:*
"Mouth hygiene means sound teeth and healthy gums in clean mouths."

TUNE IN "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N.B.C. STATIONS

**IPANA**
**TOOTH PASTE**

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# Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY


## Next Week

EVE LANGHAM was a hard worker. She had to be. At twenty-two she was the breadwinner of the family. Three people looked to her for support—her father, mother and sister. She had no time or money for play, and the future seemed to hold nothing for her but drudgery. There was no escape. Until—

Eve got a second job. She became a night-club hostess. That was the signal for the beginning of danger and romance. You will find yourself breathlessly following her adventures in London society and with the sinister backers of the Regalia Club in May Edginton's new novel, "Woman of the Family," which begins next week.

IT IS a well-authenticated fact that a diet of lizards is very injurious to a cat. It causes asthma, and the mortality among asthmatic cats is high. We mention this because it was the one unsolvable problem that confronted Mrs. Jean Springstead Whittemore of Matfield Green, Kansas, when she was made collector of the port in Puerto Rico. To be sure, she had to deal with smugglers, rum-runners and earthquakes, but these she took in her stride. The cats remain a problem. W. B. Courtney takes you to meet the calm-eyed schoolmarm in "Kansas on the Carib."

WHEN Jarnigan's Circus stopped in Slag Pile it stopped for good. A gold rush was on, and the performers joined it and tagged along. They included the Schermerhorn twins, one of whom was a lion tamer and the other a clinging vine.

"Sudden Johnny" Halloran, who was the toughest man in the whole Shirt-Tail Bend, fell in love with both of them—at different times. His story, a rugged piece of the untamed West, is told by Richard Matthews Hallet.

WHEN Commander Settle unexpectedly landed his stratosphere balloon in the Burlington railroad yards in Chicago, the only thing that saved a heedless crowd from blowing itself and him to bits by igniting the hydrogen in the bag was a strong-voiced marine, Major Fordney. On the next and successful attempt Fordney went along. He gives a vivid account of his adventure in "Up Above the World So High."

HEYWOOD BROUN writes the Short Short Story. Winston Churchill, David Hoadley Munroe, Lucia Alzamora, Quentin Reynolds, Betty Thornley Stuart, Arthur Somers Roche, George Agnew Chamberlain and others contribute one gem apiece. Come and be dazzled.

## This Week


**December 22, 1934**

*Cover by K. and J. Barnum*



**GRANTLAND RICE**
***All-America Football Team.*** **Now you can stop arguing.** **Page 7**

**IRVIN MONROE**
***So You're Going in Pictures.*** **An actress in love.** **Page 10**

**JACLAND MARMUR**
***The Captain's Dinner.*** **The story of an official hero.** **Page 12**

**HAROLD LAMB**
***The Watcher.*** **A modern daughter of the Crusaders stands siege.** **Page 14**

**T. R. YBARRA**
***Money Troubles of a Miracle Man.*** **Mussolini dictates to the depression.** **Page 16**

**FRANK CONDON**
***Giggle, Giggle, Little Star.*** **The sudden stardom of Myrna Loy.** **Page 17**

**ERNEST HAYCOX**
***On Texas Street.*** **Romance in bold, bad Abilene.** **Page 18**

**ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE**
***Shadow of Doubt, Part XI.*** **Groping in the dark.** **Page 20**

**THE SHORT SHORT STORY**
***Love Among the Beeves,*** **by Kyle Crichton.** **Page 22**

**RAY TUCKER**
***Mash Notes.*** **Washington's headache—from illegal liquor.** **Page 23**

**GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN**
***Two on Safari, Part IX.*** **The rescue.** **Page 24**

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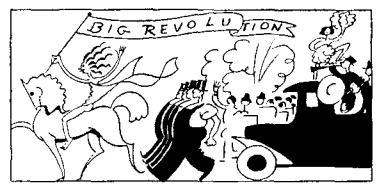
***Set That Contract!*** **Defense at its most offensive.** **Page 26**

**FRELING FOSTER**
***Keep Up with the World.*** **Something to think about.** **Page 32**

**EDITORIAL**
***Speaking of Ships.*** **Page 50**


## Any Week

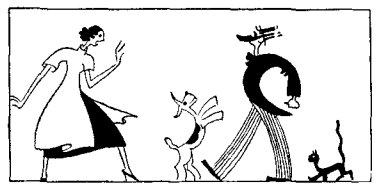
WE HAVE just received a nicely itemized prospectus of the coming revolution. It starts, we are informed, in Seattle, Washington. The plans have been kept pretty secret, due to Seattle's fear that her bitter rival, Portland, Oregon, might get out some slipshod program just to beat Seattle. Says our correspondent: "Most of us want the revolution put on pretty, with sound effects, revolving stages, fireworks, fan dancers, guillotines and Ginger Rogers. A committee of prominent church workers have been going around prying up bricks and paving blocks here and there, remembering that a lot of time was lost in the French Revolution prying up cobblestones. No man-power will be wasted on bands; our martial music will be furnished by sound trucks and amplifiers at all barricades. A few of our big business men have been a little skittish, fearing they might be taken for malefactors of great wealth and ignominiously sacrificed. But we have calmed them with a promise they will be allowed to wear overalls, so as to appear as proletarians. All executions will be performed in public on revolving stages. Between executions the stages will be used for fan dancing and Miss Rogers. A special Fan Adjustment Administration will dispose of more rabid fans beforehand. To lead our revolution we will have a lovely red-headed girl, who will ride a white horse, in frank unadornment. This will be a novelty because, to rewrite an old gag, very few people have seen a white horse. Wish you could be here to see us lead out the first investment trust banker. We could arrange for you to work the guillotine in odd moments while we are prospecting around ferreting out politicians and other assorted victims."




WE FEEL that Mr. James B. Eveline of Troy, New York, will make special efforts to attend Seattle's revolution because Mr. Eveline is pretty fed up at home. He voted on election day and went to bed that night thinking everything would be magnificent in the morning. "But the sun came up next morning as usual," says he. "There was the usual amount of November air drifting around . . . but instead of the Utopia the spellbinders told me to expect it was the same old Troy, New York."

AND Mr. M. E. Decker of Cutler, Maine, wants us to know that up his way they did a pretty dismal job of it election night. For example, from New Hampshire into Mr. Decker's loud-speaker came the information that "Blank, Republican, had lost to Blink, Democrat, by seven thousand dollars."

CANDOR like that is not necessary, according to Mrs. B. G. Lautrelle of St. Joseph, Missouri. Just the other day Mrs. Lautrelle's radio brought her the voice of a recently elected congressman who said: "I have a large family and a great many relations, all dear to me and, like so many of us, unemployed. I go to Washington thinking of them."



AND here's a bitter protest from Miss Eve McNulty of Chicago, Illinois, who applied for a job in some government bureau where they needed a biologist. Miss McNulty has been a biologist for lo, these seven years. "But I have not voted in any election since 1924," says she, "and was put down therefore as a Republican. The successful applicant was an attendant in a dog and cat hospital in New York. I got pretty mad, of course, but became resigned when I learned that what I lacked was an endorsement from that lifelong liberal, the Hon. James A. Farley."

COMFORT may be derived by the government economy insisters from this one from Private Jonas A. Wilkie, United States Army. From New York City, Private Wilkie writes that he ripped his third pair of breeches in three weeks. "My supply sergeant was telling me all about holding down expenses and why it was impossible to get a new pair of breeches," says Private Wilkie, "when an order came through sending me to San Antonio where, my sergeant says, only sissies wear pants."

A CELEBRATED movie star made a personal appearance in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, not long ago, reports Miss Grace Dettloff of that spraddled city. "She told us all about her art and then said she would be glad to answer any questions. A rough fellow upstairs shouted: 'Okay. Who doubles for you when you have to act?' "

GOOD old City of Brotherly Love.


Vol. 94, No. 25. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, The Country Home. Copyright, 1934, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Alfred D. Mayo, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

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# AMERICA ON THE WIRE

AMERICANS get more out of the telephone than any other people in the world.

Partly it is because we still have the pioneer qualities. We are restless, inquisitive, ambitious, sociable, ingenious, enterprising. The telephone is adapted to us and we are adapted to the telephone. But another reason why the average American uses the telephone more is that there are more telephones to use—more than thirteen million in the Bell System alone. And the service is better.

There are few persons in this country so isolated that the telephone cannot find them. Because everybody knows this, the telephone is kept busy and everybody gets more out of it. Your telephone grows in value the more you use it—the more you rely on it to help you through the day's activities.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

More than 57,000,000 conversations a day are held over Bell System wires. It takes a telephone system of great size to render quick, reliable service to a great nation.

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# NEARLY 1 IN EVERY 3 PEOPLE SAID:

# "My next watch will be a HAMILTON"

An "Inquiring Reporter" in Chicago interviews a family in front of that city's famous Field Museum. He is asking, "If you were to get a new watch, which make would you prefer?" (The chronometer carried over his shoulder was used to check the accuracy of watches encountered. In the accuracy survey too, Hamilton was victorious—winning the title of "Most Accurate Watch." Another reason for making Hamilton your choice.)

## 1000 INTERVIEWS PROVE DEMAND FOR ACCURATE WATCH

"INQUIRING REPORTERS" asked more than 1000 people, "If you were to get a new watch, which make would you prefer?" Nearly *one* in every *three* answered, "A Hamilton would be my choice."

In this investigation, the reporters interviewed men and women in six large cities—people taken at random in hotel lobbies, in office buildings, in railroad stations, or along the principal streets. Half a hundred or more makes of watches appeared on their reports. Yet public demand for an accurate watch, and public faith in Hamilton accuracy, *gave Hamilton 332 out of 1054 votes!*

Here is your answer to the question, "What watch shall I give for Christmas?" Give an *accurate* watch, a Hamilton. It is to protect this reputation for accuracy that every Hamilton movement contains 17 or more fine jewels. We believe we can confidently say that our ladies' wrist models are *the most accurate small watches in the world.* In fact, Hamilton accuracy is doubly protected by the Time-Microscope (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)—a Hamilton invention used exclusively in the timing of Hamilton Watches.

Before you decide on that most *special* Christmas gift, see your jeweler's display of beautiful new Hamiltons in platinum, solid gold or gold filled cases. Ask him particularly to show you our many wrist, strap and pocket models in the new low price range between $37.50 and $42.50—every one as smartly modern as 1940, and a true, accurate Hamilton through and through. Write for a free copy of our Christmas folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

### HOW 1054 PEOPLE VOTED WHEN ASKED..

*"If you were to get a new watch, which make would you prefer?"*

| WATCH | VOTES | PER CENT |
|---|---|---|
| HAMILTON | 332 | 31.5 |
| WATCH "B" | 245 | 23 |
| WATCH "C" | 169 | 15 |
| WATCH "D" | 73 | 7 |
| WATCH "E" | 56 | 5.5 |
| WATCH "F" | 51 | 5 |
| MISC.* | 49 | 4.5 |
| WATCH "G" | 31 | 3 |
| WATCH "H" | 20 | 2 |
| WATCH "I" | 15 | 1.5 |
| LOW PRICED | 13 | 1 |

* "Miscellaneous" includes little-known watches which received but a few votes each.

## FIVE CHRISTMAS IDEAS

(Left to right) ROBERTA. 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. Silk cord. $52.50. MILLAY. 17 jewels. 10K filled gold, white or natural yellow. Filled gold bracelet. $42.50. PRESCOTT. The newest note in men's strap watches. 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, natural yellow only. Raised gold marker dial. $45.00. DRAKE. 17 jewels. 10K filled gold, white or natural yellow. Black figure dial (shown) or luminous dial. $37.50. With raised gold figure dial, $40.00. ADAMS. 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. Marker dial (shown). $52.50 Other Hamilton Watches range from $35.00 to $500.00.

## ★ HAMILTON ★

*the Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *End* | DONALD HUTSON | *University of Alabama* |
| *Tackle* | WILLIAM LEE | *University of Alabama* |
| *Guard* | GEORGE BARCLAY | *University of North Carolina* |
| *Center* | GEORGE SHOTWELL | *University of Pittsburgh* |
| *Guard* | WILLIAM BEVAN | *University of Minnesota* |
| *Tackle* | ROBERT REYNOLDS | *Stanford University* |
| *End* | FRANK LARSON | *University of Minnesota* |
| *Quarterback* | ROBERT GRAYSON | *Stanford University* |
| *Halfback* | WILLIAM WALLACE | *Rice Institute* |
| *Halfback* | FRED BORRIES | *Navy* |
| *Fullback* | FRANCIS LUND | *University of Minnesota* |

Robert Grayson, quarterback, Stanford University. Height, 5:11. Weight, 186. Home, Portland, Ore.

# The All-America Football Team

## By Grantland Rice

**The Advisory Board**

*Pacific Coast*
R. L. (DINK) TEMPLETON
*San Francisco Call-Bulletin*
BRAVEN DYER
*Los Angeles Times*

*Southwest*
GEORGE W. WHITE
*Dallas News*

*Missouri Valley*
C. E. McBRIDE
*Kansas City Star*

*Mid-West Roving Assignment*
EDWARD W. COCHRANE
*Kansas City Journal-Post*

*Middle West*
H. G. SALSINGER
*Detroit News*

*South*
O. B. KEELER
*Atlanta Journal*

FOOTBALL'S campaign of 1934 opened with the noise of falling kingdoms and shattered scepters. The casualty lists in high ranks lost no time getting under way. By the sixth of October Michigan, Southern California, Notre Dame, Purdue, Yale, Pennsylvania and others had been led to the chopping block, while Rice, Southern Methodist and Louisiana State, all strong teams, had been tied.

Through this upheaval, which continued most of the season, a fast, powerful Minnesota team dominated the Mid-West, stopped Pittsburgh's challenge in the East and at the same time made its bid for national leadership with a continued and amazing display of scoring strength.

Minnesota's fast, crunching offense, headed by Pug Lund, Stan Kostka, Alfonse, Beise, Seidel and other stars, rolled up 270 points against North Dakota, Nebraska, Pittsburgh, Iowa, Michigan, Indiana, Chicago and Wisconsin.

Big, fast backs playing back of a big, fast line, ably drilled and well directed, offered more opposition than any team could face, although Pittsburgh was only a touchdown away with one of Pitt's strongest teams in the field.

A strong Stanford team, much improved over 1933, ruled the Far West. Alabama overpowered the Deep South, while Rice Institute, although beaten by Texas Christian, had an all-season edge in one of football's leading strongholds.

The Southwest put on one of its best parades. Leaving the Cottonwood trail for outside adventure, Rice, Texas and Southern Methodist took the measure of Purdue, Notre Dame and Fordham to prove the place Texas held upon the football map. Louisiana State, especially with Mickal on duty, was another leading entry.

Pittsburgh, Temple and Colgate were the Eastern leaders, with Pitt rated only a short stride back of Minnesota. Ohio State, second to Minnesota in the Mid-West, finished with one of the best football teams the country had to offer, with power, speed and deception all well blended.

It is impossible to enumerate all the high spots of the season, but there remain many memories that will last.

One can still see the picture of Minnesota's downfield march, with Kostka and Lund hammering or slashing through—Kostka, a 215-pound human shell, starting at top speed, churning and crunching along the turf, leaving half-dazed tacklers in his wake. Colgate's smart, bewildering attack with the lateral pass brought to its top point—especially in the Tulane game when Colgate, after handling a Tulane kick, threw four laterals on her way to a 50-yard zigzag gain. Yale's sudden uprising against Princeton, a team ranked with the best of the year before this game—Yale, beaten by Columbia, Army and Georgia, holding the famous Tiger backs scoreless and winning by a pass from Roscoe to Kelley that broke up the game. The Navy's brilliant open game against Columbia, with Buzz Borries passing and running, mixing in laterals and forwards for Columbia's sole defeat of the year. Columbia's fine finish against Syracuse. The devastating attack that Southern Methodist turned loose against Fordham. The tremendous power of Alabama against Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee and other rival teams—with Hutson, Lee and Howell all listed among the leading stars. Stanford's smart line and her swift, hard-driving backfield, with Grayson, Hamilton and others setting the Far-Western pace. The big, fast backfield that Rice sent against L. S. U., Southern Methodist, Texas, Purdue and several others. Pop Warner's return to football glory at Temple with an old-time Warner fullback in Smukler, one of the best Pop ever had. The play of Bill Shepherd of Western Maryland. These were only a few of the season's offerings to football color and skill.

New coaching staffs at Yale, Notre Dame and Ohio State especially had excellent first seasons, with promise of even better days to come.

There were also unexpected form reversals from a year ago in the early downfall of Michigan and Southern California, two of the leaders for the past few years. Michigan, losing most of her 1933 material, found no replacements to fill the gaps and so moved from one slaughter to another, showing again how quickly the wheel of fortune can spin the other way.

Reports from Collier's Advisory Board, covering every section of the country from week to week, listed an unusual number of outstanding backs, with a slight decline among the headliners in line play. This was especially true of the tackle situations, where five of the eight sectors reported no tackle quite up to All-America consideration.

There was a good average at center play, with no Bernard or Ticknor to outclass all others. This was also true of the general average of end play, where the growth of the lateral pass added more than its share of mental worry to the end's job.

One leading feature of the fall campaign was the wide spread of football talent through every division, showing again how far the game had come from the days when there were only a few strongholds. Injuries, as usual, cut in heavily on any number of leading candidates. Such stars as Berwanger of Chicago, Purvis of Purdue, Barabas of Columbia, Nott of Detroit, Warburton of Southern California and many more could handle only part-time jobs.

The records of more than 500 football players were sent in from week to week as the list began to dwindle. Then the recommendations were made of players above the average, from which the All-America squad could be selected. Football today is a squad game, no longer a battle of eleven men to the side—which now happens in only rare instances, such as the Yale drive against Princeton.

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Here is the list named by the Advisory Board, the leaders who came into the stretch with a chance to reach the top:

### CENTERS

*East*
Shotwell, Pittsburgh — Ciampa, Columbia
Stevens, Temple — Robertshaw, Navy
*South*
H. Robinson, Tulane — McKnight, Georgia
*Mid-West*
Patterson, Chicago — Robinson, Notre Dame
Gomer Jones, Ohio State
*Missouri Valley*
Meier, Nebraska — Parks, Oklahoma
Griffing, Kansas State
*Southwest*
Newby, Arkansas — Lester, T. C. U.
*Pacific Coast*
Muller, Stanford; W. Jorgenson, St. Mary's
Seimering, San Francisco U. — Calkins, Cal.
Devine, Oregon State — Chavoor, U. C. L. A.

### GUARDS

*East*
Stillman, Army — Ormiston, Pittsburgh
Hartwig, Pittsburgh — Weller, Princeton
Jontos, Syracuse
*South*
Marr, Alabama — Welch, Auburn
Brown, Georgia — Barclay, North Carolina
*Mid-West*
Pacetti, Wisconsin — Monahan, Ohio State
Wagner, Michigan State; Bevan, Minnesota
*Missouri Valley*
Stacy, Oklahoma — Sklar, Kansas
Heldt, Nebraska
*Southwest*
Wetsel, Southern Methodist — Bale, Rice
*Pacific Coast*
Elduayan, St. Mary's — Boyer, U. C. L. A.
Adams, Stanford — Mucha, Washington
Rouble, Stanford — Spadefore, Santa Clara
Vitalich, Loyola — Kjeldsen, Pacific
Hayduk, Washington State

### TACKLES

*Southwest*
Carter, Southern Meth. — Baker, Centenary
*Pacific Coast*
Theodoratos, Wash. State — Duvall, Loyola
Reynolds, Stanford — Callaway, Stanford
Blewett, U. S. F. — Yezerski, St Mary's
Carter, U. S. F. — McCue, Idaho
Barber, U. S. F. — Bond, Wash.
*East*
Brooke, Colgate — Steen, Syracuse
Cutter, Navy — Ferrara, Columbia
*South*
Lee, Alabama — Rukas, L. S. U.
Tatum, North Carolina — Bailey, Tennessee
Isaacs, North Carolina State
*Mid-West*
Bengston, Minnesota — Barrett, Detroit
Harre, Ohio State — Wray, Northwestern
*Missouri Valley*
Maddox, Kansas State — Clawson, Kansas
Schafroth, Iowa State — Gentry, Oklahoma
Wheeler, Oklahoma

### ENDS

*Pacific Coast*
Moscrip, Stanford — McChesney, U. C. L. A.
Bescos, U. S. C. — Topping, Stanford
Hinch, U. S. F. — Ray Morse, Oregon
Louis O'Bryan, Loyola
*East*
Bogdanski, Colgate — Kelley, Yale
Borden, Fordham
*South*
Don Hutson, Alabama; Buck, N. Carolina
Wentz, Duke — Bryant, Alabama
Fenton, Auburn — Plassman, Vanderbilt
*Mid-West*
Larson, Minnesota — Tenner, Minnesota
Ward, Michigan
*Missouri Valley*
Poole, Iowa State; Churchill, Kansas State
Coker, Oklahoma

### BACKS

*East*
Borries, Navy — Buckler, Army
Stancook, Army — Weinstock, Pittsburgh
Shepherd, Western Maryland; Clark, Navy
Smukler, Temple — Barabas, Columbia
Nicksick, Pittsburgh — Kern, Colgate
Irwin, Colgate — LeVan, Princeton
Leemans, George Washington; Roscoe, Yale
*South*
Howell, Alabama — Dixon, Vanderbilt
Simmons, Tulane — Roberts, Georgia Tech
Mickal, L. S. U. — Vaughan, Tennessee
Johnson, Kentucky — Dickens, Tennessee
Bond, Georgia — Demyanovich, Alabama
Macjorell, Davidson — Cornelius, Duke
Alexander, Duke — Chapman, Georgia
*Mid-West*
J. Berwanger, Chicago; F. Lund, Minnesota
Duane Purvis, Purdue — Kostka, Minnesota
Jankowski, Wisconsin — Heekin, Ohio State
Melinkovich, Notre Dame — Nott, Detroit
Carter, Purdue — Lindberg, Illinois
Duvall, Northwestern — Alfonse, Minnesota
Crayne, Iowa — Warmbein, Michigan State
Beynon, Illinois — Seidel, Minnesota
Buivid, Marquette
*Missouri Valley*
L. Cardwell, Nebr. — Francis, halfback, Nebr.
Bauer, quarter, Nebr.; Stoner, half, Kans. S.
Stukey, half, Kans. — Berry, half, Tulsa
Emrich, half, Washburn; Long, half, Okla.
Allender, full, Ia. S.; Ayres, quar., Kans. S.
Elder, half, Kans. S.; Robertson, quar., Okla.
Brown, halfback, Wash. U. St. Louis
Hapgood, quar., Kans.; Poyner, full, Okla.
*Southwest*
Wallace, Rice — Wilson, S. M. U.
Mickal, L. S. U. — McCauley, Rice
*Pacific Coast*
Alustiza, Stanford — Sulkosky, Washington
Hornbeak, Wash. — Goddard, Wash. State
Williams, California; Sobrero, Santa Clara
Hamilton, Stanford — Mattos, St. Mary's
Clemens, U. S. C. — Cheshire, U. C. L. A.
Warburton, U. S. C.; Pangle, Oregon State
Wotkyns, S. Cal.; Christoffersen, Wash. S.
Salatino, Santa Clara; Grayson, Stanford
Bufkin, Wash.; Peterson, San Francisco U.

From this lengthy array of stars the final voting decision of the Board selected the following leaders to make up the All-America squad:

### THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

#### CENTERS

Shotwell, Pittsburgh; H. Robinson, Tulane
Robinson, Notre Dame — Lester, T. C. U.

#### GUARDS

Bevan, Minnesota — Barclay, N. Carolina
Hartwig, Pittsburgh — Ormiston, Pittsburgh
Wetsel, Southern Meth. — Mucha, Wash.

#### TACKLES

Carter, S. M. U. — Reynolds, Stanford
Lee, Alabama — Barber, San Francisco U.
Calloway, Stanford — Ferrara, Columbia

#### ENDS

Hutson, Alabama — Moscrip, Stanford
Larson, Minnesota — Kelley, Yale
Bogdanski, Colgate — Erdelatz, St. Mary's

#### BACKS

Grayson, Stanford; Wallace, Rice Institute
Lund, Minnesota — Williams, California
Howell, Alabama — Mickal, Louisiana State
Berwanger, Chicago — Borries, Navy
Smukler, Temple — Shepherd, Western Md.
Hamilton, Stanford; Weinstock, Pittsburgh

From this All-America squad, in the final swing down the stretch, the first team of eleven men at last took form.

**SHOTWELL**—*Pittsburgh, Center*

George Shotwell, Pittsburgh's center, was one of the season's most amazing contributions. Standing 6 feet 2, weighing only 159 pounds, he held the pivotal position of one of the country's strongest lines. In the first place, his consistent, accurate passing to Pittsburgh's string of fast backs was largely responsible for the perfect timing this team exhibited all year. He finished the season without a single poor pass. He had the knack of getting through to block kicks, even against strong opposition. It was Shotwell who intercepted more passes than any other member of the Pitt team. But it was as a smart, keen defensive diagnostician that he held the admiration of Jock Sutherland, his coach. "I have never seen his superior in this respect," Dr. Sutherland said, "and only a coach knows how valuable this quality is."

Shotwell was closely pressed by Lester of Texas Christian, who, after a slow start, finished perhaps the strongest center in the country, and by Newby of Arkansas, Robinson of Notre Dame and Stevens of Temple. But his more consistent all-season play through one of the hardest schedules of the year earned him his place at the top.

**BEVAN**—*Minnesota, Guard*

Bevan of Minnesota takes his place as one of the best guards the Mid-West has ever known. Big, quick and powerful, he carried a slashing charge that was

Right: Donald Hutson, end, University of Alabama. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 192. Home, Pine Bluff, Arkansas

Left: Robert Reynolds, tackle, Stanford University. Height, 6:3½. Weight, 220. Home Okmulgee, Oklahoma

Right: George Shotwell, center, University of Pittsburgh. Height, 6:2. Weight, 159. Home, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

Left: William Bevan, guard, University of Minnesota. Height, 5:11. Weight, 194. Home, St. Paul, Minnesota

Right: William Wallace, halfback, Rice Institute. Height, 5:11. Weight, 180. Home, Eagle Lake, Texas

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Left: Frank Larson, end, University of Minnesota. Height, 6:3. Weight, 185. Home, Duluth, Minnesota

Right: William Lee, tackle, University of Alabama. Height, 6:3. Weight, 225. Home, Eutaw, Alabama

Left: Francis Lund, fullback, University of Minnesota. Height 5:11. Weight, 185. Home, Rice Lake, Wis.

Right: George Barclay, guard, University of North Carolina. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 183. Home, Natrona, Pennsylvania

Left: Fred Borries, halfback, Navy. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 175. Home, Louisville, Ky.

hard to stop. His defensive play was one of Minnesota's features. Bevan belongs to the cool, relaxed school of competition—always keen but never caught in the grip of tension.

BARCLAY—*North Carolina, Guard*

Barclay, the big North Carolina captain, had the hardest sort of battle to win his place as the other guard. He was opposed by such stars as Ormiston and Hartwig of Pittsburgh, two of the best guards of many years. Either can step into an All-America group and more than hold his own. In addition to this pair there were Mucha of Washington, a fine guard, Wetsel of S. M. U., Stillman of the Army and Monahan of Ohio State.

Barclay was named for his all-around qualities. He was the captain and main spark plug of a strong North Carolina team. He called the signals and directed his team's strategy. He was alert enough to intercept more passes than any of his backs. He was a running guard of the Rosenberg type. On more than one occasion he was found in the center of the line to handle the passing job. Opposing teams voted him as the best football player they had met.

LEE—*Alabama, Tackle*

William Lee, Alabama's tackle, was the giant of a big squad. Standing 6 feet 3, weighing 225 pounds, Lee had speed to match his bulk. Captain of a fine team, he was one of the main reasons for Alabama's offensive and defensive strength. "When my backs made a yard through this Alabama line," Harry Mehre of Georgia said, "I thought they were running wild. It was like fighting off the surf in a storm." Bulky as Lee happens to be, he is one of those quick big men at their best when on the aggressive. His judgment in diagnosing plays was another feature of his all-season work.

REYNOLDS—*Stanford, Tackle*

Reynolds and Calloway, Stanford's two tackles, were largely responsible for the stout line play of the cardinal team all year. There was little to choose between this strong pair. Reynolds, like Lee of Alabama, was another young giant. Standing 6 feet 3½, weighing 225 pounds, Reynolds was also active and alert in every game.

This happened to be a season when tackle play was below former standards. In several sections Collier's Advisory Board members refused to nominate a single All-America candidate for the tackle assignment, something never known before.

HUTSON—*Alabama, End*

There is a different story to tell when you move into the argument over ends. This list included such stars as Hutson of Alabama, Larson of Minnesota, Moscrip of Stanford, Bogdanski of Colgate, Kelley of Yale and several more who deserved consideration.

Hutson of Alabama was named as one of the greatest ends the South ever saw —if not *the* greatest—which is always a large order to fill. Coach Alexander of Georgia Tech says Hutson is the best end he has seen in the last ten years, not barring Catfish Smith of Georgia and Dalrymple of Tulane, who also had their good qualities.

LARSON—*Minnesota, End*

The battle for the other wing position came down to a hard, close contest between Frank Larson of Minnesota and Monk Moscrip of Stanford, two of the nation's best. Larson was named as All-America end a year ago. Moscrip came along this season to give the Minnesota entry an even battle until the Stanford star was hurt just before the final game. Jock Sutherland of Pittsburgh rates Larson one of the best ends he has ever seen. "He made plays against us I believed impossible," Sutherland said. "Here is an example —something I had never seen before on a football field. On one play he hurried our forward passer and then swept back to make the tackle after the pass was completed. Larson is that type of end."

GRAYSON—*Stanford, Quarterback*

Today there are practically no quarterbacks, halfbacks or fullbacks in the old sense. Under the Warner system the quarterback and the fullback are interchangeable. Grayson of Stanford began calling signals in the mid-season campaign of 1933. After the Southern California game of that year Howard Jones pronounced Grayson's direction of plays among the best he had ever seen. Here is a big, fast back who can run an end, hit a line, kick, pass, block and handle any assignment given him. He has been the star of one of the best teams of many years.

His early injury in the California game came near leading to his team's defeat, but his play all fall has been so excellent no one could be found able to take his place.

WALLACE—*Rice Institute, Halfback*

Picking out two halfbacks happened to be once more the most difficult of all selections. In the list there were Wallace of Rice, Howell of Alabama, Borries of the Navy, Berwanger of Chicago, Purvis of Purdue, Mickal of L. S. U., Leemans of George Washington, Shepherd of Western Maryland, Williams of California, McCauley of Rice, Wilson of S. M. U., Alfonse of Minnesota, Nicksick of Pittsburgh, Cardwell of Nebraska and eight or ten others.

Berwanger of Chicago was the star all-around halfback of the year, the most brilliant of all the lot, until injured before the Ohio State game. Purvis of Purdue was another star who suffered the same hard luck. But Wallace of Rice, a 180-pound track star working in one of football's leading centers, the Southwest, earned his place.

BORRIES—*Navy, Halfback*

Why Borries? Listen again to Jock Sutherland of Pittsburgh: "Borries is the best football player we met all year. He is one of the best backs I ever saw. Give him the protection Minnesota, Alabama, Pittsburgh and Stanford could give him, and he would stand alone. As a runner and passer, a blocker and a defensive star, he has earned a place no one can take away from him."

Lou Little of Columbia backs Sutherland up. "He beat my Columbia team almost single-handed," Little says, "and that was the only game we lost."

LUND—*Minnesota, Fullback*

As Pug Lund of Minnesota, Weinstock of Pittsburgh, Smukler of Temple, Stancook of the Army and a few more march by in review, the final selection was none too simple. But Lund has been one of the stars and one of the main spark plugs at Minnesota for three years. As a ball carrier, passer, kicker, blocker and tackler he has carried out a heavy assignment. He has been battered and broken up—teeth knocked out —finger amputated—thumb broken—but through all this blasting barrage Lund has carried on. "Just about the greatest competitor I ever saw," is Bernie Bierman's tribute.

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# So You're Going in Pictures

## By Irvin Monroe

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

***Boy makes good in Hollywood. It happens every day, but not quite like this. For here the Sordid Producer knew his romance, after all***

**They were after me with some more questions then. I was trying hard to think of the right answers to keep Junie out of it, when the door opened and who walked in but Junie and Leblin. He looked at me curiously but he didn't say anything**

WHOEVER was knocking at the door certainly was persistent. I rolled over and looked at the clock. Almost eleven, but who cared? Time was something I had plenty of.

The knocking started in again. I knew it couldn't be anyone at this hour but the landlord or the laundryman and I didn't want to see either of them. After a while you run out of alibis, even in show business.

Wait a minute! Maybe it was a telegram from New York. A part in a show on Broadway. I grabbed for a dressing-gown and opened the door.

"Telephone company."

"Oh," I said. "Oh, sure."

I moved back a little bit and he walked in and dropped a bag of tools from his shoulder.

"It's over there," I said. It was pretty obvious where it was but I felt I ought to say something; I was a little embarrassed.

He was very matter of fact about it; I guess he had plenty of practice taking them out in that town. I searched around and finally discovered a cigarette in a crumpled pack I'd overlooked and sat down on the edge of the bed, smoking and watching him squatting on his heels and unscrewing the box from the wall.

He had it hanging by one corner when the buzzer inside sounded off like a rattlesnake. We both jumped; it had been disconnected for a week. I looked at the guy and he handed me the phone.

"You better answer it," he said.

I took it doubtfully and said hello.

"Hello, Nicky!"

"Oh, Martha, how are you?"

"Well enough, if the bells in my head would stop ringing. I called to ask if you could come to dinner tonight. I'm having some people in. I think you'd like to meet one of them."

"Who?"

"June Manners. You've been raving about her ever since you came here, haven't you?"

I said: "That's thoughtful of you, Martha. I guess it's too late now, but I'd like to just the same."

"All right, Nicky. About seven then."

I SAID goodby and handed the phone back to the guy.

"How'd that happen?" I asked him.

"Accident, I guess." He grinned. "Afraid it won't happen again."

I went over to the open window and looked out on Hollywood Boulevard.

So June Manners was going to be at Martha's. Junie, the glamorous, though maybe that should be in caps. Hollywood's gift to several million beauty-worshiping males. I flopped down on the little terrace outside the window and let the sun soak into my shoulder blades while I thought pleasurably about Junie.

I got to Martha's a little early but we were on our second cocktail before Junie made her entrance. Junie always made an entrance. Why not?—she was June Manners, wasn't she? She had on a white velvet evening gown and she was so beautiful she took your breath away! There were half a dozen men there besides myself; one of them I knew was Junie's director, Homans, and the rest of them were writers. Martha's husband was a writer. They all knew Junie but that didn't stop them from gathering around her as if they'd never talked to a movie star before. But it wasn't the movie star in Junie they went for, it was the woman. She had plenty, all right.

I went over and made myself polite to Martha and the rest of the women—they weren't getting too much attention. When we sat down to dinner I hadn't paid any more attention to Junie than if she'd had a harelip.

We had a lot of wine with dinner and everyone was feeling pretty good when we left the table. Somehow I got sitting next to Junie on the divan when we were having brandies with our coffee and after a while she turned to me as if I'd just come in.

"What's your name?" she said.

"Nick Stewart," I told her. "I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch yours."

She gave me a look.

"June Manners."

"Oh, yes, you're in pictures, aren't you?"

She said: "Are you being funny?"

"No, really. I'm sorry but I just came out here and I don't know anyone."

SHE didn't quite know how to take it, I guess, so she let it go.

"What are you, a writer?" she asked me.

"No. I'm from the stage in New York."

"Oh, an actor." She looked me over critically. "You ought to screen well. Who brought you out?"

"Nobody. I'm just here for a vacation. Going back in a few days."

"Well, aren't you going to have a test or anything?"

"Oh, I don't think so," I told her. "Frankly, I don't think I'd like pictures."

"Oh!"

I think she really began to get interested about then. She turned and gave me a long look. Then she held up her empty glass.

"Would you mind?"

"I'd love to," I told her.

WHEN I came back, there was a guy sitting on either side of her but she patted the stool by her feet and I sat down. After a while they went away, and Junie turned to me.

"Do you like Hollywood, Mr. Stewart?"

I grinned at her. "I'm beginning to—now."

"Are you? That's quite a compliment from a New Yorker."

"Oh, I never make compliments. In fact, I'm unpleasantly rude."

"I'm sure you aren't; you're much too nice-looking."

"Thank you, madame. In spirit I make you a deep bow. My trip is a success if I can go back to New York and tell them June Manners said I was handsome. Bet I can get it in the Times."

She laughed at me. "I'm going to talk to Homans about you. I believe you *are* an actor."

I went over to get some cigarettes and when I came back, sure enough, Homans was sitting there. He was a big, tall, stoop-shouldered guy with a funny manner, but I knew he was one of the ace directors in the business.

"Miss Manners tells me you're an actor," he said to me.

"Well, anyway, an alleged actor," I told him.

"What have you done?"

I named a couple of shows I'd done and a half dozen more I hadn't. Nobody ever knows the difference in Hollywood.

Junie said: "He's just the type for David, don't you think?"

Homans looked at me over his glasses.

"Mmmmm—more or less. We'll have you out to the studio sometime soon, and make a test of you."

I knew what that meant, I'd heard it

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before. No, I had to stick to my original act. Hard to get, that was me.

"Why, I'm afraid I can't promise, though I'd like to very much. You see, I have a show opening in New York, and I've got to get back."

Homans looked surprised and faintly annoyed.

"I'm busy doing Miss Manners' picture now and I don't know how soon I'll have a chance to make any tests. Of course I could have our test director do it, but it wouldn't be the same thing."

"No," I said. "No, of course not."

Junie was leaning over close to me now. I had an idea I was in. If I could only keep it up!

"Here's an idea," she said. "Why don't you let him do that bit tomorrow? You know, the reporter who bothers me when I get on board the ship. Then you could see how he photographs and it would be better than a test."

She turned to me. "Tests are always terrible anyway."

Homans nodded sagely. "A very good idea, Junie. Two birds with a single thought. Be on the set at nine. Stage twelve." He stalked away.

Junie said: "Martha has a nice garden."

EVERYBODY was having an argument as to what producer was beating his wife, or something, and they didn't seem to notice us. Or maybe they were too polite, I don't know. Anyway, out I went, with Miss America on my arm.

The moon made the garden look like a stage set with blue floods. We walked down a gravel path and Junie was holding on to my arm pretty tight. She needed to, she was a little that way herself.

"You're quite a guy, aren't you, handsome?" she said.

"Maybe so. What do you mean by that crack?"

"Oh, this indifference of yours. It's an act, isn't it?"

I said: "Aw—you've found me out already. And I thought I was doing so well."

"You knew who I was, didn't you?"

"What do you think?" I didn't wait for her to answer. "I've thought you were the most beautiful thing in the world ever since I first saw you in a picture, if you really want to know. But you never would have known I existed if I hadn't done something to make you notice me. Sure it was an act, but it got by, didn't it?"

"It got by."

She was standing there with her head thrown back and her eyes were full of moonlight. It took all I had not to put my arms around her.

"What's your first name?" she asked me.

"Nick, or, I suppose, Nicky." I took her arm. "We'd better go in, don't you think?" I knew I couldn't hold out much longer.

We went in. "When I leave," Junie said, "I'll drive you home—if you want me to."

"I want you to," I said.

Martha gave me the eye all right when we said good night. I suppose everyone had something to say about it. A lot I cared!

We got in Junie's car and I told her driver where I lived. That is, about where I lived. No point in letting people know all your business.

I sat very straight and didn't make any passes at Junie. We went up to Sunset before she said anything, and then:

"I like you, Nicky."

"Do you? I could say that about you, too, only I'd improve it a little."

"Why don't you?"

"Oh," I said, "you've heard it so often. Besides, I'm not going to be out here much longer."

"You could be. Homans thinks you

*(Continued on page 46)*

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# The Captain's Dinner

*To the master the honor and the glory; to the mate the knowledge of a task well done. Here are the facts. Whose table would you join?*

## By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

JOHN MORELY stood quietly in the obscure darkness of the Aldebaran's bridge wing. It was his destiny to remain forever in patient obscurity, because it was in his nature—and because he was the ship's first mate.

His presence was not a matter of necessity, for the chief mate of the liner stood no bridge watch. He had done it so long during his junior years that it was habit. He went there often after a weary day. He could think better, with more clarity, there under the swinging stars.

The sea, too, was dark. It rushed past with long and sleekly glinting humps, and the wind was cold and full of the raw mist of the Japan coast. Only here and there, like setting stars on the rim of the heaving water, a light glimmered feebly where a fishing sampan tossed to wrest a meager living out of that unfriendly sea. On the wing of the bridge across from John Morely, the watch officer paced ceaselessly back and forth, a muffled black shape, thoughtful and alert. But aft, the Aldebaran's promenade was a pathway of brilliant lights and gayly fluttering flags. From the master's room you could hear the boom of his hearty voice. It was the night of the captain's dinner.

Yes, you could hear Captain Bayne's booming voice quite plainly. It was the voice of a man who believes in his ascending fortune and accepts it carelessly as his due. John Morely had good reason to know it well. No one on earth can know the inner nature of a shipmaster so well as his own chief mate, into whose safekeeping is given the well-being of a ship, and at times the captain's honor.

CAPTAIN BAYNE was spinning a high-hearted yarn down there, no doubt, for the amusement of a lady passenger. He was a fine figure of a man, tall and sparely robust, with a snap in his eyes that told how keenly he relished all the splendid things the world held in store for such a man as he, who knew how to seize them when they came his way. The ladies adored him; and love, for the captain, was the grandest game of all. He couldn't help but get on in anything he wished. He had the Midas touch.

John Morely, who had played sand-lot football with the captain less than twenty years before and who had sat for officers' papers in the same room as Alexander Bayne, was still just the captain's chief mate. He was a shorter man, built with a square and solid strength. His eyes were very blue and very serious. He was serene and patient in everything he did, and he was a thorough sailor. But he just didn't get on: he hadn't the knack.

Five years before, Alexander Bayne was given his first command. Off the Washington coast he raised a three-masted schooner, flaming to the water's edge in the bleak misery of a North Pacific gale. He took off a crew of wretched and hopeless windbag men from her and brought them into port. To be sure, no one knew how far off the blazing hull he stood, to the despair of the small boat making the rescue. They had to do it entirely on their own with precious little lee, those five men in an open boat against the roaring sea. But it was Captain Bayne who made the front-page headlines; and that is the sort of thing to fill the passenger lists of the liners. He was given a better command. . . . No one attached any great significance to the one short line at the very end of the news story:

"Chief Mate John Morely was in charge of the lifeboat effecting the rescue."

At thirty-three, Alexander Bayne was master of the Aldebaran; full passenger lists each voyage, because the ladies adored him, and because Alexander Bayne knew how to get along. He had a way with him. When his ship made the homing landfall through the blind, white fog of the west coast, he came down late to the captain's dinner, wiping the weather from his face and carelessly flipping down the upturned collar of his uniform coat as he took his seat at the head of the saloon. It always won him a ripple of applause. It seemed so careless, so instinctive a gesture. He was a showman and no mistake, valuable to any shipowner. He was a sailor by profession; John Morely was a sailor by nature.

**The axe dropped from Doctor Stenger's hand. His fist was clawing at his throat**

THE chief mate sighed wearily on the open bridge where the wind poured past in the darkness. He didn't mind all that. As a matter of fact, he never thought of it in just that way. He had no time; he was too busy. Right now he was wondering seriously whether he couldn't get the boy to bring a sandwich to his room instead of dressing up for the captain's fancy ball. But then he would miss seeing Clara, and that was important to him. In his slow, dogged way he adored her with a silent and profound adoration.

She was a nurse, Clara Aldrich, and the Aldebaran's doctor had got her a post in Shanghai. She was going out there because something in her spirit demanded it of her. If you saw her eyes when she told you that, you would know what she meant. And she chose John Morely's ship because she loved him.

He hadn't seen much of her on the passage. The chief mate of a liner is a busy man. But aside from that, she was young and lovely, and Captain Bayne had not failed to do her honor from the moment the mate had introduced her. That was like him. He took charge at once. He was so sure of himself in such things. Women had always been good to him. Morely's forehead wrinkled, up there in the darkness. Whatever Bayne did, he was the master. The chief mate owed him allegiance and service, and these Morely gave fullheartedly in the true nature of a seaman. But he had better let Clara alone! . . . Ah, well, they would be in Shanghai soon, after Japan. His face lit up a little, and his blue eyes smiled at the brawling, mist-hung sea. It couldn't be so long before

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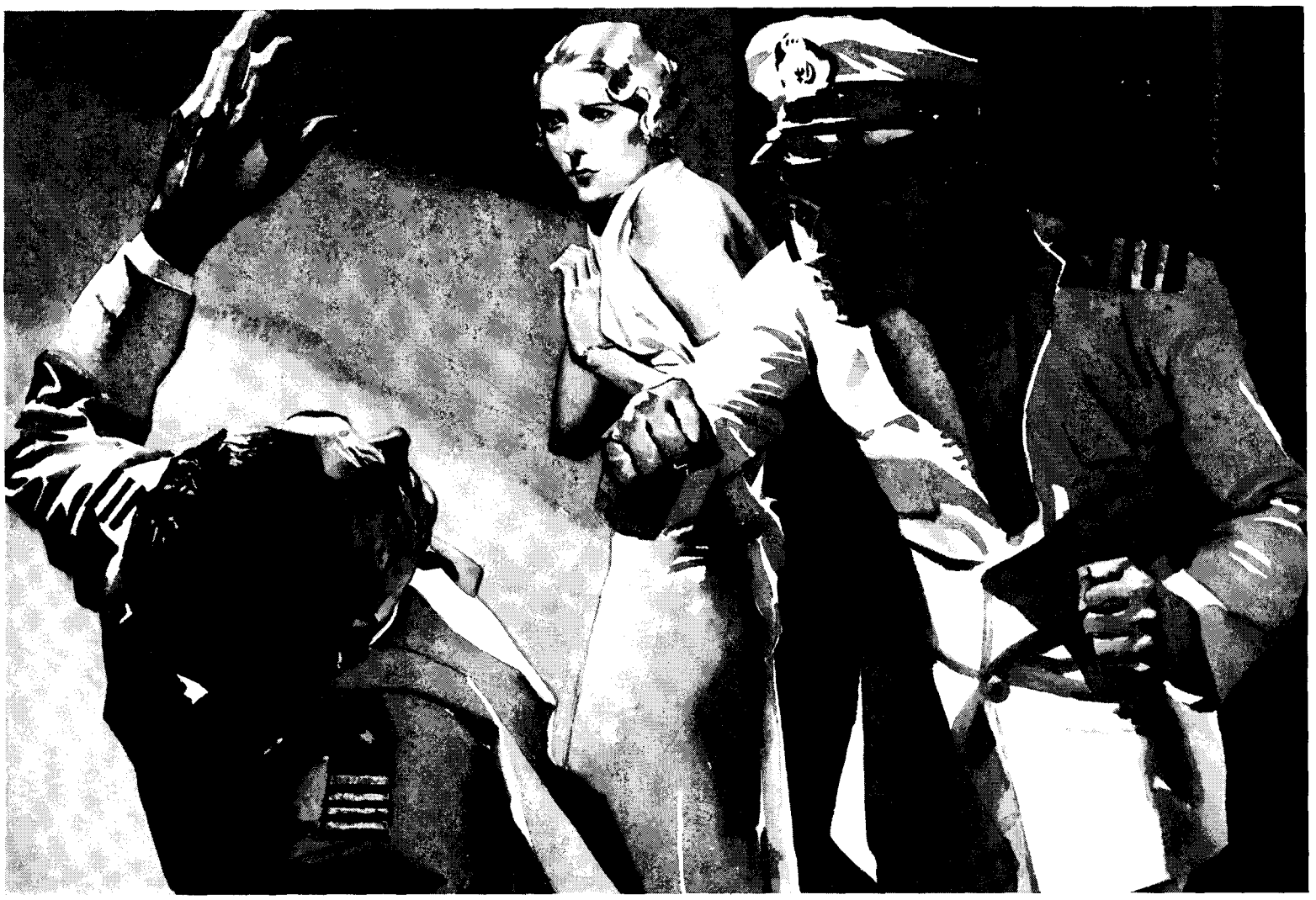

**"You ought to be mussed up a little," he said. "A bruise or two would help. Do you understand, sir?" He slashed out with his fist in a movement swift and unexpected**

he'd get a ship of his own. No; it couldn't be long now. He'd earned it. Yes; he thought he'd earned it.

He was tucking his pipe away when a man clumped up the bridge ladder, prying at the gloom.

"Is that you, Mr. Morely, sir?"

"Ay, Bosun, here. What is it?"

"The boss steerage Chink down there, sir. He wants to see the Number One man. Very important, says he."

"Where have you got him?"

"Waiting at the foot of the for'ard ladder, sir."

"I'll be along directly."

HE CAME down with his slow, sure gait and went along to the well-deck rail. The boatswain was down there already, exhorting an aged Chinese to patience. The chief mate grimaced. Funny, how silly myths got about. The Chinese are supposed to be phlegmatic, silent, unmoved and unmovable. They aren't at all. They are the most excitable people in the world. He knew. He had carried enough of them about under his charge. A long roller creamed the length of the forward rail as he reached the iron deck, spattering a portion of its hissing beard aboard. The wind boomed down there, low and powerful. Mist raced dizzily across the face of a wild-eyed moon. It gave fantastic shapes to the ranging shadows of the foredeck. A pungent stench assailed John Morely's nostrils, in spite of the fact that the steerage scuttle was closed. They were forever burning their miserable joss sticks down there, those patient devils bringing their toil-weary bones back to the sacred soil of their ancestors. He had quite a crowd of them this voyage. But they weren't any trouble at all, if you treated them fairly. They wanted mostly to be left alone.

"All right, Boats'. Leave him be.... What is it, man?"

The Chinese stopped momentarily the gyrations of his skinny arms to ask shrilly, "You Number One man?"

"Ay; what is it?"

"Me Long Fu." He calmed himself with effort as he presented his credentials and his right to speak for his countrymen in the forward 'tween-deck. "Seventy-six year born. Me Number One man below."

"Yes. All right. What is it, Long Fu?"

"Man sick below. He—"

"Sick? Well, don't worry. That's nothing to get upset about. I'll have the doctor along to see him first chance he gets."

"No good. Man dead."

"What!" John Morely stiffened. "Dead? What are you talking about?"

"Dead," the Chinese repeated, wringing his hands and wailing in abject and bewildered terror. "Two, three, four dead. Like that. Joss stick no good. Curtain, bamboo catch fire. No good. They die. Now all men—"

The chief mate had seized the bony wrist. The swift outpouring of Long Fu's lips ceased abruptly.

"Are you trying to tell me four men have died down there and you've set fire to my 'tween-deck with your confounded joss sticks? Good Lord!"

He pushed the ancient from him, walked swiftly forward, and came back at once. He had heard the shrill, excited babble down there, and the thumping of rags and mats trying to beat out the fire. There was no mistaking the smell or the faint tendrils of smoke that wisped through the cracks of the closed scuttle doors. His whistle came out of his pocket, and he put it to his lips. But he plucked it away immediately. It wouldn't do. He'd rouse the whole ship that way. He had the passengers to think of. There they were up there, waiting for their dinner and the fancy dress ball. How the lights from the glittering promenade danced on the heaving water as the ship rushed on! The wind shrilled past the fore shrouds and the sea sent leaping, spattering spray to the chief mate's feet. How long before that horde came pouring out? The chief mate spun on his heel.

"Boats', send a man along to find Doctor Stenger. He's wanted here at once. At once—do you hear? Rig the fire hose from this station and man it. Tell the bridge officer I'm down here and not to sound an alarm. Send word to the engine-room. Get a pump on this right away. Get going, man! I'll be back before you're ready."

HE CLAMBERED quickly up the ladder and went along to the master's room. He waited some moments for an answer to his knock, then pushed the door open and stepped in over the weatherboard. Captain Bayne, lean and handsome, an imposing figure in his dress uniform with all that gold at the shoulders of his mess jacket, was pulling impatiently at the lobe of his ear. He was unquestionably annoyed. Morely couldn't help noticing the dainty little evening purse in a corner of the master's settee and the heavy drapery still stirring behind the captain's back. There was a faint, delicious perfume in the room. Different from the smell on the foredeck. There was death down there, and smoke. Captain Bayne, by ordinary, was discreet and cautious about such affairs. The chief mate sighed inwardly. It was none of his business, this. A man did what it was in his nature to do.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, sir," he said quite simply. "There's a fire in the Chinese steerage. I'll have water on it at once. We can probably finish it off quietly, but I thought you ought to know. One of them tells me four men are dead down there."

"Dead?" Captain Bayne's brows beetled. "Four of them dead? The fire?"

"No, sir. Sickness. I've asked the doctor down at once."

"Damn!" The master gave utterance to the oath with a soft explosive force. He resented this sort of thing. It should not have happened to a man under his ascending star of good fortune. "Well," he clipped off with terse heartiness, "I'll have a look. Come along, Mister, come along."

He went pacing forward with businesslike severity, John Morely following patiently behind. Just as they reached the well deck, the steerage scuttle doors exploded. Half a dozen Chinese flung themselves out of the patch of smoky yellow light. The clamor from below was awful. Smoke billowed out thickly now, and with it a din of shrill and excited Oriental voices.

"Close those doors, Bosun!" Captain Bayne spat out. "You want the whole ship in a panic?"

"The doctor's down there, sir."

"Get him up! Get him out of it!"

"Here he comes, sir."

Doctor Stenger staggered out on deck, gasping, his uniform soiled and grimy, his pointed beard awry. The boatswain slammed the doors and shot the bolt in place.

"Keep those howling lunatics quiet!" the master ordered.

The Chinese on deck were jabbering to each other against the bulwark, mindless of the spray that shot aboard. Half a dozen of the mate's men were hauling the fire hose along. Morely, stolid and quiet, was directing them. He came up to the master now. The doctor was pulling his beard.

"You'd better unlock those doors and

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# The Watcher

## By Harold Lamb

***The story of a modern girl who dreamed of knights in shining armor—and went to the right place in search of one***

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANZ FELIX

I WAS on my way to it when I ran into the Aymons. I'd climbed on board the old Patria off Mersina simply to enjoy one of the great nine-course dinners they serve on that veteran steamship. The Patria makes the run down the Syrian coast to Beirut in a night.

When the second gong sounded I showed up in the dining saloon, and I found the Aymons there. At least Uncle Arthur Aymon was sitting by me at the passengers' table, but Jane had been promoted to the officers' table. And all the officers were there—captain, first, chief engineer and purser. They had on white dress uniforms with lots of braid. Italian ship's officers in the Levant seldom have a striking-looking American girl among their few first-class passengers, and the quartermaster probably had the bridge during that dinner hour and a half—for all of the nine courses, coffee and cordials. The Italians are a gallant race and they understand a good dinner.

Jane Aymon talked to them all impartially. And you could understand her French. She was twenty-one years of age. She had graduated last spring; she was quiet, seldom smiling, and she had dark gray eyes. You found it hard not to look at her.

At least I did, after nearly two years of archeological digging in Asia Minor and seeing nothing more feminine and American than the Turkish women at work in the villages. But after a time I discovered that Jane had left the only two men who interested her on the other side of the earth. In fact, she had come away on account of these same two men. She never told me that, but I knew it.

After dinner Arthur Aymon called Jane over and the three of us went out to look at the dark coast, slipping by just beyond the glow of the Patria's lights.

"I wish," Jane said plaintively, "this boat would move a little faster."

"Why?" her uncle wondered. "From all I hear there's not much interesting in Beirut."

"There's mail. Do you realize that I've had not one letter since we left India?"

"Well, I don't see why you expect any, bright child. You refused unconditionally to leave any addresses when we left home."

NOW this was, to say the least, unusual. The one thing most tourists do before leaving the States is to make out a chart of stopping points so that everyone can write them. But Arthur Aymon and his niece were no ordinary tourists. They appeared to have money enough, and not to care where they went.

"What is there to see, anyway, in Beirut, Mr. Halliday?" he asked me.

I told him. "A small bazaar, a couple of mosques. Otherwise, a quite modern and French seaport."

"I wish," Jane put in, "that we could dig up old, forgotten secrets like you, Mr. Halliday. Tyre and Sidon must be just around the corner, and I'm sure the stones of Roman roads still lead off into the desert."

"They do," I agreed. "And if you don't mind camping out, you can come with me a short way in, to The Watcher."

"What's that?"

"A crusader's castle."

"I didn't know," Jane smiled, "that there were any crusaders nowadays. Real ones, I mean."

"I don't know about nowadays," I said, "but this is a real castle built by a real crusader about seven hundred years ago when they did such things. You know, once there was a world war out here—one half the world fighting to get Jerusalem away from the other half.

**He was a white man, without hat or coat, and he loomed large in the moonlight, all in white**

During that war, which lasted, by the way, about two hundred years, the crusaders built a line of castles back of those hills you're looking at. And after our ancestors, our crusaders, were licked by all Asia and driven out, these castles waited there in vain for a tenant. No one else has any need of them."

"Like a forgotten Western Front," suggested Uncle Arthur. "Only, I suppose it was the first Eastern Front."

"For about six centuries," I explained, "everybody at home forgot that these castles existed. Then, after the last world war, some French officers spotted one of the best of them, this Watcher—as the Arabs call it. I'm going out to it, to take detail pictures and make a rough survey." And I looked hopefully at Jane, who was so much easier to watch than those Turkish pack animals in women's garments.

"Jane," remarked her uncle, "had a

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small-girl complex about crusaders. You know the Aymons, our ancestors of that time, were out here in those crusades—"

"Forty generations ago," she nodded mischievously, "and Uncle Art secretly thinks he has a lot of derring-do in him."

"You used to think so, too, young lady. You made us hang that coat, or shield, of arms in your bedroom."

"Yes, the Aymon shield of arms, with the castle tucked in one corner. I liked to look at it when I woke up in the morning, aged thirteen. At that age, small Jane believed in jingle bells, jingle bells. She even thought that grown men could be knights in shining armor like Galahad and Godfrey of Bouillon. And the crusaders were her *beaux sabreurs*."

Whereupon she fell silent, studying that shadowy shore without a light on it.

"The crusaders," I ventured, "were not without fear or reproach. Lots of them were hard adventurers on the prowl. They chucked everything at home to follow—well, to follow a star."

"They put up a good fight," grumbled Arthur Aymon. "Like Richard the Lion Heart. He was a real man."

"CERTAINLY, he was a real man," Jane agreed wickedly. "And he was very brave. He left debts and bodies scattered around whenever he stepped out. Think of what his wife had to put up with. And England had to melt down the family plate to buy him out of hock on his way home. That's all in the book, if you doubt it. Now, his brother John, who stayed at home, was the better man—not such a glamorous sort, but his wife could live with him."

"Well, anyhow," said her uncle, "I'd put my money on Richard, in a scrap."

**It was Tug Donovan, and he was fighting mad. He had got on his mail shirt, and the weapon he wielded was three feet of chain**

He looked at me. "Did our ancestors leave any souvenirs out here? Tombs and such? Anything to see?"

"The modern Aymons," Jane smiled, "rooting among the ruins for relics of the ancestral Aymons whose swords are rust, whose bones are dust. No go, Uncle Art."

"Well, I only wanted to look around," he muttered.

"And I don't want to, at all."

She made a face at him. But her mind, I noticed, was off somewhere on that dark shore. I wondered why a little thing like Jane should turn her back on a castle. And I wondered why she was afraid of something on that coast she had never visited.

We men like to talk about a woman's instinct. But I think men are the ones to do things on instinct. Like placing a bet. Women like to find out first, if they can.

THE first thing Jane did the next morning, after telling the polite French agents at the *douane* her mother's maiden name and her own probable length of stay in Beirut, was to ask me to take her to the Cook's office.

There she asked if they had any mail for her.

"No," said the clerk, "Mademoiselle, there is nothing."

She thanked the man, and moved out of the office. Suddenly she smiled up at me. "Do you mind very much if we go out to The Watcher with you, Mr. Halliday?"

Mind! . . . Three days later, toward sunset, our hired auto clattered to a stop on the summit of the hill where no auto had ever been before. All around us hills gray with sand and scrub. Overhead the clear Syrian sky, and there beside us, with its white walls tinted red by the sunset, the ghost of a great castle.

An empty house in a city is just an accident. You feel that the people just happened to go out for a while. But an empty house miles away from anything else affects you another way.

Now think of a huge castle crouched over an entire hilltop, bare of everything except silence. Think of the desert floor below it, veiled in shadow.

"I think I know," Jane Aymon said, "why they call it The Watcher. It is waiting here for something to happen, and centuries mean nothing to it."

Mind you, The Watcher did not resemble the little, renovated châteaux of Europe. It had no modern windows cut into it, or nice tile roofing laid over it. No one had tried to alter it since the crusaders abandoned it seven hundred years ago. Of course the moat was half filled with débris, and stones from the parapets littered the courtyard. Here and there scrub pines grew from the broken flagging.

BECAUSE it was remote from civilized centers, no one had used it as a quarry for building material, and because it was constructed of solid limestone blocks it had remained in that dry climate almost intact. The water in its well was still drinkable—coming from a spring deep in the rock. In fact, the Arabs came up from the native village a couple of hundred yards down the hill, to fetch the water.

"Humph," grunted Uncle Arthur, "this thing must have been old when America was discovered. Wonder if any Aymons ever were lords of the castle here."

"If they were," Jane observed, perching herself in an embrasure, "they probably raised the devil with the countryside."

While Khalil—the Arab driver of the car we had chartered in Beirut—and I were carrying in the tents and cooking gear, she made the rounds of the place, from the empty chapel to the half-filled-up underground chambers that had served the knights for stables. It took some time, and when she settled down at last we had dinner cooked and a nice fire going by the tents which we had pitched in a sheltered corner of the courtyard. Of course a dozen older Arabs had arrived from the village below, and were squatting in their robes just beyond the fire, watching everything we did.

"Oh," said Jane, "it's perfect. It's better than a movie of the Foreign Legion." And she went over to scrape

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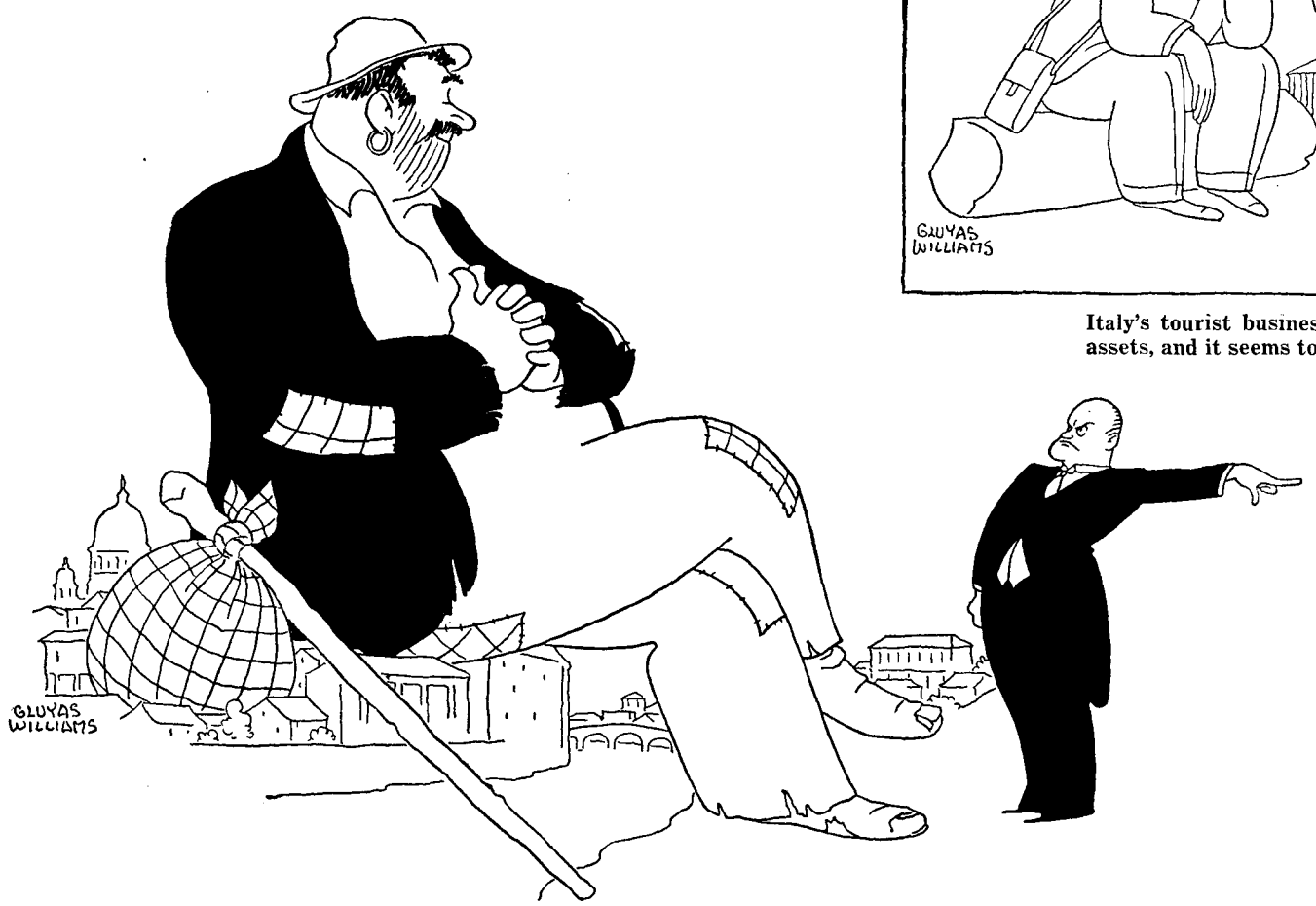
# Money Troubles of a Miracle Man

## By T.R.Ybarra

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

**Italy's tourist business is one of her principal assets, and it seems to be on the upgrade at last**




***"Take a note to the Depression. Tell it to go 'way." Thus Mussolini, dictating to the crisis. And he's having just as much success as King Canute. Italy's money troubles are increasing, and the people, hat in hand, are saying "Please, sir, pass another miracle—just a small one for the export trade." Which puts even the best-intentioned dictator on the spot***

**Italians expect their dictator to be something of a magician in his effort to create prosperity**

CRISES are especially rough on dictators. You see, a dictator keeps telling the people to whom he dictates that he is magician enough to give them power and prestige and prosperity.

"I will now produce a business boom!" he announces. "Watch me! Ladies and gentlemen, I have absolutely nothing up my sleeve. . . ." Whereupon a crisis comes barging in and knocks business end over end, and leaves the dictator vainly trying to pull the prosperity rabbit out of the dictatorship hat.

That is what is happening with Benito Mussolini, supreme magician and dictator of Fascist Italy.

Just as he has got the Italian state on a proud pedestal of political importance, just as he has made the Italians think he can produce miracles, along comes the depression and hands Italy a terrific blow. And the Italians yell: "Come on, Benito, do your stuff. Dictate to the crisis! Make it go away!" Having thus passed the buck to Benito, most of them just sit down and wait for him to work the miracle.

*But Benito can't!*

Nobody can accuse him of not trying. With his usual energy he has turned up his sleeves and pitched in. But the cards of late have been stacked against him.

Soon after seizing power, he promised solemnly that the Italian budget would be balanced. For a while it was; now, however, it is not—far from it. When the depression was becoming acute, he reassured worried Italian business men by promising that the country would stay on the gold standard. So far he has made good his word; but there are times when the worriers are almost convinced that the promise about the gold standard must go the way of the one about the balanced budget.

Mussolini has been lavish with government aid to Italian business; but, somehow, subsidies from state coffers have not brought the prosperity hinted at by Fascism's chieftain. He has sought to end Italy's dependence for her daily bread on the importation of foreign grain by a tremendous campaign to raise the wheat output and thus not only make her self-supporting but bring about an agricultural boom.

This campaign of his has been largely successful; but it has been won at the cost of a steep rise in prices and a corresponding drop in the standard of Italian living. It has been followed—as in the case of other Mussolinian achievements—by salary cuts, wage cuts, big additions to the national debt, and the imposition of a crushing burden of taxation.

To all grumblings Mussolini retorts: "You Italians are the inheritors of the glorious traditions of Ancient Rome! Be stoical and make sacrifices for your country, as the ancient Romans did willingly for theirs!" To which the Italians—or many of them—object: "That's all very well, Benito, but we can't eat glory. We can't drink glory. We can't put glory in the bank at interest and draw out the interest for buying shoes."

Business in Italy is bad. Nothing that her efficient dictator has done so far has sufficed to restore it; nothing that he says, no matter how glowing, has served to hide uncomfortable facts.

### A Government Goes into Business

Thanks to his deflationary measures, the total amount of Italian currency in circulation has dropped steadily; at the beginning of 1934 it was only about sixty per cent of the 1925 total. Among the results of this policy has been the cutting down by about one half of the national income and a sharp increase in the number of bankruptcies. The dictator has spent huge sums on public works, thus keeping down the growing total of unemployment; and he has handed out big subsidies—in aid of the Italian shipping industry, for instance, and of agriculture, and of manufacturing concerns which were showing distress signals. In exchange for such aid, private business in Italy has been falling more and more under governmental control; indeed, Mussolini declared recently that his government was doing about three fourths of all the business done in the country.

And still he can't produce the prosperity rabbit!

He has been especially active of late in seeking to help the Italian silk trade. Formerly one of the country's main sources of profit, it is now nearly down and out. If you ask the average Italian merchant what is the weakest spot in the badly shattered front of his country's export trade, he will at once tell you: "Silk!"

This is due to the fact that Italy's

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# Giggle Giggle Little Star

## By Frank Condon

***The story of Miss Myrna Loy, a charming and dangerous lady with a movie past as dark as an Oriental midnight and a future as bright as tomorrow's wisecrack***

THE news created a good deal of conversation between me and my caddie, a tall, horsefaced boy named Joe. Joe is a Croat and a Croat just naturally doubts everything.

"It certainly sounds funny to me," Joe told me frankly, "and the chances are that you are just trying to put the stem on us boys." He referred to the other caddies.

Joe's last name is Stanislauski, or some hard word like that. He has been toting my bag at the golf club for many years, and is given to caddie slang. To put the stem on anyone is to mislead, misinform, spoof, jolly, josh or plain tell a lie to. And so when I announced casually that I could not play golf on Thursday (costing Joe $1.25) because I had a formal engagement to lunch with the charming Miss Loy, about whom Joe is plumb daffy, he sniggered audibly. He sees all the Loy movies as fast as they come, some twice, sits in the rear of the theater and eats peanuts until the near-by customers go mad. After he had notified the other caddies that I had a date with Miss Loy, they all gathered around a bunker and gave off the silent, sardonic laugh peculiar to caddies. Three days later, when I reappeared upon the greensward, Joe's manner was a blending of geniality and sarcasm.

"Well, did you see her?"

"Yes, I saw her."

"What'd you have for lunch—caviar and broiled pheasant?"

"No."

"I'll bet you never saw her at all."

I then floored young Joe by producing and handing over to him a large, square photograph of his favorite lady, on it being written in first-class handwriting, "Best regards to Joe, the doubting caddie—Myrna Loy."

That stopped him utterly and I expected he would carry my bag for nothing—for a while. He bore the picture home in pride and it now leads off a collection of boxers and wrestlers. I would venture to say that Miss Loy is about twenty-eight.

As a matter of record, I had several lunches with Miss Loy and a person called Barrett, who is some kind of publicity man. The lunches were all very chaste and spartan, leaning to ham sandwiches without mustard. The rising young star was even more ascetic and stuck steadily to plain coffee, no food. Barrett went in for solids and salads and heavy fodder, but Barrett requires sustenance, as he talks a great deal and needs his strength. He conversed fluently all through the first lunch, and that is why I had to return the second time. The caddies heard about that, too.

"Oh, phooey," said Joe, only he used another caddie word. "You mean you're going back again?"

"Certainly I am. May require three or four lunches with the lady."

### A Lady Who Listens

And for a while it seemed as if it would take lunch after lunch, all summer long, for I could never persuade Barrett to cease talking and let Myrna talk. What I wanted to ask Miss Loy was how old she was, and was it true that in her immature years she taught ballroom dancing to a group of thirty young Los Angeles morons for twenty-five dollars a month salary? Barrett refused to cease firing and so the lunches continued and Barrett spoke of this and that, while Miss Loy listened, drank coffee and intimated that the photographers were waiting for her on Stage Sixteen.

Well, even Barrett could not stop me completely and I finally broke through the line, found out about the dancing job and a number of other items. To begin with, Miss Loy would rather listen than talk. She is a natural conserver of conversation. Her eyes sparkle, her entire face lights up, she breaks into the most friendly smile and the observer feels she is taking a leading rôle in the chat, but she isn't. She's just listening and probably wondering where men get the gift of gab.

She has been making movies since shortly after the time when that man made the statue of her, still to be seen frolicking on the lawn of Venice High School. She is perhaps twenty-seven.

The man was instructor in sculpture, and in his mind came a noble idea for a classic group for the high school lawn, including physical, mental and spiritual, all three to be sculped with his own hands. He picked a football player to be physical, a geometry girl for mental, and then cast about for spiritual, finally selecting a freckle-nosed and gangling kid, and that was Myrna, who giggled the same in those days as she does now. Spiritual still stands in Venice, but is a trifle chipped.

Miss Loy has been steadily in the movies since 1925, so that about half of her pictures have been talkies, the other half silents. For a long time, she came on slowly, but just lately she has been streaking for top of the heap and there seems no stopping her now. She is in the money. At the studio, she is regarded as a blue chip, and ambitious plans are under way.

The tide in her affairs seems to have turned about 1930, when she played with Warner Baxter in Renegades. After that came such pieces as Devil to Pay, Transatlantic, Emma, The Wet Parade, New Morals for Old, The Mask of Fu Manchu, Vanity Fair, Thirteen Women, Animal Kingdom, When Ladies Meet, The Barbarian, The Prizefighter and the Lady, and Penthouse.

In more recent days, she has blossomed forth in Manhattan Melodrama—Dillinger's last movie—Stamboul Quest and The Thin Man and it was The Thin Man that rang the bell—bong, bong. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, she has just finished Evelyn Prentice and is hopping over to Paramount on friendly loan, to star in Wings in the Dark.

Before the days of The Thin Man, they were confident Myrna was heading for stardom, but they wondered when. The picture demonstrated that she could play a comedy rôle like nobody's business, a slight surprise, as in her earlier jobs she usually carried a dagger or a small gun, and moved about doing the male characters no particular good. The Hammett story gave her a part that pleased the customers, so you can wager that she and William Powell will be seen together again in another of the same. In fact, Dashiell Hammett is whittling his pencil and getting ready for the new job. She might be twenty-six at that.

Sure enough, she really was a

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# On Texas Street

*A few hours in the life of Lee Bowie, who loved a girl in Abilene—and who had to leave town or be shot. A vivid story*

## By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

**His fist smashed Humbird again and Humbird was down in the dust**

EIGHTEEN hundred Star Cross cattle, lean and wild from the long drive out of Texas, went bawling down the stockyards' runway in Abilene. This was the end of the trail for the ten men standing by the gate, but they waited the word of Major MacBeath, who watched them with a critical amusement.

"We start back home in a couple days," he said. "Meanwhile let me remind you this is the wickedest town in the West and Tom Smith the toughest marshal along the trail. I wouldn't advise tearin' Abilene apart. It's been tried."

Lee Bowie nodded and turned immediately away. The rest of the crew broke after him but he went on alone at a rapid gait, as though hurrying toward a definite objective, the late sun throwing his high, straight shadow out into the deep dust. A few houses and a railroad track lay over in this quarter of town and the day's heat pressed down on a seeming emptiness. Yet it was a spurious emptiness, for two blocks onward he turned a corner and was stopped by the impact of a turbulent current of life rolling between a double row of flare-fronted stores, boiling along sidewalks that rose and fell in front of each building.

He had never been in Abilene before, but the legends of this town stretched far down the trail and so what he saw here was familiar. This was the blood-red heart of wicked Abilene, this single block of Texas Street. On his left stood the Alamo saloon, which was Wild Bill Hickok's headquarters; at the farther bend of the street stood the Bullshead and the Old Fruit—and beyond were the more shadowy tenements where the trail hand took his chances, without recourse. This was the man-eating cattle depot whose roar sounded all down the dusty leagues of unfenced and lonely plain.

He had come to a stand, Lee Bowie, his gravely blue eyes showing a faint glitter of excitement. A heavy traffic in and out of the Alamo's doors swayed him a little and moved him to the edge of the walk. Men of his own fraternity, dark and rash and full-blooded, strolled restlessly by. The Star Cross crowd turned the corner and Swamp Humbird's voice ripped through this confusion. "Here's the first stop." Star Cross filed solidly into the Alamo and the open doors let out a gush of sound, but Lee Bowie went on up and down the uneven sidewalk until he reached a grocery store. He turned in here, his big spurs scraping up minute jets of metal sound. Afternoon shadows dimmed the place, the smell of food was very keen. A storekeeper stood at a counter, watching him.

"I want a dozen apples," said Lee Bowie.

The storekeeper said, "Apples," and moved away. Lee Bowie stood straight on the balls of his feet; he made a sharp figure in this room and his extreme quietness was like a signal echoing across the lesser quiet. He was a man ridden down to leanness and to violent hungers and the flatness of his body was the flatness of suppressed energy. The storekeeper returned, laying a paper sack on the counter. He stared at Lee Bowie. He meant to speak, but a woman's voice, very soft, crossed Lee Bowie's shoulders. It said:

"Will you get me a pound of flour, Mr. Herrick?"

A BOY in an apron appeared from somewhere. The storekeeper said, "A pound of flour for Ilena Tillman, Johnny." He turned his eyes back to Lee Bowie and spoke in a manner carefully avoiding offense.

"It is a rule in Abilene to deposit your guns while here. I'll be glad to handle them for you."

Lee Bowie removed his hat. Then he turned. He hadn't any notion of speaking to a woman he didn't know; it was only a courtesy as grained in him as the pigment of his skin. Her voice struck soft and pleasant tones that made pure melody to a man whose life ran so remotely from women. He looked at her with a directness he could not help; he stood very still and a little stiff, holding himself out of her way. A perceptibly reddish hair fell down across his forehead and the faint wildness of his young southern blood brightened his blue glance. He saw her clearly and in detail, as he saw everything.

She was a slim girl, with eyes that were neither afraid of him nor interested in him. Her lips were firm across an oval, sober face, and her breathing slowly stirred the round, definite curve of her breasts. But she watched him as she might have watched a wall and he understood instantly, because she was a northern townswoman and he a puncher off the trail, how far apart they were. He pulled his glance away, knowing he could not in politeness look longer.

"The guns," suggested the shopkeeper.

"Whose rule is that?"

"Marshal Smith's."

"I *do not doubt you*," said Lee Bowie courteously. "But I believe I shall wait for him to tell me."

He went out, walking with the perceptible roll of a dismounted horseman, into the steady boil of life on Texas Street. He stood against a hitching rack and took an apple from the sack and all the dry and starved appetite of the dusty trail rushed out of him to savor the fruit's delicacy; when he bit it the pleasure was so keen that a stinging sensation cramped his jaw muscles. This was why his long legs had carried him down Texas Street in such a hurry.

The Star Cross crew came swinging out of the Alamo and broke into fragments that drifted with the street's flowing stream. Swamp Humbird drove his barrel-chested body straight along the uneven walk, making way for nobody. Drink had loosened him up and his heavy white teeth flashed against the almost negroid darkness of his skin. Behind him, a faithful and loyal shadow, walked the Star Cross kid, Bill Teeters. They came up to Lee Bowie and halted. Swamp Humbird said, with a vast amusement: "Who said it was a tough town? Come on. We got a lot of joints to look at yet."

LEE BOWIE'S glance divided itself thoughtfully between the two. Swamp Humbird was a tough one who would presently be looking for trouble. A wild brute only one grade above the wild brutes he herded, he made bad company for Bill Teeters, who was soft clay yet to be formed.

"It's supper time," said Lee Bowie, and looked at Bill Teeters. "Better come with me and chuck a feed under your belt."

Swamp Humbird's big teeth flashed a grin. "Time enough for that. It's this Bullshead joint we want to see."

Lee Bowie carefully placed his sack of apples on the walk, excitement creeping along his nerves. A gray horse appeared at the bend of Texas Street and came onward carrying a square, chunky man who wore a star on his vest. Marshal Tom Smith, of course. Lee Bowie's eyes brightened perceptibly; his lips came together. Tom Smith turned and reined his horse. He was fair-skinned and wonderfully built and a dark mustache bordered a strong, steady mouth and he sat in his saddle with an ease that was impressive. He had a presence that suddenly reached out and warned both Swamp Humbird and the kid. They turned instantly around. It was that definite.

Tom Smith said: "Oblige me, gentlemen, by putting up your guns with the most convenient storekeeper. It is a rule of the town."

It was soft and agreeable; it was as bland as a breath of summer's breeze. But Lee Bowie straightened away from the porch pillar and a livelier interest strengthened his glance. He watched Tom Smith's gray eyes very carefully. Swamp Humbird suddenly laughed and walked around the hitch rack into the dust. His lip corners dropped as he stared up at Smith.

"You're the terror of the town? Mister, nobody gets my guns."

This was Humbird's mistake, Lee Bowie thought—to confuse that drawl-

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ing humility of speech with fear. Tom Smith reined his horse over against Humbird with a single motion. His gloved hand swept down and cracked into Humbird's temple; he was off his horse so rapidly that Lee Bowie's vision barely caught the sequence of action. His fist smashed Humbird again and Humbird was down in the dust, with Tom Smith bending over him, getting his gun.

Bill Teeters moved and his arm started to drop toward his belt, whereupon Lee Bowie threw his hand across the kid and stopped that gesture. He said coldly: "Don't be a sucker." But he never took his glance off the marshal and when Tom Smith wheeled about Lee Bowie saw what he wanted to see. The pleasantness was gone; what burned dangerously in Tom Smith's eyes now was the devil's own temper—a temper that slept until called upon and then became utterly unmerciful. Lee Bowie's hand still lay across Bill Teeter's nervous arm and this Tom Smith noticed with a cold, gripping attention. His eyes examined Lee Bowie; their glances definitely locked and they stood still, thus visually exploring each other, a small crowd standing around them. Swamp Humbird got to his feet, no word coming from him. His face was brutally drawn, his lips were stretched.

LEE BOWIE reached over and unbuckled the kid's belt; and he unbuckled his own. "That's all right," he told Tom Smith softly. "We'll store the guns."

Tom Smith nodded and turned to his horse, carrying Humbird's gun. He swung to the saddle and went on down the exact center of the street, his broad back turned on them. Humbird flashed a hating glance at that back. He said, "We'll see! Come on, kid."

"Never monkey with a soft-speakin' man," murmured Lee Bowie and wheeled toward the store. The crowd gave ground to let him through; and then he saw Ilena Tillman standing with her shoulders against the store wall, the aroused and speculative interest of her glance crossing the distance to strike him powerfully. He went on into the store, left the guns and came out. She had gone.

The sun was down and a faint violet

**Lee Bowie flung himself into the alley. He plunged against the kid, who crouched there; his arm knocked aside the kid's uplifted gun**

**Ilena Tillman**

had begun to flow through the air as Lee Bowie went to an adjacent restaurant for supper. When he came out, a cigar clenched between his teeth, deep dusk had settled across Abilene. He had eaten well and the savor of the smoke pleasantly soothed him; and he stood at the corner of the Alamo in the manner of a spectator, watching night come to Texas Street. Lights brightened the walks. Music of a sort began to rise from the far bend where stood the Old Fruit and the Bullshead.

Gently amused, he watched the tide thicken, he heard the growling undertone deepen. His own kind were crowding into this short lane. Lean and reckless men thirsty for trouble; and the other kind waited for them—the gambler, the barkeeper, the harpy, the slugger. The townspeople had withdrawn to the quiet backwaters of Abilene, the respectable trade was done. In the space of an hour Texas Street had turned into a jungle where men prowled at their own risk, where Tom Smith aloofly rode on a gray horse and was concerned with only the slimmest threads of order.

Lee Bowie wheeled back around the corner and paced indolently toward the stockyards, the shadows at once covering him, the embroiled sounds subsiding as he left the Alamo corner behind. The stillness and the scent of the prairie reached in; ahead of him winked the lights of the fashionable Drovers' Rest. On his right hand, obscure and peaceful, lay the residential district. Deep in ease, he turned idly that way, his cigar making a fragrant wake behind. Flat echoes rose from his treading and troubled the silence of this region and then died out; and yellow windows glowed behind picket fences and he saw families sitting around quiet supper tables. Somewhere an organ softly sighed a tune. The growl of Texas Street, where he properly belonged, was only a murmur in this world which he now passed through as a spectator.

It puzzled him to find that he had stopped and placed his hands on a pointed gate post—that he looked now through one of those cheerful windows and felt a strange stirring in him he could not explain. There was a thought running oddly through his head. "I am twenty-five. I have never been inside a home like that since my mother died." A faint thread of wind came up from the south, carrying a call that he heard and understood. But a feeling flowed powerfully through the gentle dark and touched him and struck one deep chord of loneliness. The ease of the night was gone and a hunger was in him again, strange and compelling.

SOMEWHERE behind him lifted the quick thin wail of a child, crying, so imperative that he swung abruptly around and saw the opening brightness of a doorway across the street. A man stumbled out of that doorway, short and broad and bearded, and he was saying impatiently, "No—no—no!" A woman followed, hands folding and unfolding themselves in her apron. She called after him. "Henry!" But the man turned on the walk and strode unevenly down the darkness toward Texas Street a block onward. Lee Bowie saw his odd shape reach that bright area and push through the crowd toward the Bullshead. The child had ceased to cry, but the woman still stood on the porch and her low, weary sighing crossed the street to oppress Lee Bowie bitterly.

His cigar no longer pleased him. He threw it into the dust and paced soberly on. He murmured, "You're a fool." In Abilene was a dividing line as definite as a stripe painted across the earth and when he left the shadows behind him and entered the alive current of Texas Street he felt he had passed beyond it. There was an appetite in him he could not identify—there was a concern in him he could not identify. It propelled him across the street into the boiling confusion of the Bullshead. A great mirror flashed out light and all the walls threw back the collected rumble of the crowd. Bill Teeters and Swamp Humbird stood at the bar. Going toward them, between the well-filled gaming tables, he saw in Swamp Humbird's eyes a smoldering remembrance of the beating Tom Smith's fists had administered. Humbird's heavy lips stirred. "We'll see—we'll see!"

But Lee Bowie wasn't listening. The short, bearded man sat at a table in the middle of the room, already drunk, counting a stack of chips passed him

*(Continued on page 41)*

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The maid told him that Trenna was asleep and he promised to call later on

# Shadow of Doubt

## By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

*The Story Thus Far:*

NEW YORK'S wealthiest playboy, Len Haworth, is murdered—shot to death—in his apartment. Directed by the brilliant Sergeant Wilcox, the police question three suspects: Trenna Plaice, motion-picture actress, who, engaged to Haworth, had been in his apartment a short time before the tragedy; Lisa Bellwood, a spectacular débutante; and Sim Sturdevant, an advertising man known to be in love with the actress. All tell credible stories; but all are shadowed.

Sturdevant's story is a truthful one. At the Merrygoround, a night club, the evening preceding the shooting, he had been chatting with Inez Johnson, the star of the revue, when Haworth, accompanied by Lisa Bellwood, had entered and insulted him. He had knocked the millionaire down, and gone home.

Trenna Plaice loves Sturdevant, tells him she does. But, caught in a network of complications and perils, he is far from happy. Trenna, it appears, had owned a revolver of the same caliber as the weapon which killed Haworth. She had, she says, lost it in Los Angeles. *But had she?* Sturdevant is not sure. To add to the complications, Inez Johnson informs him that, when Haworth left the Merrygoround, she had followed him. "I did it," she says, "to protect you, Mr. Sturdevant— I feared Haworth might try to kill you." Then: "But please don't tell my sweetie—Reed Ryan. He's terribly jealous!"

Lisa Bellwood, also, is causing trouble. Interested in Sturdevant, but ignored by him, she threatens to inform the police that she had seen him outside Haworth's apartment-house just before the killing! Relenting, however, she finally tells Sturdevant that she will not involve him, but that she had actually seen a man, *resembling him in outline*, outside the building. . . .

Haworth's butler, one Murdoch, phones Trenna, says that he has something of the utmost importance to tell her. Leaving Sturdevant and Reed Ryan (a well-known newspaper-man) with whom she has been discussing the mystery, she goes to meet Murdoch. She never sees him. He is murdered—shot to death with a .38-caliber revolver—on the street!

The police find the killer's revolver. It is the weapon which killed the playboy. And it had belonged to Trenna Plaice—her butler had stolen it and pawned it, in Los Angeles, the police soon learn. . . . Playing the rôle of amateur sleuth, Sturdevant goes to the Merrygoround. He learns nothing. He questions the starter. "I wasn't here that night," says the man. "But my cousin was. Sam Peters was Miss Johnson's taxi man when she left here. A fellow asked my cousin where Peters was—just before the murder."

"I want to meet your cousin," says Sturdevant.

### XI

AT ABOUT one o'clock in the morning less than seventy-two hours ago, someone had telephoned Mrs. Peters to inquire where her taxi-driving husband was. That person had learned where Peters was, and in the time that had elapsed since his discovery, events had occurred that should have caused any ordinary person to communicate with the police. Yet there had been no communication, so far as Sturdevant knew, from the person who had telephoned Mrs. Peters. If that circumstance was not suspicious, it was at least puzzling.

Now, according to the starter at the Merrygoround, someone had made another inquiry as to the whereabouts of Peters. There might be no connection between the two inquiries, and either or both of them might be subject to simple explanation, but Sturdevant wanted to hear that explanation, or those explanations.

But he did not wish to take the starter into his confidence. His voice was casual as he spoke to the man.

"I might hear of some job for your cousin," he said. "What's his name?"

"Bob Mackey. He's a good, reliable man. He can run an elevator or drive a car or do a little carpentry. He was a gardener one summer, too."

"Where does he live?" asked Sturdevant.

"Way over on West Sixtieth Street. Say, if you'll wait just a second, I'll write it down for you." He reached inside his heavy uniform coat and produced a stub of pencil. On the back of an envelope he laboriously wrote a name and address. He tore off a piece of the paper and gave it to Sturdevant. Carelessly the latter pocketed it, waved aside the thanks of the starter, and walked down the street. A block away he scrutinized the paper, hailed a taxi, and told the driver to take him to West Sixtieth Street.

In a squalid tenement near Eleventh Avenue he found Mackey. There were two rooms in the Mackey home, a kitchen and another room that obviously served as bedroom for husband, wife and two children. What furniture there was in the two rooms could have been duplicated at any secondhand store for forty dollars. Hunger stalked this shabby place, or the sunken cheeks of the two young children lied.

MACKEY stared at the visitor on the threshold. Behind him the two children stared at the caller. The wife and mother stared, too. In their gaze was the dumb lack of expectancy one sees sometimes in animals.

"What do you want?"

Mackey's words were brusque, but his voice was merely dull, incurious. Sturdevant felt that the only callers at this home were bill collectors or neighbors hoping to borrow.

"Your cousin, the starter at the Merrygoround, sent me to see you."

Mackey stood aside.

"Come in," he said.

Sturdevant sat gingerly down in a rickety chair.

"You worked for him the other night, didn't you?"

Faint terror was in Mackey's eyes.

"Sure I did. Anything wrong?"

Sturdevant shook his head.

"Nothing at all."

Mackey sighed with relief.

"That's the first bit of work I've done in six weeks, and you had me scared, mister. I didn't know but what I'd made some mistake that hurt Mike. You know, got him in wrong somehow."

"Nothing like that," said Sturdevant. "But I wanted to ask you some questions. Your cousin sent me over to you. You told him that someone asked you where a taxi man named Peters was."

Mackey nodded.

"Sure, I remember that. About twelve o'clock it was."

"You don't know who the man was that asked you about Peters?"

"No, I never saw him before. You see, it was like this. My cousin Mike had to see the doctor, and he asked me to fill in his job for the night. Said he'd pay me the same as he got and I could have my tips. Well, I didn't want Mike to pay me anything but—" He looked around the room. "You know how it is, mister. A few bucks meant the kids would eat. So I let Mike slip me four bucks and I picked up a couple in tips."

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On the landing stood Wilcox and another man. "Making an early getaway, eh?" he asked

"I understand," said Sturdevant sympathetically. "Your cousin told me you needed work. Maybe something can be done about that."

"Gee, mister, if you could get me a job—any kind of a job—well, I wouldn't know how to say thank you."

"But you don't know the name of the man that inquired for Peters?"

Mackey shook his head.

"And I wouldn't know Peters if I saw him. I never heard of him before."

"Can you describe the man?"

Mackey scratched his head. He looked at the ceiling, at the floor, even turned appealingly to his wife. Then he looked at Sturdevant.

"I didn't pay much attention to anyone, mister. You know, the job was strange. Mike told me to be sure and open automobile doors and help people in and out of cars, and while it don't seem like much of a job, anything new sort of scares you. No, I couldn't describe the man. I know that he seemed like a young fellow, but that's about all."

"Mustache?"

"No, not that I remember. I'm pretty sure he was smooth-shaven."

"Evening clothes?"

Mackey studied his stubby fingers.

"Now, I couldn't swear to that. But I got the feeling he didn't wear a monkey suit. I tell you why. It sort of comes back to me. He had on brown shoes. Now, I don't know why that sticks out, but it does. And he wouldn't wear brown shoes, tan shoes, if he was all dressed up, would he?"

"What sort of coat did he wear?"

"Just a dark overcoat. And he wore a felt hat, too, dark gray. Now I know why I don't seem to remember his face. He pulled the brim of his hat over his eyes. I don't mean he pulled it down while we were talking, but that's the way he wore it, turned down. Something like the way your hat is, mister."

"About my size?" asked Sturdevant.

"Stand up in front of me, mister, and I'll tell you."

STURDEVANT rose and faced the man.

"Yes, about your size and build, I'd say."

"But that's all you can say, eh?"

"I wish I could tell you more, but I just can't."

"After he spoke to you, where did he go?"

"You got me, mister. I didn't pay any attention. I just told him I didn't know Peters, and then I turned away to open a taxi door, and when I turned around he'd gone off. I didn't pay any attention to it, but you know, not having a job for a long time, talking it over with Mike, I just mentioned it."

He eyed Sturdevant curiously.

"What's it all about, mister? You ain't a detective, are you, looking for some guy?"

"I'm not a detective, but I am looking for that man," said Sturdevant.

"Mighty sorry I couldn't help you more," said Mackey.

Sturdevant looked at the man. Honest and reliable, that was his summing up of the starter's cousin. Willing to work, too, unless Sturdevant greatly erred in his judgment of the man. The wife was pathetically pretty. One knew that with worry removed from her, and with decent food, the good looks she possessed would not be pathetic. The two children, a boy and a girl, would be nice-looking if they were well fed.

"What sort of work can you do?" asked Sturdevant.

"Well, mister, I'll try anything. I can run a car and I know lots about gardens. If I could get a job in the country—"

His stubby fingers interlaced and the knuckles were white from the nervous pressure he put upon them.

Sturdevant took a card from his pocket. On it he scribbled a name and address.

"I have a friend downtown," he said, "who arranges the sale of farms to men out of work."

"But I couldn't buy a blade of grass," said Mackey.

Sturdevant smiled reassuringly.

"You won't have to buy anything. This friend of mine is in touch with an organization in Georgia. It costs three hundred dollars to send a family down south, to make a first payment on an abandoned farm, and to equip the family with a cow and a mule and some chickens, and enough canned goods to see you through the winter. You owe a couple of hundred more, but you have five years to pay it off. Want to try it? I know a dozen men who have tried it and at least they aren't hungry."

"What about the first three hundred?" asked Mackey.

"I'll take care of that," said Sturdevant.

"Bob," the woman spoke for the first time, "take it. It's what you like to do; it will be wonderful for the children."

Mackey stared at Sturdevant.

"I don't know why you should give me three hundred dollars," he said.

Sturdevant smiled.

"Neither do I. But I can't think of any good reason why I shouldn't, why anybody who has it to spare shouldn't give it to someone who needs it. So, as long as I haven't any good reason not to give it to you, don't try to think of any good reason why you shouldn't take it. And here's something to tide you over until arrangements are made."

He handed a bill and his card to the man. Mackey stared at the engraved name above the penciled name and address.

"Simeon Sturdevant. Say, Mister Sturdevant, has all this got something to do with those two killings that you and that actress and that society girl are mixed up in?"

"Maybe," said Sturdevant.

MACKEY'S heavy brows wrinkled.

"You ain't trying to get me out of town, are you?"

Sturdevant smiled reassuringly.

"As a matter of fact I'm going to phone my friend in the morning not to send you south until the Haworth matter is cleared up."

"You think this young fellow that asked about Peters had something to do with it?"

Sturdevant eyed him.

"Mackey, you have fifty dollars in cash. You have a job that will feed and house your family ahead of you. Now, don't you ask any questions, and

*(Continued on page 28)*

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# Love Among the Beeves

**A Short Short Story Complete on this Page**

## By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

TOM LEANDER sat down at the table in the hotel dining-room. Yahout Mahout sat down at the same table in the hotel dining-room. They both looked around and saw the Barlow girl at the same moment. Yahout flushed and smiled happily and bowed and got up.

"A friend of yours?" asked Tom.

Mr. Mahout looked back over his shoulder and scowled.

"You don't mean you're going to leave me here all alone," cried Mr. Leander, getting up and following Mr. Mahout across to the Barlow table.

This was extremely dastardly of Mr. Leander because Mr. Mahout was very much hipped on the lovely Miss Barlow and absolutely in no need of competition. But since he was there Mr. Mahout had to introduce him.

"I can hardly wait to see you tonight," said the beautiful Barlow girl. "If anybody had told me a year ago I'd be this crazy about wrestling, I wouldn't have believed it. I always like to see Mr. Mahout win but I was sorry he had to throw you last night in Rochester." She looked at Mr. Leander in a way which made Mr. Mahout's heart go plop-plop in a sad, hopeless sort of way.

"Just a little accident," said Mr. Leander easily. "I'll win tonight."

"Should we eat?" said Mr. Mahout. "Have you ordered?"

Miss Barlow wanted a salad, it seemed—just something light. Mr. Mahout and Mr. Leander also ordered salads and three steaks and four helpings of potatoes, spinach, peas, and apple pie à la apple pie.

In the afternoon the three of them went to the movies and Miss Barlow and Mr. Leander spoiled the picture for Mr. Mahout by giggling and talking all through it. When Miss Barlow left for home and the gentlemen wandered back to the hotel, Mr. Mahout was in a state. *The lady meant a great deal to him* and he had seen the look in her eyes and the look in Mr. Leander's eyes and he was not happy. Mr. Leander was very happy indeed. Back at the hotel they washed up and went down to dinner.

"Just a light snack for me," said Mr. *Leander, ordering nine lamb chops,* three helpings each of spaghetti, Irish potatoes, navy beans and turnip greens and finishing up with a pumpkin pie.

"I'll have the same," said Mr. Mahout absently.

AFTER *they had finished and had* washed the meal down with six cups of coffee, Mr. Mahout had words to say.

"I think we ought to stretch it out a little longer tonight," he said to Mr. Leander. "And go a little easy on those flying mares just before I throw you."

"Throw me!" cried Mr. Leander. "What do you mean, throw me? You threw me last night. Tonight's my night."

"We aren't taking this one in rotation," explained Mr. Mahout. "They're building me up here with the Balkan population. I'm an awful drawing card in Syracuse. I never lose here."

"You're losing here tonight," said Mr. Leander. "I'm to lose every other night and this is my night to win. Let's go up and see that itinerary of yours."

They rushed upstairs to get the itinerary out of Mr. Mahout's bag. It wasn't in the bag. It wasn't under the radiator or in the bureau drawers or anywhere.

"Somebody must have stolen it," said Mr. Mahout.

"Yes, I can imagine," said Mr. Leander sourly, reaching for the telephone. "We'll see about this. . . . Operator, get me Tim Burley's office in the Paramount Building, New York." He held the receiver to his ear while he waited. "Lost it, eh?" he said to Mr. Mahout.

"Hello," called Mr. Leander into the telephone. "Hello, Ike, is that you? . . . This is Leander, in Syracuse. Is Tim there? Oh, good Lord. Well, listen; maybe you know. . . . Who's supposed to win up here tonight? . . . Oh, it's in the itinerary. Yes, I get that; that's very good. It's in the itinerary and Mahout's lost the itinerary and you don't know. . . . You're just the type that wouldn't know, you nitwit. . . ."

He slammed up the receiver.

"All right, Mahout," he said grimly. "That's the way you want it and that's the way it's going to be. You want to make a showing and I want to make a showing and you aren't man enough to take your licking when it's due. Well, you're going to get it anyhow. From now on everything's on the level. Every man for himself."

WHEN they came into the ring they could see the Barlow lady in the third row. She was beaming at them and they both leaned over the ropes and bowed to her and paid no attention to each other. When they came to the center of the ring for their instructions, Leander said to the referee:

"The rules are off tonight; everything goes. This is for keeps. For once in our lives we're leveling."

"Oh, yeah?" said the referee cynically.

And then it started—the dullest wrestling match ever seen in Syracuse or anywhere else. The night before in Rochester they had been wrestling in the modern manner. There had been flying mares, football tackles, butts in the stomach, toe-holds, strangle-holds and death-defying plunges through the ropes into the spectators. This, however, was an honest wrestling match. It was on the level and they were trying. They pulled and tugged. They grunted and growled. For two hours they were never on the mat, never off their feet. At the end of the first hour there was some danger that they would be mangled by the irate mob which was howling and jeering. But then the crowd started to leave, disgusted. At the end of the second hour nobody was left but Miss Barlow and the ushers and the young gentleman sitting with her. At the end of three hours, the referee stopped the bout and disqualified them for not trying. Mr. Leander was exhausted. Mr. Mahout was a wreck.

It was then that Miss Barlow came up with her young man and congratulated them.

"I want you to meet Mr. Morrison," she said. "He's wrestling up at the university and he thinks you're wonderful. We're getting married in the spring and maybe he'll be a professional wrestler after that. He got an awful lot of pointers from you."

Mr. Leander looked at Mr. Mahout, who didn't look back because he was sitting in his chair in the corner of the ring with his head on his knees.

"Will you pardon us?" said Mr. Leander. "We have to get dressed."

ON THE way out of the arena, Mr. Mahout's troubles seemed to increase. His face twitched with pain, he was bent over in agony and Mr. Leander had to help him as he stumbled along.

"Cramps," moaned Mr. Mahout as he held his stomach. "I got cramps."

"Get a doctor," Mr. Leander ordered as they reached the dressing-room. "I think I know what's the matter with this gentleman."

He stood and looked at the writhing Mr. Mahout without sympathy.

"Something you et, I imagine," he said coldly.

Mr. Mahout moaned.

"The old stomach couldn't stand the strain of nine lamb chops on top of a wrestling itinerary, eh?" pursued Mr. Leander relentlessly.

Mr. Mahout moaned.

"I hope you die before the doctor gets here," said Mr. Leander bitterly, thinking of Miss Barlow and of life and of the way he felt. He sank down on a bench to rest his weary bones.

**They both leaned over the ropes and bowed to her and paid no attention to each other**

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY
IFOR THOMAS,
Collier's Staff
Photographer

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, favors a continuation of prohibition tactics in the war on bootleggers

Joseph H. Choate, Jr., chairman of the Federal Alcohol Control Administration. Cutthroat competition is his special problem

# Mash Notes

## By Ray Tucker

***Repeal is one year old and the bootlegger is doing nicely. He was supposed to dry up and blow away, but he hasn't. What can we do with the varmint now? Dynamite him, says Mr. Morgenthau. Starve him out, says Mr. Choate. Here you see these two methods of insecticide in lively conflict***

THE young reporters who hang out in a corner room of the Treasury building's basement call them Secretary Morgenthau's "mash notes." Inasmuch as Mr. Morgenthau is an extremely earnest and conscientious Cabineteer, the boys are not speaking of fan mail. Not at all, as you can tell from his angry visage as he reads them. They deal entirely with mash and the moonshine makings which constitute so large a portion of the liquor we have guzzled during the first inglorious year of repeal.

These communications drive the normally imperturbable Mr. Morgenthau to distraction. They tell the story of one year's failure of the noble experiment after the last one. It infuriates him to find that in a slow week his agents seize 412,551 gallons of mash, confiscate 12,221 gallons of spirits, smash 236 stills, capture fifty-nine trucks and cars and arrest 443 moonshiners. It sharpens his annoyance at the bootleggers, who, almost a year ago, graciously offered to call it quits with Uncle Sam if the government would buy 50,000,000 gallons of illegal goods from them at a fair price. Then and there he vowed to annihilate them and for twelve months he has been getting ready to keep the pledge. Now, on the anniversary of repeal, he is still getting ready.

Each weekly "mash note" spurs him to new virtue and vigor. He has steadily hired more agents, banned bootleg sale of bottles, crusaded against counterfeiting of labels, dynamited seized stills where the courts did not forbid, checked the sale of corn sugar and other raw materials, assigned gauge-keepers to hitherto unguarded rectifying plants and equipped his 1,200 men with a hatful of hard-boiled regulations. In numbers and cost he is rebuilding enforcement agencies to their size during prohibition's darkest and wettest days. He thinks that at last he has put his finger in the leak in the dike of booze. At the Treasury the cheery slogan is: "We are just beginning to fight."

### No Concessions and No Quarter

Mr. Morgenthau is too full of fight and too fighting mad to listen to suggestions that he forsake tactics which seemed so futile during prohibition. He will not give ear to proposals that he starve out revenue violators with an economic blockade. He will not heed advice that he wipe them out by the simple and popular process of lowering federal taxes and tariffs, or of asking Congress to do so. He does not share the conviction of most fellow officials that the bootlegger gets and maintains a foothold only through high prices caused by existing federal duties. Until the outright breakdown of his new offensive disproves his theory, he will not concede that high taxes are the major factor in perpetuating the illicit clan. He thinks that there would be illegal manufacture and sale even if the two-dollar federal tax and five-dollar tariff were cut in two.

Although his "mash notes" depict a public thirst for illegal goods, he does not conceive it to be his duty to change the tastes or morals of a people. His task is to collect taxes and enforce the law, and that he means to do until Congress decrees differently. In his opinion, the bootleggers will not abandon ancient and lucrative customs until they are routed out with dynamite; they must be driven into jail rather than into bankruptcy. So the Treasury building, belatedly, resounds with threats and the clatter of mimeograph machines grinding out new regulations for the drive of drives. The place would look and sound familiar to such white-ribboners as Roy Haynes and Clarence True Wilson if they turned up any morning.

### A Business with a Hangover

But only a few blocks from Mr. Morgenthau and his file of "mash notes" sits a lean, lanky Yankee who is just as sore at the bootlegger as the Secretary of the Treasury. He is Joseph H. Choate, Jr., who heads the Federal Alcohol Control Administration. He does not deal with bootleggers directly or indirectly—they never tried to sell him anything—and his prejudice springs from different reasons. It is his agency which hands out licenses to distillers, rectifiers, wholesalers and importers, and he frames the regulations under which they operate. It is from them that Mr. Choate gets doleful stories of the menace of bootlegging. Almost every day his clients weep on his thin shoulders as they tell how the sale of cheap and illegal stuff is ruining business.

*(Continued on page 35)*

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# Two on Safari

## By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

*The Story Thus Far:*

IN LONDON, Ballard Mallory, an American adventurer, receives a remarkable assignment from old Lord Morland's legal advisers, Grast, Furman & Menck. In accordance with the terms of a signed contract, he is to go to East Africa in search of a young man—Laurence Morland—who has disappeared in the interior. Should he find Morland alive, he is to receive a nominal salary; *should he find him dead, he is to receive a bonus of five thousand pounds!*

He goes to East Africa, outfits a safari, and plunges into the wild. Accompanying him is a lovely girl—one Josephine Cascoden, who, meeting him on shipboard, had skillfully inveigled him into taking her along. Half convinced that she is a spy, sent from London to report on himself, he promptly falls in love with her. But he receives no encouragement from her; she informs him, quite frankly, that she loves *Laurence Morland!*

During a stop near a village which has just been looted by marauders, the natives stage a dance. Ballard and his retainers—Ali, the head boy; Jocko-Achmed, the cook; Abdul, Josephine Cascoden's personal servant; Bongo, the horse handler; Tugotug, a master tracker; and others—witness it. And "Jo" Cascoden is present. Presently, a young male appears—a magnificent figure, upon whose head, most incongruously, rests a European cap!—and performs some weird evolutions. Observing the girl, Ballard notes that she seems strangely agitated.

The following day, the safari overtakes a sinister procession: men and women (they are obviously the marauders) moving slowly down the trail. In the center of the procession is a white man, a hideous, gaunt man, who, from a litter borne by several stalwart blacks, urges his bearers on. With one hand he grasps a revolver; with the other, a cruel whip.

Simultaneously, the man and Jo Cascoden *see each other. The man* greets her familiarly. "Kill him!" she whispers to Ballard; then, unable to control herself, she fires at the stranger—and misses.

Amazed (for he believes the man must be Laurence Morland), Ballard disarms the fellow, who falls unconscious and dies a short time later in Ballard's tent. In his effects is a contract—a contract almost the same as the contract Ballard had signed in London. But Ballard's name does not appear. In place of it is the name of Captain Eric Brandon-Smith, who, cold in death, now lies silent before Ballard Mallory.

### IX

MALLORY stood comparing two documents—one offering him five thousand pounds for doing away with Laurence Morland, the other promising the late Smith-Brandon twice as much for the same job. He stowed both in his wallet, gave orders for the digging of a grave deep enough to defeat scavengers and went out to recover the rifle he had snatched away from Josephine. Though absent, she was vivid in his thoughts. It was quite clear why she should have wished to see the man killed; equally understandable was her haste in leaving the scene. Smith-Brandon had called her Jodie, consequently they had known each other fairly intimately and it was natural she should have avoided conversation with an old acquaintance at whom she had just taken a pot shot.

Abruptly Ballard threw up his head in a gesture of stunned discovery—exactly as she had known about himself so had she known of Smith-Brandon and his mission from the start! Immediately a hundred questions were answered, a dozen problems solved. Clever, intelligent, steadfast, she had followed the straightest line to the saving of Morland with simplicity and courage. Mystery fell away like a dropped cloak, leaving him dazzled by the vision of a resplendent figure. Girl, child, woman—she could have anything she wanted, anything he had to give, even Larry Morland if he could find him. Where had she gone and how long would it take to track her down?

The grave was reported ready. It received little more than a skeleton. When it was filled and the earth tamped down he stood with his head uncovered and racked his brains for something to say.

"Goodby, and may we never meet again."

He turned away with a sense of relief and ordered Tugo to take up Swayback's spoor. For a time the going was as fast as they cared to make it, but the small party had covered only a few miles when it came face to face with Matogada's advance guard.

A MOMENT later Ballard was talking to the old chief, telling him of the death of Smith-Brandon. As soon as the word spread the entire column began to break up into individual punitive expeditions, intent upon exterminating the dead man's quondam wives and all their relatives. Ballard asked how far ahead was Josephine. To his amazement nobody had seen her or Bongo, but Abdul had been picked up. At mention of his name he came sheepishly forward.

"Did you see the Missis?"

"Yes, master; I see Missis and Bongo."

"Why didn't you follow them?"

"I follow, I follow plenty! They go too fast," asserted Abdul and then wailed in an aggrieved tone: "I sleep in bush!"

Realizing the terror which that last statement implied, Ballard softened. "Which way were they going?"

"Road to Wemba."

Ballard scowled, wondering how a whole impi could have missed seeing the girl on horseback. "Why didn't you keep after her this morning? Why did you turn back?"

Abdul gave him a withering look. "No spoor this morning."

"That's so," admitted Ballard; "Matogada's outfit would have wiped it out."

HE PRESSED on down the broad trail in the direction Josephine had last been going. Tugo had a definite theory as to what had happened. Not troubling to look for a spoor, he advanced at full speed for hours, making straight for a tiny path leading off to water on the left. There he stopped, grinned and pointed with his assegai at horse tracks going in and coming out. In his haste Ballard wanted to take up the fresher spoor at once, but Tugo insisted on reading the full tale. He walked a short way down the path, stood stock-still for at least three minutes and then reported. The reading was clear. The thirsty horse had turned off for water, Bongo had followed, the Missis had come back first, heard Matogada's oncoming people, hidden her horse, stood behind two huge euphorbias and watched them pass.

At this point, Ali interpreting, Ballard interjected a sharp inquiry as to the whereabouts of Bongo. Tugo grinned. Bongo had stayed behind at the waterhole to gather grass. That information imparted, the master tracker took up the fresh spoor, now quite clear, and followed it to a point where the fugitives had encamped.

Scarcely pausing to read that simple story, they continued for weary hours until Ballard could scarcely drag one foot after the other. Even so, he would have forced himself to keep on had not the light failed. The moment he realized the spoor was becoming illegible he called a halt. Building a single fire and dividing what cooked food they had in equal parts, they cast themselves down like logs. Ballard slept all the better for the thought that the next day would see them in Wemba, where they would doubtless either find Josephine or get news of her. They started on as soon as light broke, each persuaded the ordeal of the last few days would soon

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be over. Consequently it was with consternation they recognized the little side trail by which they had issued from Wemba and realized Josephine's spoor kept straight on.

THE same questions occurred to all of them. If she had not been heading for Wemba, what was her destination? How far might they have to slog after her? Without food or water, how long could they stand it? Ballard, after due consideration, sent Ali, Negrito and the water carrier into Wemba to organize a relief expedition and permitted the exhausted Abdul to accompany them. He and Tugo remained on the spoor. Their spirits low, they traveled more and more slowly and Ballard was searching for a spot of shade where they could take a much-needed noontime rest when they chanced on a first item of interest—the track of an oxcart where it turned out of, not into, their own trail. They were traveling due south; it had been coming from the south and at this point had turned west on the road to Mutambe's country.

Invigorated by the discovery, they continued to the point where Josephine and oxcart had met. They saw where both had stopped, where she had turned back, where Swayback had stood at the tailboard for several minutes, but to their great dismay they also perceived the horse had then headed south again at a canter. Ballard was all for giving up, shade or no shade, until the relief column from Wemba, equipped with all the comforts of life, should arrive. He sat down, locked his arms around his knees, covered as much of himself as possible with his hat and tried to doze. But Tugo, his black face puzzled, wandered off pensively on the trail of the cantering horse. He followed it for half a mile, stopped short, then followed it again, stopped once more, turned and hurried back. He touched Ballard on the shoulder, rousing him, and promptly became voluble.

The only word in the up-country dialect that made sense to Ballard was the familiar noun, *lemaphasi*, frequently repeated. It stood for female; evidently something of importance in regard to Josephine had developed. He sprang to his feet, cursing Ali's absence. Pointing down the trail as the natives point with drooping fingers he asked impatiently, *"Lemaphasi hamba lapa?"*

*"Aicona!"* cried Tugo with a violent shake of the head, which said more eloquently than speech: "The lady does not travel that way—that's exactly what I've been trying to tell you."

BALLARD stood plunged in thought, then asked his second question: "Bongo *aicona hamba lapa?"*

*"Ndio,"* asserted Tugo affirmatively with equal emphasis. *"Hamba."*

Here was mystery with a vengeance; Swayback and Bongo had gone on—Josephine, according to Tugo, had not. How could the tracker tell? Ballard examined the ground carefully on his own hook and found no woman's footstep; consequently, if Tugo were right—and he had never gone wrong yet in reading a story—she had passed directly from horse to oxcart and that was an action she could have performed only willingly. Then there was no need for haste on his part. Sitting down, he resumed his pose, but instead of trying to sleep, his mind busied itself with trying to unravel this latest knot until, at last, Ali appeared. Justifying his reputation as a master head boy, he had taken no chances of forgetting one of the many items specified by Ballard and was followed by the entire safari.

**"I was wondering," she continued, "just what Mr. Mallory will do to your filthy carcass when he catches up with us." "No fool Ibn," remarked the Banyan placidly. "Mr. Mallory dead"**

"Good boy," commented Mallory and ordered Jocko to prepare a quick meal at once; then he turned to Ali. "Find out everything Tugo has been trying to tell me."

It was some minutes before Ali was ready with his report and Ballard was at table before the Swahili began: "Tugo says Missis get into cart from horse. Horse stand. Bongo eat with ox boys. Horse go on. Soon Bongo go too."

"I got all that," said Ballard impatiently. "How does he know Missis not go on?"

"Somebody beat Swayback very bad. Horse step too heavy for Missis. Not same spoor like when Missis ride."

Ballard frowned, only half believing. "Does anybody know whose cart it was?" he asked at a venture.

Ali smiled. "Everybody know ox spoor for Ibn-ben-Dur, big Banyan man."

Ballard sprang to his feet so suddenly he knocked over the table before him. Ibn-ben-Dur! From that start his thoughts began to race, leaping from point to point. The supplies he had ordered for delivery at Wemba—for some reason the oily old fox had decided to deliver them in person. Through the front flaps of his canopied cart he must have had ample opportunity to observe Josephine's approach. To the Banyan mind, since she was alone, her overlord must infallibly be dead. Only one other solution could possibly have occurred to Ibn—that she had run away. In either case she was free booty to any pirate and he had laid his plans accordingly: rid himself of Bongo and changed his own direction from populous Wemba toward Mutambe's isolated village where he could concoct and carry out his schemes in relative security.

He was a merchant of great wealth, an almost legendary figure throughout a wide stretch of the hinterland. It would be quite within the limits of reason to believe Bongo might never open his mouth and that months would intervene before any authoritative search for Mallory or his companion should start. During those months much might happen, even a quiet withdrawal to India if the game proved worth the candle. Ballard, feeling absurdly like a wronged husband, threw up his head and looked into Ali's faithful eyes. If they had wavered he would have knocked the boy down.

"Tell Tugo we'll follow the oxcart until we catch up with it, if it takes all day and all night," he ordered. "After dark, if the moon isn't enough, you throw the flashlight for him."

"You too tired, Master," remonstrated Ali softly. "You finish."

"You're right. I'm finished," agreed Ballard. "Get poles. Fix up a bed like the other *mulungu* had."

*"Ndio,* Master," said Ali. "I get him ready quick."

JOSEPHINE had meant to kill Smith-Brandon; she would always regret having missed the easy shot. She had known and hated him all her life with that hatred a girl reserves for the first man to destroy illusion without setting up a substitute idol in its place. Her feeling upon having the rifle torn from her hands was plain rage, but almost on the instant her thoughts swerved to a new objective. Here was her chance. Let Ballard look out for himself; if he got stabbed in the back by as traitorous a hand as ever dealt a cowardly blow it would be his own fault.

It never entered her head she might not strike the back trail and manage alone a meeting with Matogada's forces; from what she remembered it would be like riding along a highway. She wheeled her horse and dashed back along the way they had come. Automatically Bongo started after her.

In rounding the copse she might easily have lost her way, but she did not, and the moment she struck into the broad trail she slowed Swayback to the easy canter she knew he could keep up for miles. Soon she came upon Abdul, still gagging the mouth of the disconsolate black mother. He had heard the two shots and was looking anxiously in their direction, longing to abandon his post but not knowing as yet whether to run forward or back. When Josephine

*(Continued on page 32)*

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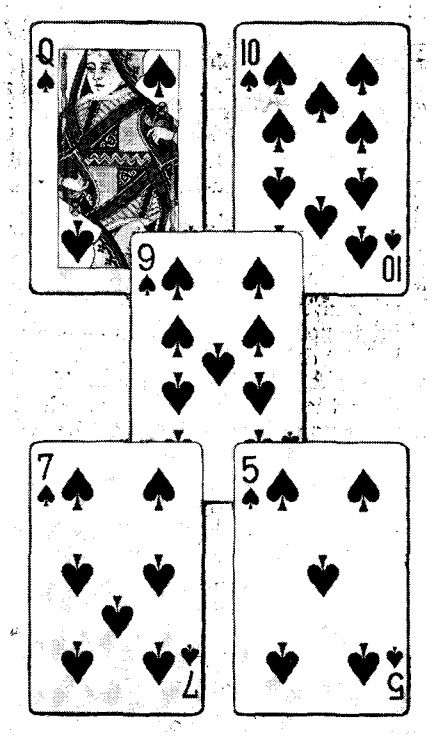


# Set That Contract!

## By Shepard Barclay

*A good defense makes an excellent offense—in contract bridge. Here are some simple rules for outguessing the declarer. And that's one way to put your score up where it belongs*

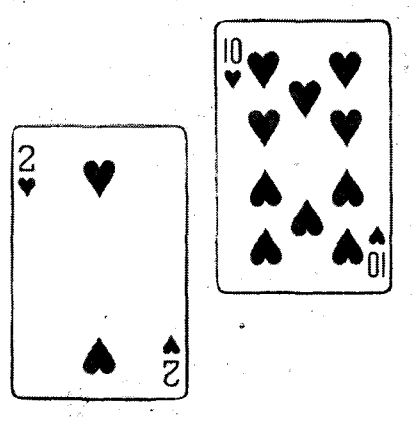
"BLOCK that kick! Block that kick!" is a plea which has been heard by every football fan. Many gridiron battles have depended upon the answer to that prayer, but they are as nothing in numbers compared to the thousands—yes, millions—of bridge games and rubbers decided by the effort to "set that contract."

Bridge players in general have spent so much time trying to improve their bidding that they have slighted the importance of the play. Defensive play in particular has been neglected, chiefly because its appeal is largely negative. The average person can easily see that making a rubber game puts some 800 points on the score sheet. What he does not clearly realize is that beating the opponents' bid for the rubber game is worth about 900 points, by keeping the opponents from the 800 and instead adding 100 to his own side of the ledger.

All experts are fully cognizant of this, and therefore keep their defensive weapons sharpened. They know that part of the time their side has a chance to get on the tally sheet, and the remainder of the time their opponents are due to score. Success depends on making their own gains as frequent and as large as possible, but equally so upon how well they can hold down the opponents' score. A study of the results of any protracted session between fine players and those not quite a match for them will disclose the greatest discrepancy in skill to be in the defense against contracts bid by the other side.

Much has been learned about defensive tactics during the last few years by those who have kept abreast of changes in the game. Players who were considered splendid on the defense some time ago are not necessarily in the top flight now, if they have refused to change their style to suit the new conditions. So much information is conveyed by the more extensive bidding brought about by contract that stereotyped auction methods of play are far from the most effective. Frequently the line of play that would be chosen against simple auction bidding must be ruled out in favor of an entirely different campaign indicated by the conversation which has passed across the table in bidding language between the declarer and his partner.

There are times the defenders can foretell exactly how the declarer will try to make his contract. They know just what he will do first, and what he will attempt to leave as the last step in the plan of action. Often his entire scheme of play can be figured out—

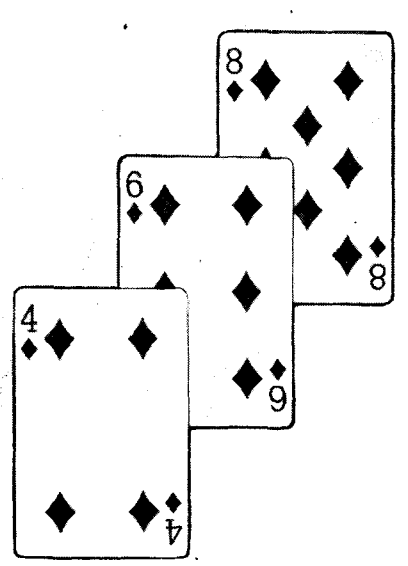


what he hopes the defense will do, what he hopes they will not do, where his danger lies and what is his greatest strength. Often his procedure is clear not only before the dummy has been seen, but even before the defending player has taken his own hand into account.

It would help thousands of average players if they would go through what amounts to a simple ritual even before making the opening lead against a contract. It should be something like this: (1) Lay down your hand and review the bidding in your mind. (2) Try to picture both the declarer's hand and the dummy's. (3) From that figure out how you would probably try to play the hand if declarer. (4) Think of what lead or leads you would prefer to have your opponents make against you. (5) Think of what lead or leads you would hope the adversaries will not make. (6) Now take a look at your own hand and see how that information can be applied. (7) Be sure to vote against any lead the declarer might want and in favor of some lead he does not want.

Countless contracts are doomed or made because of the most important single play of the fifty-two in hand—the opening lead. As a generality, it would pay a defensive player to give three times as much thought to this as to any other play. If he does he will sometimes arrive at the choice of a card which could not possibly be the first considered.

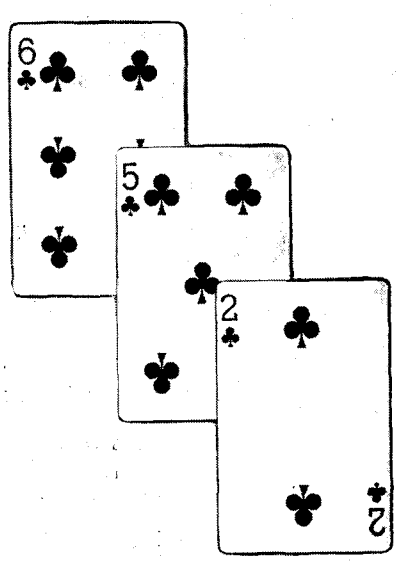
The fine defensive player does not think of himself as being on the defense. He considers rather that he is about to attack the declarer, who is entrenched behind a contract of his own choosing. He is not so interested in the weapons with which to attack—his own cards—as he is in finding weaknesses in the declarer's position and smashing at them with whatever may be available. In many cases the declarer has told him all about them; perhaps has had to in order to reach the best contract.



Suppose the bidding has been one heart by North, one spade by South, two hearts by North, two spades by South, three spades by North, and four spades by South. The leader in the West can foresee with practical certainty the way the declarer will try to make his four-spade contract. He will drop the hostile trumps, then go after the heart suit, expecting to discard any diamond and club losers on it. The hearts probably are not utterly solid—few suits are—so he undoubtedly will require a side entry in the dummy in order to bring them in.

The job of the defense is to remove that side entry if possible before the declarer gets a head start in the play of his trumps and hearts. That entry is bound to be in either diamonds or clubs, therefore one of these suits must be led, regardless of the leader's holding; his choice of which of the two would depend on the cards in them. By picking one of these suits, he has a fifty-fifty chance to score a bull's-eye on the side entry. Even if he misses it, he does something for his side by probably establishing a winner there before it gets discarded on the heart suit. But against this bidding, a spade or heart lead would be unthinkable unless the player held a very freakish hand.

*(Continued on page 36)*



### *What's the Right Lead?*

**The bidding has been One No Trump by South, Two by North, Three by South, and you hold the West hand shown in squares at the left. What would you lead?**

**If the opponents have bid soundly—and it seldom pays to treat them as poor bidders—a spade lead would be hopeless. Your partner, however, undoubtedly has entries to bring in established cards of his long suit; if not, the opponents would have been so strong they would have bid higher. What is his long suit? The odds are at least 2 to 1 it is hearts, your shortest suit, which is also a major—a suit the opponents would like to bid if either had a good holding in it. Here is the hand, as actually dealt:**

S A J 4
H 9 6 4
D 10 7 5
C A 10 7 4

S Q 10 9 7 5
H 10 2
D 8 6 4
C 6 5 2

S 8 3
H Q J 8 5 3
D A K 9
C Q J 9

S K 6 2
H A K 7
D Q J 3 2
C K 8 3

**With a spade lead, it will be noted, declarer gets the jump with a round of his diamonds before the hearts are started. Against this opening, he will make three spade tricks, two hearts, two diamonds and two clubs—game.**

**With the ten of hearts lead, the defense gets the jump. After the diamond return, East knocks out the second heart stopper, and after the second diamond lead he runs three hearts, defeating the contract.**

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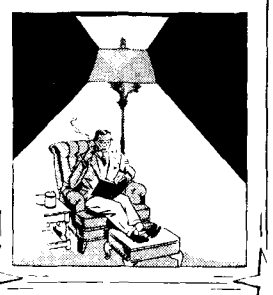
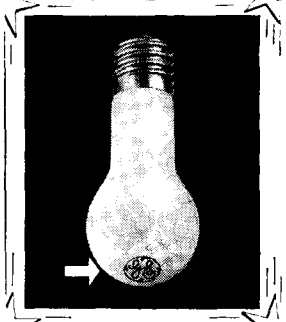
# GIVE THEM A NEW I.E.S. BETTER SIGHT LAMP FOR Christmas

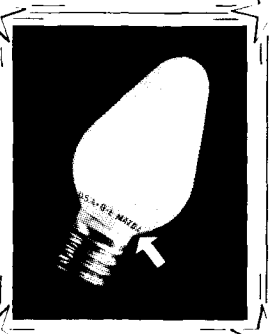
## OTHER CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS



**1. DIRECT-INDIRECT FLOOR LAMP.** An amazing new all-purpose lamp for the home. Is equipped with the new MAZDA Indirect Three-Lite lamp, which gives three levels of light from one bulb.

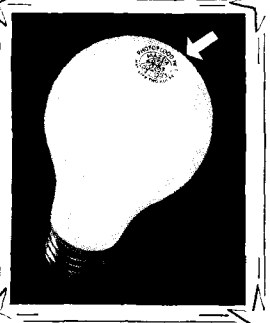


**2. SUNLAMP.** Give your family the healthful ultra-violet of the summer sun this winter . . . from a sunlamp equipped with a G-E MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-1 or Type S-2).

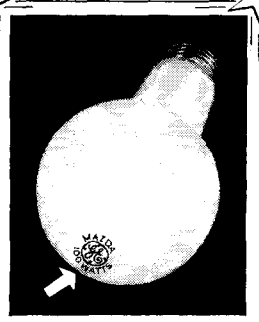


**3. G-E MAZDA CHRISTMAS TREE LAMPS.** Get the new multiple strings and lamps for your tree this year and stop hunting for burned out bulbs. If one burns out, the others keep right on burning.

**4. G-E MAZDA PHOTOFLASH LAMPS** for taking *action* pictures at NIGHT or INDOORS. Easy to use. Will operate on batteries or house current. Each lamp gets one picture. 15c list.



**5. G-E MAZDA PHOTOFLOOD LAMPS** take dozens of pictures INDOORS. Use them with super speed film, for SNAPSHOTS (requires F/6.3 lens or faster)... QUICK TIME EXPOSURES (box or slow lens folding cameras) ... and HOME MOVIES. 25c list.



**6. G-E MAZDA LAMPS.** The secret of getting good light at low cost is very simple. Buy only lamps bearing the mark GE ... Christmas time and all the time!



*20 out of 100 pupils in grade schools have impaired eyesight.*

*40 out of every 100 graduates leave our colleges with defective vision.*

*95 out of every 100 people over sixty have impaired eyesight.*

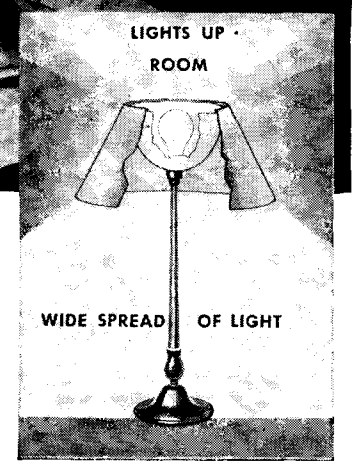
Much of this appalling condition is caused by poor light. And it was to remedy this condition that the Illuminating Engineering Society developed this radically new lamp.

This new I.E.S. Better Sight Lamp is revolutionizing home lighting. Thousands are being bought daily. It provides the light you need for reading, studying or sewing in comfort. It offers freedom from eyestrain. It is helping save eyes. It is not intended, however, as a substitute for the services of a competent eyesight specialist.

Protect your children with an I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp this Christmas ... that in years to come they may enjoy better sight. Give the grown-ups its eye comfort, too. It is a boon to the entire family ... a marvelous gift.

General Electric does not make it, but highly recommends the new I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp. It is made by many manufacturers, in many styles. Prices vary, but at every price you enjoy the same scientific lighting features.

See this new lamp at your lighting company, department store, furniture store or lighting fixture store. *And be sure to look for the I. E. S. approval tag when you buy.* General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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**2. AMPLE LIGHT** for seeing in comfort. Pleasant light *direct* on work; good general light *indirectly* from ceiling.

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**4. MINIMUM GLARE** from shiny paper surfaces.

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# Shadow of Doubt

*Continued from page 21*

don't do any talking. Of course, if the police should happen to come to you, tell them anything. Tell them that I've seen you. But don't go to them until I tell you to."

"Mr. Sturdevant," said the man, "there ain't anything in God's world you can tell me to do that I won't do."

"Good man," said Sturdevant. He nodded to the woman. "Good luck to you and to the youngsters." He turned and walked from the apartment.

He gave the waiting taxi man his address. All the way downtown he pondered what Mackey had told him. Outside Haworth's apartment on Monday night, or rather Tuesday morning, Lisa Bellwood had observed a man who, she had thought, was Sturdevant. Or perhaps she had never thought so for a moment. Figuring what went on in Lisa's brain was a bit too difficult for Sturdevant. But Sturdevant no longer had any doubt that Lisa was telling the truth when she said that she had seen someone whose figure resembled Sturdevant's own, and who wore a felt hat with the brim turned down.

He reassembled the facts in their order. About twelve o'clock Monday night a man had asked Mackey where Peters was. An hour and a half later, approximately, Lisa Bellwood had seen outside Haworth's apartment a man whose vague description corresponded with that of the man who had spoken to Mackey. In between those two times, someone had asked Mrs. Peters where her husband was and had been told that he was in the neighborhood of Haworth's apartment.

Was the man who telephoned Mrs. Peters the man of the other two times?

It was not too far-fetched reasoning to assume that the same man had figured in the three incidents. Very well, then. Why didn't this man inform the police that Inez Johnson, whose name figured in the papers as having been questioned by the police in regard to Haworth's death, had been lingering outside the victim's apartment? Of course this question had come up before, but somehow it seemed more important now, because Sturdevant thought he knew the answer.

THE man didn't tell that he knew Inez was in a particular neighborhood at a particular time because he himself had been in that neighborhood at about that time. It was clear as crystal, Sturdevant thought.

Only, granting that this mysterious man wished to keep secret his own presence in a certain neighborhood at a certain time, where did this reasoning lead?

Lisa Bellwood had suggested that Haworth's friends and enemies be scrutinized in search for one who would answer the vague description that she gave. The suggestion had seemed preposterous to Sturdevant when Lisa made it, but it seemed less preposterous now. Only, why should a man inimical to Haworth take such an interest in the doings of a taxi man like Peters?

He was more bewildered than ever as he entered his apartment on Gramercy Park. Dexter helped him with his overcoat.

"Sergeant Wilcox telephoned a little while ago. I told him that I was pretty sure you'd be home for dinner and he said that he was going to invite himself up to eat with you. I told him okay. Was that all right?"

"Always feed a cop," smiled Sturdevant.

"That was my idea," said Dexter. "Say, how about whipping back into bed where you belong?"

"Nonsense," said Sturdevant. "Never felt better in my life."

"Better cross your fingers when you say things like that," advised Dexter.

"I usually knock on wood," said Sturdevant.

"Well, that's good, too," said Dexter. "Think you could belt over a steak?"

"I could try hard," said Sturdevant.

"Because that's what you're going to get," said Dexter, moving toward the kitchen.

STURDEVANT had finished the evening papers when Wilcox arrived. The dapper little sergeant grinned at him.

"Invited myself for dinner," he said.

"Getting to be a habit with my family, aren't you?"

"Say, that Mrs. Pillson is a great dame. Plenty of brains, too. Gave me a suggestion today about finding out

"Bing Crosby is on the other thing, darling. You're retarding the spark!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

which friend of Haworth's was in Los Angeles on September twelfth."

"One that you'd never thought of, I suppose," said Sturdevant.

"Well," chuckled Wilcox, "it had occurred to me. By the way, where were you that day?"

Sturdevant looked at him in surprise.

"Why, didn't you know? In Los Angeles, buying Miss Plaice's revolver."

"That's what I thought. You make it so easy for a hard-working dick!"

"Anything to oblige. Shall I write the confession in pencil or have it typewritten?"

"The trouble with most swell joints is that you can't smell the kitchen when you're in the parlor," said Wilcox. "Now, you're a swell, all right, but you live nice. What I mean, is that steak I smell broiling?"

"It's steak," said Sturdevant. "I'll have Dexter close the door to the kitchen."

"Nix, nix," said Wilcox. "He couldn't hear what we were saying. Don't tell me we're having fried potatoes, too. Say, can you postpone that confession until after we eat?"

"Whatever you like," said Sturdevant.

Wilcox eyed him.

"For a sick man, you managed to get around a bit today. What were you doing all afternoon?"

"You tell me," said Sturdevant.

"There's an hour missing," said Wilcox. "You left the Merrygoround and sort of disappeared. Where were you?"

"Buying the steak that's broiling now," said Sturdevant.

"I should have guessed it," said Wilcox.

Throughout the meal, to which Wilcox devoted himself with an appetite that approached voracity, the dapper little sergeant made no reference to the matter closest to their minds. But, later, seated before the log fire, he eyed the Napoleon brandy in the glass he held; then, turning abruptly to Sturdevant:

"Tell me—what were you doing after you left Merrygoround?"

"YOU keep close tabs," said Sturdevant.

"Very," said Wilcox. "You know, we cops are bright. We use telephones. You didn't like the taxi that was hanging around when you left here this afternoon."

"Was that for me? How thoughtful of you. If I'd only known."

"Sure; you'd still have walked a few blocks and picked up another."

"You haven't drawn a big black mark through my name, have you? I'm still on the suspect list?"

"I wouldn't say that," said Wilcox. "You're on a list, but not necessarily a list of suspects."

"What other list is there?" asked Sturdevant.

Wilcox sipped his brandy. He murmured appreciatively.

"The list that Murdoch headed. We drew a big red line through his name."

"What are you driving at?" Sturdevant asked.

"Murdoch knew too much. Isn't that how you figure it? And he gets himself beautifully knocked off. Now suppose I don't have a list, but that the man that killed Haworth and Murdoch has a list. You might be on it."

"Why? I don't know too much," protested Sturdevant.

"If the murderer thought you did—what then? We're taking no chances. You're trailed; Lisa Bellwood is trailed; we follow Miss Plaice."

Sturdevant stared at him.

"You mean to tell me that you think we're in danger?"

"I don't think anything of the sort. It's just a possibility, that's all. But when a witness in a murder case is rubbed out, we take care of the rest of the witnesses. Sometimes, for their own protection, we lock them up. I came pretty near doing that to Inez Johnson this afternoon."

"Why?" asked Sturdevant.

"Your friend Granby looked me up. He's a smart lawyer. He hasn't handled criminal cases; they're not down his alley. But he knows better than to outsmart himself. He told me what little Inez was doing the night Haworth was bumped off. He's got sense. He knows we wouldn't make it tough for a little girl just because she got scared. You see, the Murdoch killing put an entirely different complexion on the Haworth murder. If Murdoch hadn't been bumped off, I'm not saying that little Inez wouldn't be in a cell. Lying in a murder case is pretty suspicious. But she didn't kill Murdoch, and whoever killed Murdoch killed Haworth. There's no question about that. At least, if there is, I'll resign from the force. But it isn't good to hide things from detectives. Once in a while it may work out all right, but ninety-nine times out of a hundred you only get yourself in a jam."

STURDEVANT nodded.

"I always tell the police everything," he said. "I feel that the police are my best friends."

Wilcox grinned.

"Tell everything, do you? Why didn't you tell me that Lisa Bellwood thought she saw you outside Haworth's apartment?"

"It didn't seem fair to you," said Sturdevant. "What fun would you have if people told you everything? You know you like to find things out yourself."

"Granby told me that one, too," said Wilcox. "And I had a little chat with Miss Bellwood just before I came down here. She says it wasn't you."

"I wouldn't trust her," said Sturdevant. "She's probably playing games with you."

"I wouldn't put it past her," said Wilcox. "Some girl! But you see what I'm getting at: if Murdoch hadn't been killed and we'd found out that Lisa Bellwood said—kidding or otherwise—that she'd seen you that night, you'd been talking through bars before this. The breaks have been with you and Inez. If a man is innocent he ought to report to the police circumstances that make him look guilty. That's plain common sense. Then he won't be accused of hiding evidence against himself."

"I seem to feel that the lecture leads up to something else," said Sturdevant.

"Not to anything important, perhaps,

*(Continued on page 30)*

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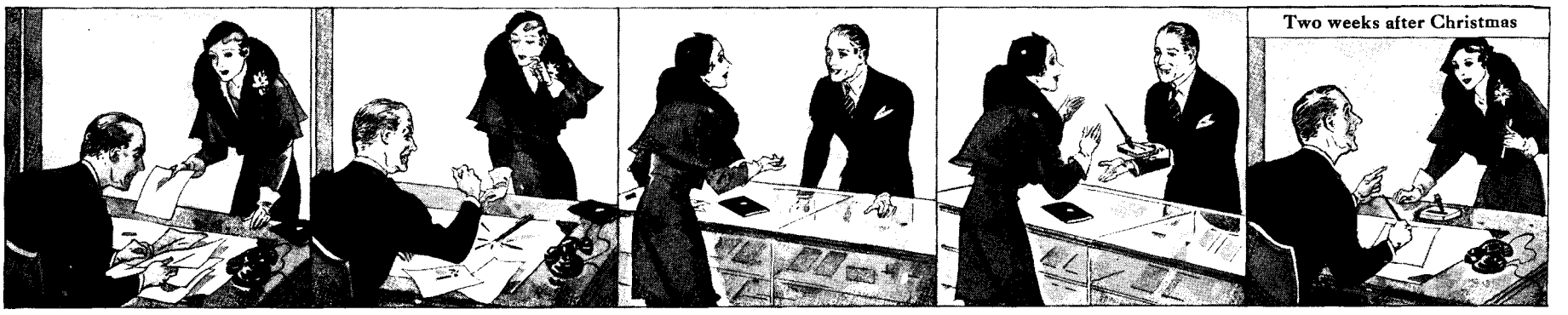
# MARY DISCOVERS A GIFT THAT CAN'T BE WRONG




MARY: Uncle Jim, will you sign this lease for Mother?

UNCLE JIM: Sure, Mary! Oh, dammit—that pen's *gone* again!

UNCLE JIM: Why did I bother finding it? It never writes right anyway!

MARY: That gives me an idea!

MARY: I want to buy a pen for my uncle—one that's *sure* to write the way he likes.

CLERK: There's only one pen that'll do that, Miss—The Eversharp Adjustable. He adjusts it to suit his own writing.

CLERK: May I suggest this beautiful Eversharp Adjustable Desk Set?

MARY: *Perfect!* Now Uncle Jim can always find his pen when he needs it!

MARY: Uncle Jim — how do you like the Christmas gift I sent you?

UNCLE JIM: Swell! I adjusted the pen to *my* hand. It's the smoothest, easiest writing pen I ever used!

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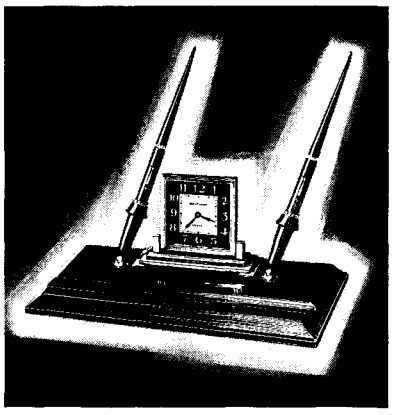

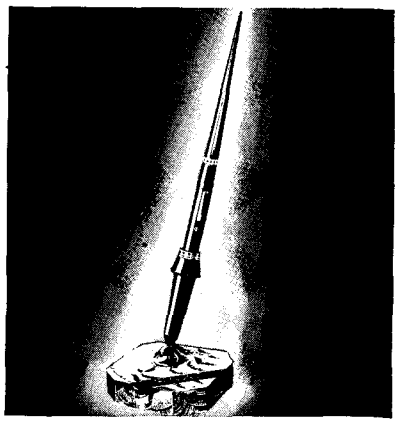

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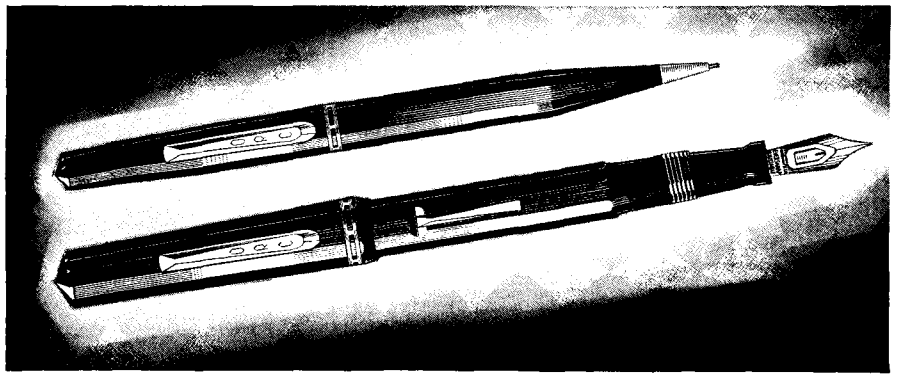

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# Shadow of Doubt

*Continued from page 28*

but I'd like to know where you went this afternoon."

Sturdevant stared at him.

"Where do you think I went?" he asked.

"Two officers were cruising around Gramercy Park. They followed you, in their taxi, to Miss Plaice's apartment. They followed you to your office. They followed you to Merrygoround. In a traffic jam they lost you. They went back to Merrygoround to find out if you'd happened to mention there where you were going. You hadn't mentioned that, but you had talked some business, and had had a few words with the head-waiter. You asked him if he knew who had it in for Haworth."

"Anything suspicious in that?" asked Sturdevant.

"I wouldn't call it suspicious. But what I'm wondering is if you know anything else that you've not told me. You know that Inez Johnson didn't go right home after she left Merrygoround Monday night. You know that Lisa Bellwood saw somebody outside Haworth's apartment. That somebody might have been anybody, but at first glance, having you in her mind, Miss Bellwood assumed it was you. You know that somebody phoned Miss Johnson's taxi man's home to find out where he was. Granby told me all that. What I want to know is this: is there anything else that you know? You're a mighty bright man, Mr. Sturdevant. You're the kind of man that would get out and hustle in a case like this. You wouldn't be satisfied to let the police try to clear your name. You'd get on the job yourself. And even if you weren't trying to figure out who could have killed Haworth, there might be things in your mind, of which you weren't particularly conscious, that might be mighty helpful to me.

"I'VE been combing a list of Haworth's friends. I've interviewed a dozen girls that knew him. I haven't got ahead at all. Plenty of people despised the man, but that doesn't make a case against them. Do you know anything?"

"A little," said Sturdevant. "At midnight on Monday a man asked the starter at the Merrygoround where Peters was. You see, the regular starter was off that night. This afternoon I went to see the man that had taken his place Monday night. He described, very vaguely, the man who had asked about Peters. That man wore a dark coat, a turned-down felt hat, and was about my size. He might have been the man that Miss Bellwood saw a little later in the evening and mistook for me."

Wilcox drank the last of his brandy. He smacked his lips as he put the glass down.

"And he might have been the man that asked Mrs. Peters where her husband was."

"My figuring," said Sturdevant.

"And he knew, if he read the papers, that Inez Johnson hadn't told the truth about where she was that night," said Wilcox.

"I thought of that, too," said Sturdevant.

"I talked with Peters after Granby told me about Inez," said Wilcox. "A pretty scared taxi man. But you got to hand it to him. He stuck by the girl that had been good to him. I couldn't very well slap him in jail for not coming through with the truth, when I didn't do anything to Miss Johnson. Besides, he's a potential witness against the murderer. I'm having him covered now."

"You mean that the murderer might attack him?"

Wilcox shrugged.

"I wouldn't know. But don't worry about him. No one could throw a cream puff at him. He is guarded."

"Why should a man that later appeared outside Haworth's apartment take such an interest in a taxi driver?" asked Sturdevant.

Wilcox rose to his feet.

"If I could answer that I'd be able to put my hand on the murderer—perhaps," he said.

"Does that follow?" asked Sturdevant.

"I wouldn't bet too much on it. But that bird knows that Inez Johnson hasn't told the truth about Monday night, and he hasn't reported it to the police. He's keeping important evidence a secret."

"So did I," said Sturdevant.

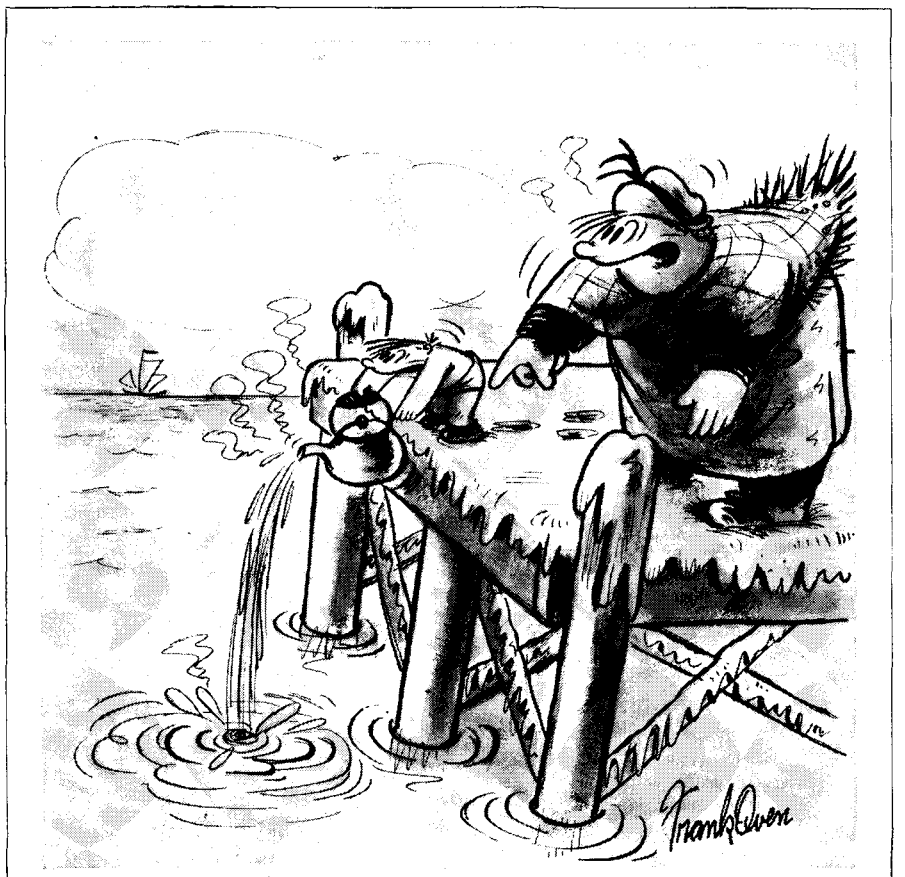
Wilcox looked at him darkly; then he grinned.

"I'm not through with you yet," he said. But his threat lost potency because of the twinkle in his eye. "I'll be getting along," he said. "See you in the morning."

"With more questions?" Sturdevant laughed.

"I wouldn't know," said Wilcox. "Better take that cracked skull to bed, hadn't you?"

"It's an idea," Sturdevant conceded.



"You're going swimming and you're warming up a spot!" FRANK OWEN

HE WAS in bed reading a book when Trenna phoned.

"I just woke up," she said. "How do you feel?"

"Never better," he assured her. "And you?"

"Fine," she informed him. "Inez Johnson just telephoned me. Your friend Tom Granby told the police what she had told him. He was right. Inez is very much relieved."

"So am I," said Sturdevant. "It's bad business, hiding things."

"You're sure you feel all right?"

"Positive."

"I have no engagement for luncheon tomorrow."

"Trenna Plaice, that is the most outrageous falsehood I ever heard. You have a luncheon engagement with me every day."

"I must have forgotten," she said meekly.

"Forgetfulness makes me angry," he told her.

"Me, too. Let's neither of us do it again."

"Shifting the blame, making me bear half of it. I won't stand for that," he laughed.

"Good night," she whispered.

DOCTOR BURNS was not the apprehensive person that Sturdevant sometimes was inclined to believe him. Sturdevant felt an immense lassitude come over him. Yesterday's fall might have been forgotten by Sturdevant's mind, but his body remembered. He felt suddenly weak, utterly exhausted. Dexter, peering into his room a little later, found that his master had done something that he had never known him to do before. He had fallen asleep with the light on and a book on his chest. Dexter removed the book and switched off the light.

But in the morning Sturdevant's body had forgotten the fall of two days ago. He felt better than he had since before he went to the hospital two years ago. Bathed and shaved, he sat down before his breakfast table and picked up a morning paper.

New York is a city of vast interest. The New York public demands sensation, and wears out sensation, as no other public does. While a mystery has new developments, it can hold the spotlight, maintain its grasp of the headlines, unless a bigger mystery comes along. But unless new evidence, new sensations, appear in the press, the wise editor knows that he must turn the front page over to something else. The police had not informed the reporters that Inez had changed her story, had not mentioned the mysterious inquirer after Peters. Therefore the Murdoch-Haworth mystery was confined to an inner page. Sturdevant sighed with relief. It was not good to be in the papers in connection with such a tragedy, but to be on the front page was somehow much worse.

Doctor Burns telephoned as he finished breakfast.

"You can get up today," said the doctor.

Sturdevant laughed.

"I got up yesterday."

"I'll bet you didn't feel so good last night," said the doctor.

"How did you guess? I was suddenly half dead with exhaustion. Fell asleep reading. But I'm okay today."

"You're an idiot," said Burns. "You might have set yourself back a week."

"But I didn't," said Sturdevant.

"You got away with it," said Burns. "Good luck to you."

He hung up and Sturdevant called up Trenna's apartment. The maid told him that she was still asleep and Sturdevant promised to call later on. He got into his coat and on an impulse walked into his bedroom and surveyed himself in a mirror. He put on his hat.

Did he wear the brim turned down very much more than other men? No, he decided. Yet it seemed to stick in the memory of Bob Mackey that his questioner had worn the brim down. But, of course, that was an item that would be noticed, because it prevented one from seeing all of a person's upper face. He walked into the living-room and opened the front door. On the landing, having obviously just climbed the stairs, stood Wilcox and another man.

"Making an early get-away, eh?" said Wilcox.

He turned to the man beside him.

"Go right in, Arnheim," he said.

THE man uncertainly, almost timidly, crossed the threshold.

"This is Mr. Sturdevant, Arnheim," said Wilcox. He grinned at Sturdevant. "Didn't I tell you I was coming around this morning?"

"I thought that was just a way of saying goodby," said Sturdevant.

"But you were running out on me?"

"I've got the tickets in my pocket, along with my forged passport," said Sturdevant.

"Maybe the company will give you a refund on the tickets. Where were you going?"

"I hadn't decided. I bought a lot of tickets." Sturdevant looked curiously at the sergeant's companion.

"A great kidder, Mr. Sturdevant is, Arnheim," said the sergeant. "Always full of jokes. He'll pull one now. He'll try to give us a laugh by telling us that he never saw you before."

"I never did," said Sturdevant.

"How about it, Arnheim?" asked Wilcox. "Did you ever see Mr. Sturdevant before?"

Arnheim shook his head. A little sallow man, he was obviously either very nervous or very frightened.

"I couldn't be sorrier, Mr. Wilcox, but this gentleman, I never seen him before in all my life."

"Two complete strangers to each other. Well, that's what I thought. Arnheim is a pawnbroker from Los Angeles, Mr. Sturdevant," he said. "He came on here to help us out. The commish has a nephew in Pasadena who's a speed flier. He brought Arnheim here in nineteen hours, and Arnheim is still a little upset. After he's had a rest maybe he'll recognize you."

"Honest, Mr. Wilcox, I never seen this gentleman before," said Arnheim.

"I know you didn't," said the sergeant. "But if you describe the man you sold Miss Plaice's gun to, maybe Mr. Sturdevant would recognize him from the description."

*(To be continued next week)*

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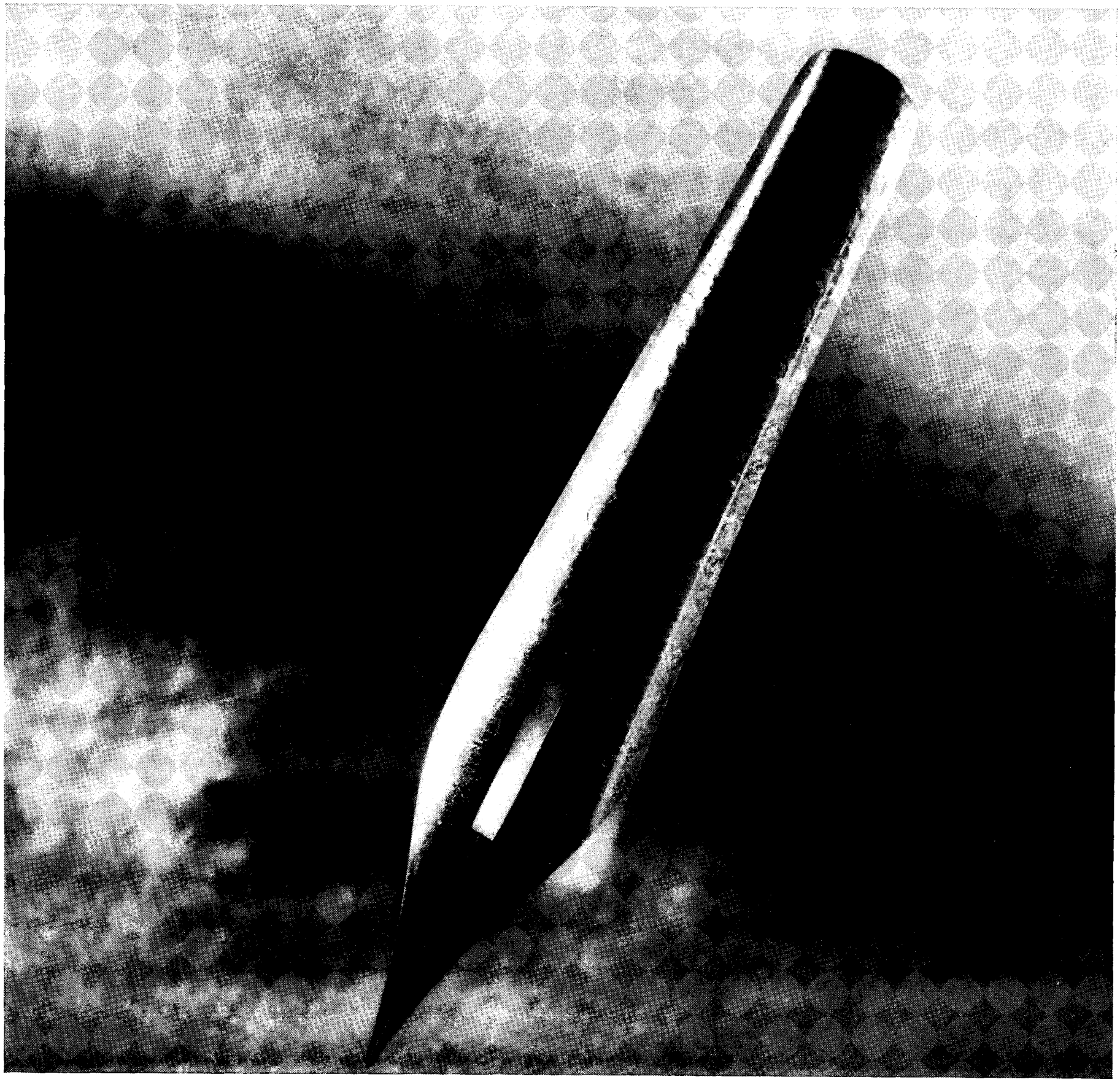

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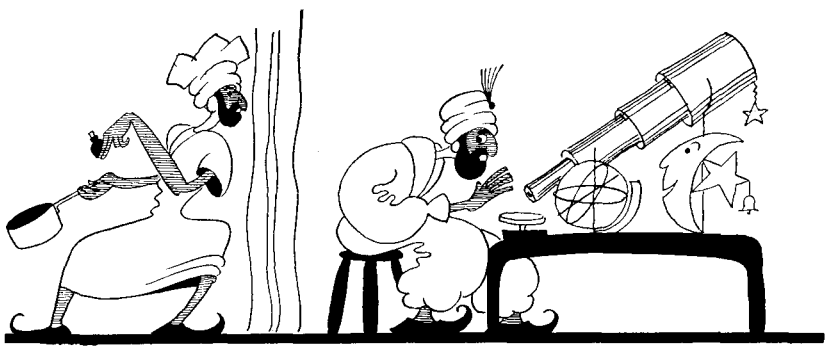

# Keep Up with the World

## By Freling Foster

***For*** many generations a queer astronomical instrument has stood on the roof of the royal palace in Udaipur, India. It used to "warn" its original owner when anyone in the kitchen was preparing to poison his food. The stars were supposed to know and mysteriously transmit the information to its mechanism. Although it still "works" as well as it ever did, the present Maharana has little faith in it. The old skeptic employs a taster.

***A Russian*** fanatic predicted the end of the world in 1666 and caused one of the greatest mass suicides in history. Within a few days, a wave of paralyzing fear swept over all northern Russia and the inhabitants of many whole villages killed themselves at once. In some towns large areas were soaked in pitch and bitumen, set afire and hundreds of persons at a time, holding hands, ran into them and were burned alive.—*By J. W. Frost, Los Angeles, California.*

***America's*** numerous Chinatowns, Chinese laundries and chop suey restaurants create the impression that the Chinese far outnumber the Japanese in this country today. The fact is, however, that there are 139,000 Japanese and only 75,000 Chinese. And although their women are seldom seen on the streets, there are 25 Chinese women and 70 Japanese women for every 100 men of their respective races.

***The*** Gulf Stream has always been thought to originate in the Gulf of Mexico, after which it is named. But an oceanographic survey, made during the past two years by Yale University, has found that this current rises in the Caribbean Sea and flows around the west coast of Cuba without mixing at all with the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Yale has suggested that it be renamed the "Caribbean Current."

***One*** of the most realistic plays in history was staged in Tournai, Belgium, in 1549 in honor of Philip of Spain. A condemned criminal consented to play the leading rôle, which ended with his "execution." During the rehearsals, a paper sword was used. But when the play was given, a real sword was secretly substituted and he was actually beheaded.—*By Frank Melrose, Los Angeles, California.*

***Probably*** the most remarkable coincidence in names on record occurred in shipwrecks in Menai Strait, between the island of Anglesey and N. W. Wales. In 1664 a boat with 81 passengers sank in this channel, in 1765 a ship with 60 and again in 1820 a ship with 25 sank in the same spot. In each of the three disasters, only one man was saved, and in each case his name was Hugh Williams.—*By E. R. Raper, Marshall, Texas.*

***In*** courts of law, an expert is defined as one whose knowledge is based on "experience and practice." Yet in a number of states today, a physician who has practiced only one year and who has never performed an operation is allowed to testify in cases of surgical malpractice and to criticize or commend the methods used by a defendant physician.—*By Harry Greenspan, New York City.*

***The*** total tax bill of the United States has increased greatly since 1929. Between that year and 1932, the percentage of national income paid in taxes increased in England from 21.4 to 28 per cent and in the United States from 11.8 to 20.3 per cent. Today our taxes amount to nine billion dollars, or 20 per cent of our national income of 45 billion dollars.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.**

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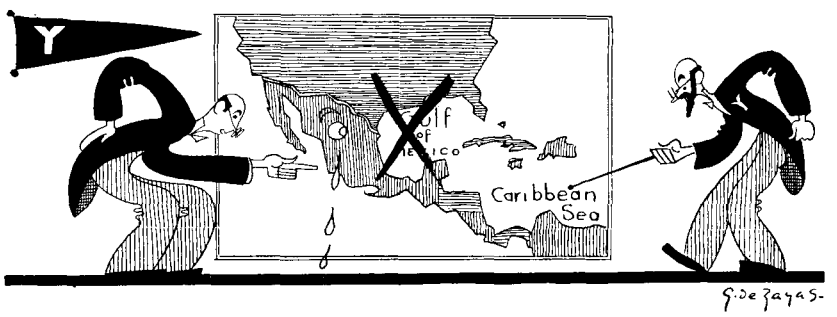


# Two on Safari

*Continued from page 25*

burst into sight, riding at a gallop, naturally he concluded Mallory had been killed. Then, quickly enough, he made up his mind which way he wanted to go and her call to him to come on merely acted as a spur to his own inclination. He started after the horse, little knowing what he was letting himself in for.

Through mile after mile he struggled valiantly, yet she gained steadily and disappeared. Gluing his eyes to the deep hoof marks, he settled into a determined shambling trot. Bongo caught up with him. Breathless, the Swahili condescended to ask a question of the Kaffir. Bongo, on his way, answered over his shoulder, shouting back a detailed account of what had happened. Abdul stopped short, consternation in his copper-colored face. What should he do now? Which way—back over all those weary miles or forward into the unknown? Whichever he chose, the terrors of a night alone on the veldt awaited him; he sat down and wept.

UNCONSCIOUS of his collapse, Josephine rode on, though from time to time she eased Swayback to a walk. At one point he turned almost at right angles from the trail in spite of anything she could do to stop him, trotted and then cantered along a thread of a path which suddenly widened and descended into a sort of pit. It was a water-hole. He plunged his nose through the green scum and swallowed so avidly that his whole neck trembled.

She met Bongo face to face halfway back to the trail. He grinned up at her understandingly and with a double nod of his head informed her that he would take a drink and return.

As she was about to emerge from the path she heard rhythmic singing and decided instantly she wished to see without being seen. Not for nothing had she accompanied Ballard on many a stalk. She rode back to a depression, where she tethered Swayback to a bush; then, picking out two giant euphorbias, she made for them on hands and knees. The cover, when she reached it, was perfect. Melting her erect body into the shadow of one of the trunks, she found a loophole through which she could observe the passing of Matogada's army. She was watching for Papu, the dancer. When he came along she was prepared to rush out and persuade him by trick or by favor to go back with her, even if it meant bribing old Matogada himself. With what? Ibn-ben-Dur's pearl for one thing, and poor Mrs. Semster's five-pound note for another, her only possessions of value.

To her surprise Papu was not among the marchers and for a moment she was nonplused; but abruptly her woman's sixth sense leaped to the conclusion his absence augured well for her hopes. Cheered and invigorated, she retrieved Swayback and resumed her interrupted journey. A great moon rose quite suddenly on her left; she laughed in its face. An hour more was to elapse before Bongo, carrying a large sheaf of grass, caught up with her. Upon his arrival she dismounted, staggered and almost fell, but having saved herself, immediately regretted it. Letting her knees go soft she measured her length on the ground, falling with her face already pillowed in her folded arms. The boy gave his attention first to Swayback. That duty attended to, he built a fire where the faint breeze would carry its warmth across Josephine's prostrate body. Sitting on his heels, he watched through the night over fire, horse and girl. Only the knifelike chill of the dawn awakened her.

"*Chocula?*" she inquired, hoping against hope.

He slipped the cord of his *hwama*, wallet of the traveling Kaffir, from around his neck and passed it to her. She pulled off the top of the double pocket of woven grass and peering within discovered some grains of millet and a hard chunk of meat, gnawed at one end. Fastidious, she began her gnawing at the other, but when it came to the final morsel, squeamishness died a sudden death—she ate it all. In the meantime Bongo had saddled Swayback. She mounted and was off before the sun had yet risen, pressing hard while the air was still cool. Only when she was well on her way did she remember Abdul. What had become of him? Why had he not caught up during the night? That was the answer—night. No doubt he would follow as soon as he could see, but what difference did it make whether he did or not, since only Jocko, left behind at Wemba, could serve as interpreter?

It never occurred to her that Bongo could have no idea of where she wished to go; his business was not to lead, but only to follow. As a result she missed completely the trail, faint to such inexperienced eyes as hers, by which she and Ballard had entered the wide swath of the beaten track and which would have led her back to Wemba. Unconscious of having overshot the mark, she continued until she met a strange contraption—a bowed canopy on wheels drawn by six oxen. Passing it, she heard a call. She looked back and caught a glimpse of two shoe-button eyes peering out from within a round expanse. That face was unforgettable—Ibn-ben-Dur. He called to her again. She frowned, hesitated, but finally turned back.

THE creaking of the cart wheels ceased as she approached to gaze into a tent-like interior where Ibn squatted in the kneeling pose of a Buddha. Crouched in one corner behind him was his child wife; in the other a second corpulent Banyan. She scarcely perceived them. All she saw was a nest of mats and cushions over a layer of cases of supplies and in the center a low taboret laden with food. Mouth watering, eyes dimmed by longing, all her senses drugged with desire, she stepped directly from her stirrup to the tail of the cart and fell on her knees before the flat table. The next instant a heavy silk scarf swirled about her face and drew tight around her throat.

Holding her breath, she listened. She heard him call out an order embracing the magic word *chocula* to the starving Bongo, then plunge into a violent whispered argument, doubtless in Arabic, with the Banyan behind him. Apparently the man protested, but gradually his tone changed until it became sickeningly unctuous. He rose. Through the senses of hearing, smell and touch she became aware of his passing over her prostrate body. In the same manner she perceived he had mounted Swayback and was riding quietly away. Now, indeed, she was tempted to scream for Bongo but realized just in time the futility of such a move.

What could Bongo do if he were seized? Let him trot after Swayback as soon as he found out the horse was gone; then, discovering the substitution, he would be free to run for help. She heard the boy come around to tend to the horse, give an amazed grunt and cast a question up at Ibn, who answered

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almost sleepily. With a guttural cry Bongo was off and scarcely had the sound of his thudding footsteps died in the distance than the smothering folds of silk were lifted from her face.

Ibn waved blandly toward the food. She wanted to cry but started to laugh. That she, of all people, should be on the verge of hysteria proved a sobering thought. How silly to get excited! Why be afraid of this fat Banyan more than of any other man? Making herself comfortable, she proceeded to eat. To her ravenous hunger the strange foods were uniformly delicious and the sickening Greek wine had become nectar. The cart got under way again and presently turned into a trail that led due west.

IBN and the little girl in the corner, motionless as an idol, did not share the meal. They sat watching her, one with huge empty eyes, the other with two unwavering points of jet.

"Do you know what I'm thinking?" she asked.

"No," he answered with an indifference so complete it took her breath.

"I was wondering," she continued, "just what Mr. Mallory will do to your filthy carcass when he catches up with us."

"No fool Ibn," remarked the Banyan placidly, "Mr. Mallory dead." He rambled on, his words naïvely betraying his innermost thoughts, for she was a woman and he scorned to waste finesse. "You very dirty. At Mutambe we give you bath, rub you with sandalwood oil. Nice. You be pretty again. You *amiga* to him, soon be friend to me. Plenty time. Ibn-ben-Dur never hurry; no good when you hurry."

The leer on his face revolted her. She tore her eyes away and resumed her calculations. This oily beast was clever—clever enough to have sent Swayback away, decoying Bongo after him and leaving no clue as to what had become of her. Evidently he was prepared to stop at nothing; she had better watch her step since he was of a breed she had never been called upon to handle.

She looked wonderingly at the girl who had betrayed her.

"Who are you?" she asked, and when the girl did not answer, Josephine turned to Ibn. "Who is she?"

He shrugged his round shoulders, threw up both hands, dropped them and sighed.

"My wife—my only wife."

"Your wife!" gasped Josephine. "That child—that baby!"

"You think too small, eh?"

Something in his expression rather than in the words themselves shocked her so profoundly that she shrank as if from a physical blow. Her body twisted away as though intent on escaping at least from the sight of Ibn. She threw herself face down on the cushions and no sooner had her head come to rest than she fell asleep with the suddenness of a stone dropping into water. With a sigh of relief Ibn also disposed himself for slumber, but the girl in the corner still kept vigil as if her eyes had forgotten how to close. Darkness fell, the cries of the drivers ceased, but the oxen kept on.

There is no sound quite like the sound of a rifle bullet that finds no mark; it sings a long, shrill song, venomous with disappointment. Josephine found herself half erect, her head splitting with the pain of too sudden awakening. Far down the back trail came a puff of white, then a report and again the wasp-like screech of an arching bullet, high overhead. Ibn was already on his feet. In the moonlight which flooded the rear of the canopy she could see his face. It wore a bewildered blubbery look as if its fat were turning rancid. Suddenly he went into action with an alacrity amazing in one of his bulk. He snatched off the top of a great *ngula* basket, seized Josephine by the throat and simultaneously started to choke and to thrust her head foremost into the ample receptacle. . . . .

When next she awoke she was convinced she had merely passed from nightmare into a dream. Apparently the days that intervened since the departure from Wemba had been wiped off the slate. Was this Wemba? No; the trees were different. But it was Ballard who was holding her head in the crook of his arm, bathing her temples and her bruised throat!

She rolled her head weakly from side to side.

"Where are we?"

"Near a place called Mutambe. You're lying on my bed that I had made into a litter like Smith-Brandon's."

"Smith-Brandon?" she repeated with a frown. "Oh, of course; I remember now. Well, what happened to Eric after I left?"

"He's dead—dead and buried."

"So you killed him after all."

"I didn't. I knew I wouldn't have to from the minute I laid eyes on him. He was a goner with blackwater fever."

"What did he tell you?"

"Nothing. After he called out to you, he never spoke."

"Then how did you find out his name?" she asked quickly.

"There was a paper in his wallet promising him ten thousand pounds for proof of Morland's death."

"Twice as much as you," she murmured.

He frowned. Was she reminding him deliberately of the night he had said goodby to her forever? What he knew now about what she must have known then made that talk while they shared one pillow seem doubly strange. In spite of the revelation which had seemed to clear up every puzzle, mystery clung to her still. A suspicion stirred within him and he decided to put it to the test.

"Jo," he asked, "will you do something for me?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"I've kissed you a lot; I want you to kiss me—just once."

"All right. When?"

"Now."

SHE looked straight into his eyes, but he did not lower his head, so she slipped her arms around his neck and drew him down. For an instant their lips met lightly, but abruptly her arms tightened and, lifting toward him, she gave herself, mouth and body. He laid her back and, leaning over, studied her face intently.

"Did you mind doing that?" he asked.

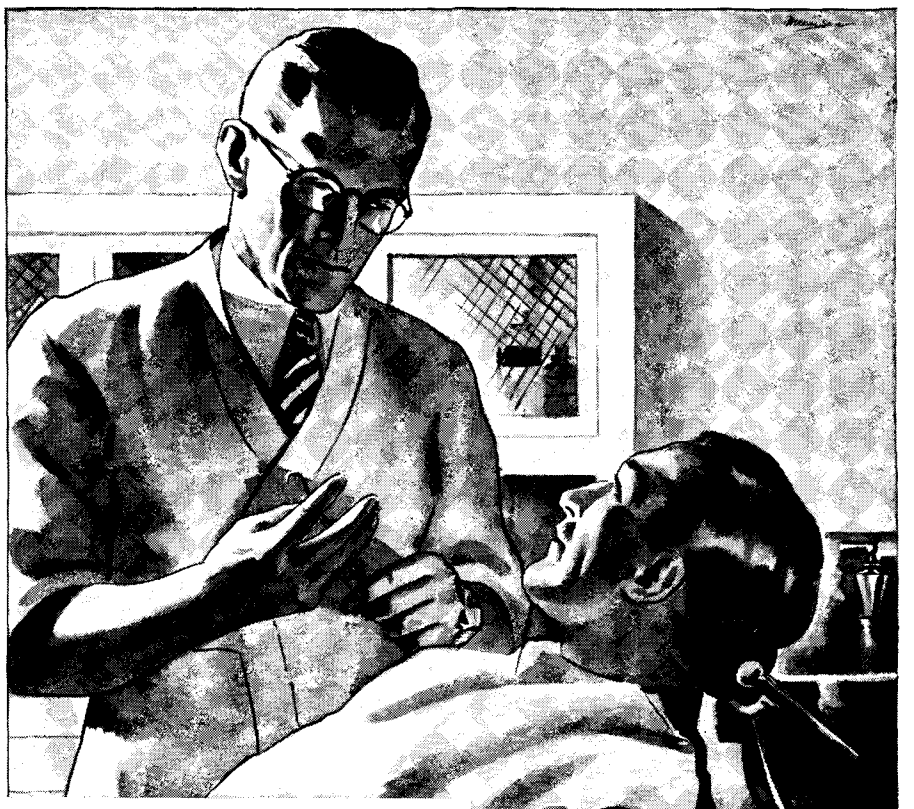
"No," she answered, her eyes buried in his. "I loved it."

"Then you lied in your throat when you told me—" He broke off, his eyes suddenly wide. "Is Laurence Morland your brother?" he asked. "Is that it?"

"No; he isn't," she answered sharply and pushed him away.

Toward dawn Bongo staggered into the silent camp. Tired as he was, he made for the unspanned oxcart and peered within its canopy. Only the little girl was there, no longer staring out of enormous empty eyes, but fallen forward, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. Turning from the wagon he caught the gleam of familiar tents, perceived their air of peace and read a dozen other signs that all was well. On his way to the nearest fire he stumbled against an obstruction and as he fell heard an agonized moan. Glancing back he made out the silhouette of Ibn's bulbous body manacled to a tree. Without troubling to rise, he crawled close to the embers, tumbled forward and buried his face in his arms. In the morning he made his

*(Continued on page 34)*

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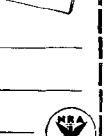

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*(Continued from page 33)*

report. Swayback was dead, ridden to death by a heavy man with small feet who had subsequently fled.

"You have done well," said Ballard, to Bongo's amazement.

At that moment Josephine issued from her tent looking as fresh as a new pin. "That was Bongo, wasn't it? Where's Swayback?"

"Never mind," said Ballard. "Sit down and eat. After breakfast I'd like you to attend a trial."

"Whose trial?"

"Ibn's."

Half an hour later two chairs were placed in front of the Banyan, still seated on the ground with his back against the tree behind which his wrists were securely tied with a thong. He presented such a figure of misery that Josephine's heart might have softened had the sight of his obese body been less repulsive. As a matter of fact she had completely lost interest in Ibn. Her mind was very much elsewhere and scarcely had Ballard begun his interrogation when she slipped from the chair at his side and stole away, beckoning to Abdul to follow.

"You're a prisoner, Ibn," said Ballard, "charged with assault and attempt to kill a British subject. Think that out. Do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

"No," moaned the Banyan.

BALLARD leaned over and ripped open Ibn's outer jacket, disclosing the vest encrusted with pearls. "I'm not going to hand you over to any local *commandante;* I'm not such a fool. What would it cost you if I did?"

Tears rolled down the Banyan's cheeks. "Plenty," he whispered.

"Who rode away on the horse?" asked Ballard sharply.

"Agyah, father for my wife."

"Robbery," said Ballard. "The thing to do is to take you to the capital where the British Consul General will see to it that no amount of money bails you out. Robbery and assault with intent to kill. Do you know what you'll get for that? As sure as Mecca lies due north, though you do your bobbing to the east, you'll get ten years in jail."

The tears rained down the Banyan's jowls. Suddenly he lifted wet eyes to Mallory's face. "Master!" he implored, "save Ibn who was once your good friend!"

"That's what I was coming to," said Ballard. "What did you promise Agyah? Tell the truth or you'll get a taste of the *sjambok*."

"Twenty-six pearls," whispered Ibn.

"For riding a horse to death?"

"No, no; for assisting me to gain the memsahib whom I thought you had discarded or never would I have raised my eyes to her unveiled face."

"Well, you didn't get her, so you needn't pay him. I'll tell you exactly what it's going to cost you to get clear. Twenty-six pearls plus the price of two salted horses. I'll pick out the horses —and the pearls."

Ibn's tears ceased instantly, his thick lips pursed and then began to curve; his round face became wreathed in beatific smiles.

"All praise to Ormazd," he murmured, "who wars upon the evil spirits that dwell in darkness. Friend, free the hands of your friend that he may pay."

IN THE meantime, followed by a reluctant Abdul, Josephine put the whole camp between herself and Mallory, then turned to face the Swahili who had been walking with his head over his shoulder. He was sullen at being robbed of the great treat of seeing a wealthy and despised Banyan brought to book. Indeed, he might have refused flatly to accompany the Missis had not what she had done to Ibn's shins aroused fear as well as admiration.

She came to the point at once. "Abdul, do you remember Papu, the dancer?"

A flash lit in Abdul's eyes but was immediately suppressed, leaving them peculiarly blank. "*Aicona* remember."

"Of course you do!" said Josephine impatiently. "You led me around half the village. This boy was dancing. You said his name was Papu and that he was the son of the chief." Abdul's face continued expressionless, positively stupid, as he swayed his head from side to side. "Listen, Abdul," she continued sharply, "you're lying to me; I can't imagine why, but you are. Do you know a pearl when you see it?"

"Yes, Missis."

"Do you know a five-pound note?"

THE boy's lips spread in an uncertain grin; he wanted to laugh yet dared not, for he felt if ever he needed all his wits it was now. "I see him sometimes, I not know him very well."

She drew her hands from her breeches pockets and suddenly unclosed her doubled fists. In one palm rested the pearl given her by Ibn, in the other the tightly folded five-pound note of which she had deprived poor Mrs. Semster. "You see? These are the only two things of value I have in the world. You know what the pearl is worth better than I do; as for the five-pound note, one pound is twenty shillings and five times that is a hundred. Can you count a hundred?"

"Yes, Missis," said Abdul, holding up both hands with fingers and thumbs widely spread. "Ten times."

"There you are—a hundred shillings or the pearl. I'll give you one or the other if you'll bring Papu to me and get him to answer the questions I ask."

The struggle that now took place in Abdul's broad countenance between cupidity and terror was pitiful to see. The fear of being flayed alive by Mallory should he be caught tugged one way, and overpowering desire, backed by the Swahili's inveterate love of intrigue, pulled the other. Avarice gained; his eyes grew round with daring.

"For both I do him," he bargained.

"You can't have both," said Josephine promptly. "I've got to keep one of the two to pay Papu for what I want."

Again Abdul considered. "I find him, I bring him," he said, finally.

"When?"

"Not know, Missis. Today, tomorrow, next day. Abdul find him quick."

"You'd better or you'll get nothing." She started toward the camp, but turned back to utter a warning. "By the way, not a word to Mr. Mallory."

He gave her a look of utter commiseration; did she take him for a blockhead? He went immediately about the business in hand, passing from one group of porters to another in search of some straggler from Wemba. He found none, but a sharp change had come over the country during the night's trek. Here was an unravaged land and already women had begun coming in with provisions. They formed a fringe beyond the carrier's bivouacs and were prepared to sit from morning till night, each before her laden basket, awaiting just such an advance emissary as Abdul. He was shrewd enough to profit by the situation and during the course of the usual introductory banter he stumbled suddenly upon a golden nugget of news.

**"Eavesdropping, eh?"** GEORGE SHELLHASE

UPON praising Papu as one of the finest dancers he had ever seen and asking if any woman present had escaped his charms, a great cackling of laughter arose. He was taking pride in the success of his joke when he was first chagrined and then overjoyed by the discovery that the young matron he was addressing was none other than the dancer's wife. Through her he learned that Papu was sojourning at Mutambe's village, an hour's march away. Only by an effort did he conceal his excitement. He uttered a final raillery and behind the screen of the resulting laughter made his escape to go in search of Josephine. He found her standing on the outskirts of the throng which had gathered to watch the medication of Ibn-ben-Dur's shins by Ali under Ballard's direction. Abdul took up a position close to her shoulder.

"All right, Missis," he murmured out of the side of his mouth. "Tonight, after chow, same place we talk."

She looked around, a question on her lips; he was gone. Strangely exhilarated, she felt the hours until evening must inevitably drag, but to her delight, between watching Ballard attend to the sick, sort out the supplies brought by Ibn and purchase provisions, time actually flew and the dinner hour fell suddenly upon her.

"I don't think I'll bother to change tonight," she said. "I'm too tired."

Ballard merely nodded comprehendingly but went through the usual routine himself—tea, bath, pajamas, a snifter and then dinner. During the meal he seemed distrait, but since silence suited her book exactly, she made no move to break it. At last he roused himself by a deliberate effort.

"Well, Jo, here we are—right back where we started."

"What?" she asked, startled out of her thoughts. "Where did you say we were?"

He laughed shortly. "Who knows and who cares? As far as finding the Honorable Laurence Morland is concerned we might as well be back in Inhambane. Perhaps better, for I'm beginning to think he never came in through that port at all."

"Oh."

"Is that all you can say? The way things have turned out I've completely lost interest, but I should think you'd be keener than ever. If you're not a liar you ought to be looking worried, and somehow you're not." He examined her intently. "What's happened?"

"Nothing," she almost stammered. "Why?"

"You don't seem exactly tired; you look as if you'd taken a shot of dope."

"That just shows how blind men are," she answered with a nervous laugh. "I'm so tired I'm going to tumble into bed straight off. I'm not only tired, I'm cold."

UPON entering her tent that remark about the cold gave her an excuse to drop its flaps. She turned on the electric lamp for a few minutes but made no move to undress. Presently she was lying in the dark on top of her cot fully clothed and counting the minutes until she could slip out to her rendezvous. For a while she could smell the smoke of Ballard's Boer tobacco, then she heard him rise, yawn and go to bed. She forced herself to wait for half an hour before she snipped the edge of the bobbinet window at the back of her tent and crept out through the opening on all fours.

Before nightfall she had examined closely the course she must follow and without accident she arrived on the very spot where she had held her morning conference with Abdul. For a moment she thought he had failed her, then she heard a murmur at her very feet. She sank to her knees and immediately two figures became sharply outlined against the general glow of the camp fires. Abdul was squatting cross-legged, tailor fashion, while Papu, kneeling, sat on his heels. His eyes, staring out of the ebony black of his face, seemed preposterously white, enlarged and terrified.

"You give me five pounds now," murmured the Zanzibari, "Abdul go away."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" whispered Josephine sharply. "Listen, Abdul. Until you get Papu to take me to the white man who gave him that cap he's wearing, not a penny for you and no pearl for him."

***(To be concluded next week)***

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# Mash Notes

*Continued from page 23*

Some days his downtown office is an agonizing place, if you believe all you see and hear there. With worthless licenses in their hands, his visitors complain that they cannot meet the competition. Scores are turning in the permits they grabbed for so eagerly just a year ago. Many are letting their permits remain inactive, and the get-rich-quick light has left their faces.

These scenes are the equivalent of Mr. Morgenthau's "mash notes." But they produce a different reaction on the philosophic Mr. Choate. They convince him, to put it bluntly, that Mr. Morgenthau's rout-'em-out methods are futile and fallacious. For a while he said so regularly in public interviews and, although he has held his tongue of late lest he confirm the impression that Administration advisers are hopelessly divided on this social and economic problem, he has not changed his views. He thinks that at least one quart of illegal liquor is sold for every quart that figures in a legal transaction. He insists that this proportion will persist as long as prices remain at their present level. Instead of wasting time and money on enforcement tactics alone, he suggests that all taxes and tariffs be reduced, or, if necessary, wiped out for as long as it takes to starve out the bootlegger. Forget revenues until you have eliminated all illegal incentive, he says, and then restore duties as conditions warrant.

All experience during the first year suggests that Mr. Choate has the right idea. Ask any bootlegger why he celebrates repeal's first anniversary along with the rest of us, and he replies that high prices for legal goods make him merry. He finds his customers among three definite classes: They consist of people who cannot afford more than one dollar a quart, but who must pay between $2.50 and $3 for stuff not noticeably more palatable than illicit booze. The second group is made up of those who can dig up legal prices, but only if they curb their appetites to a degree which strikes them as shockingly ascetic in view of their indulgence before repeal. The third class are folks who want fairly good stuff and will buy illegal liquor as long as they can get it at a cost appreciably lower than that of a case of Scotch on which the tax and tariff alone amount to twenty-one dollars. The reason for the bootlegger's return is solely economic. He admits it.

### In the Arms of the Bootleggers

Consumption figures for the first year bear out both the bootlegger and Mr. Choate. In that period we have swallowed about 57,000,000 gallons of all sorts of hard and legal liquor, of which about 35,000,000 gallons was what they sell as whisky nowadays. We have downed about 42,000,000 barrels of beer and a negligible amount of wines, brandies, cordials and rum.

It appears to be quite a thirst which we have legally quenched until you compare these dainty sips with the hearty guzzling we did in the typical, pre-prohibition year of 1912. Then we got away with 133,000,000 gallons of hard stuff, which included approximately 75,000,000 gallons of bonded and blended whisky on which we had no doubts or headaches. We washed that down with 66,000,000 barrels of beer, we tipped over 55,000,000 gallons of wine and we also had a respectable liking for the fancier stuff. When you wonder where the drinkers of yesteryear have gone, remember that the tax was only $1.10 a gallon, the tariff only $2.50, the states and counties and cities had not leaped in hungrily for their cut, and nobody had yet boasted that he knew the very best bootlegger in town. We were a simple, primitive race and we knew few lawbreakers. Even the clang of the police patrol on its dash to haul in a frisky drunk paralyzed us.

Now, contrast the 1912 and 1934 swiggling, keeping in mind that the drinking population has increased from natural causes and prohibition's teaching of the young and the feminine, and where are we? Right in the arms of the bootleggers, says Mr. Choate, and almost every official except Mr. Morgenthau agrees. They argue that the bootlegger is satisfying the appetite for the fiery stuff which is measured by the difference between the consumption of 57,000,000 gallons this year and more than twice that much in 1912. As another index that somebody besides the licensed trade is supplying a rich market for mud-in-your-eye, they cite the great decline in the demand for beer and wine.

### The Moon Also Rises

Mr. Morgenthau, however, maintains that these estimates of bootleg liquor are much too high. The scarcity of saloons for a quick nip or two on the way home after work has cut mass drinking, in his opinion. He also believes that the depression has dried up a great potential thirst by drying up purchasing power. Until he has more light on these social questions, and on the effect of his rebuilt and rearmed enforcement army, he counsels against any change in the tax.

Enforcement results, or the lack of them, are even more illuminating. They show the source of supply for disobedient drinkers. Under repeal illegal liquor does not flow, as formerly, from ancient stocks heavily diluted, from smuggled goods, from thefts from bonded warehouses. It comes almost wholly from stills and reserves which the illicit gentry have had on hand for some time. Although the revenue men make up only a paltry force, and have been completely demoralized by constant changes and a congressional requirement that they pass new Civil Service examinations or lose their jobs, they knock off about 2,100 stills a month.

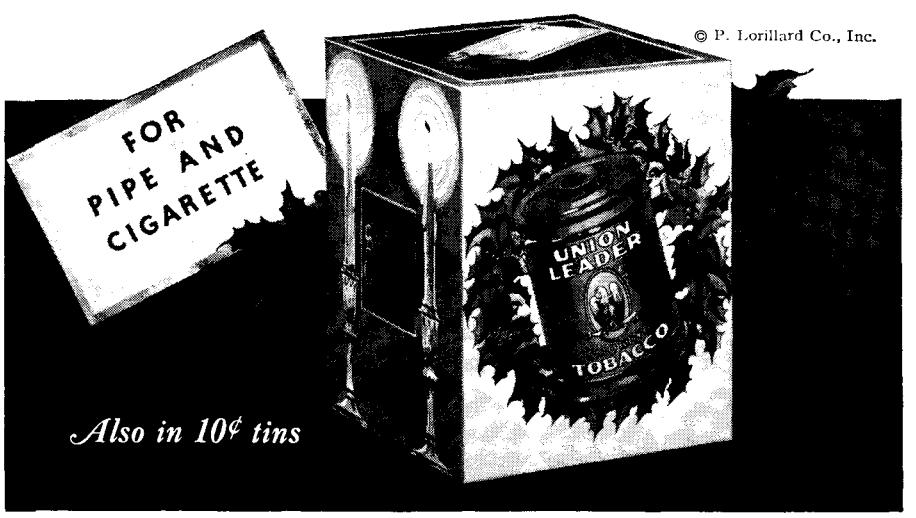
Mr. Choate once figured that the capacity of only the confiscated stills ran as high as 271,000,000 gallons a year, or only 40,000,000 less than the licensed distillers and rectifiers can produce. How much the moonshine machinery never taken is able to produce cannot even be estimated. The existence of a profitable market for this contraband seems evident from the fact that seizures never stop, but, on the contrary, become more numerous with each strengthening of the enforcement staff.

Revenues, naturally, have been a great disappointment. One Treasury estimate for the 1934 calendar year was $216,000,000, but this was based on the old tax of $1.10 a gallon. Mr. Morgenthau, with his two-dollar tax and five-dollar tariff, will be lucky if he collects $110,000,000 for the first repeal year. Combined with about $150,000,000 from beer, which is too heavy to bootleg, this makes a total of $260,000,000 against forecasts ranging as high as $450,000,000. But if Mr. Morgenthau will consult old records, as Mr. Choate has done, he will find that a reduction in the tax invariably increased consumption and revenue. It might, this time, wean from illegal bottles a generation nursed by bootleggers.

YOU may be sure that *others* will give him unreadable books and unwearable haberdashery. Let them! Here's a gift that's different! A warm, friendly, personal gift that you can *watch* him enjoy—from the moment he tears away the festive Christmas wrappings.

The tobacco inside—a generous man-sized Humidor-full — is the finest and mellowest old Burley that ever ripened beneath the Kentucky sun.

It *looks* expensive—but don't let that deceive you. It costs no more than a very modest cravat!

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UNION LEADER

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE


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# Set That Contract!

*Continued from page 26*

Perhaps the bidding has been one diamond by South, one heart by North, one spade by South, two spades by North, three spades by South and four by North. Now it must be clear that North can trump diamonds, South can ruff hearts. Also South probably has only four spades and North probably four. An analytical adversary can visualize the declarer going back and forth between his own hand and dummy by means of a cross-ruff, striving to take a separate trick with each of his side's eight trumps. Declarer plainly hopes a trump will not be led, for that would make him use up two trumps on a trick. The leader must deliberately do what the declarer doesn't want him to—lead a trump. If the leader's holding happens to be the ace and another trump, he should lay down the ace and follow with the other one, thus wrecking the cross-ruff completely before it ever gets started.

When the opponents have found an immediate fit in the first suit they have named, and have gone on to game without disclosing the location of their other strength, it is well to beware of a possible side suit in one or the other of their hands. Such bidding as one spade, three spades, four spades; or one spade, two spades, four spades; or one spade, two spades, three spades, four spades; or one spade, four spades, conveys a definite warning to look out for the other suit.

Against bidding like this, it is highly dangerous to lead a short suit; it might be right up the declarer's alley, into his side suit, so that he can drop trumps and set the other suit up before the adversaries have picked off his losers in the remaining suits. A doubleton or trebleton lead is extremely risky in such cases; some suit of four cards or longer is probably the safer bet in selecting the lead card.

Following a calculation based on the bidding, a study of the leader's own hand will sometimes disclose a special defense which bears more promise than an obvious one.

Two splendid examples of this were given by W. Foster Hopkins and Charles H. Porter of Cincinnati in the recent national team challenge championship of the American Bridge League, which their Ohio team won. The first came on the following deal:

North
♠ Q 6
♡ 7 4
◇ 9 8 5 4
♣ K J 9 7 3

West
♠ 9 5 3
♡ A J 2
◇ K Q 10
♣ 10 8 5 4

East
♠ 8 7 4
♡ 9 8 6
◇ J 6 3
♣ A Q 6 2

South
♠ A K J 10 2
♡ K Q 10 5 3
◇ A 7 2
♣ None

South had opened with two spades, North bid three clubs, South three hearts, North three no trump, South four hearts, and North shifted to four spades. Mr. Hopkins, reckoning that North, with his belated spade preference, had either three little spades or else only two to an honor, reasoned that the declarer would probably need these to ruff up his heart suit. By removing them, he might get two tricks in hearts himself and thus set the contract. So he led a trump. Declarer immediately returned a heart, but Mr. Hopkins, winning this, removed dummy's second trump and assured the contract's defeat by means of two hearts and two diamonds, whereas any other lead would have presented declarer with a successful game.

On the other hand Mr. Porter sat in the leader's position against this layout:

North
♠ Q 7 3
♡ 10 6
◇ Q 10 8 4
♣ A 10 7 3

West
♠ A 6
♡ 8 7 5 4 3
◇ K J 2
♣ J 8 5

East
♠ 9 5 4
♡ Q
◇ A 6 5
♣ K Q 9 6 4 2

South
♠ K J 10 8 2
♡ A K J 9 2
◇ 9 7 3
♣ None

This time the eventual declarer had started with a spade bid on the South cards, North responded with one no trump, Mr. Hopkins in the East called two clubs, South two hearts, North two no trump, South three hearts, North three spades and South took it to four spades. Mr. Porter counted South's bidding as showing probably five cards in both majors. He reasoned that North would not have bid no trump twice with only one heart; therefore the latter had either two or three, probably only two hearts. In this event, he could count his partner for no more than a singleton heart.

Being able with his ace to stop the declarer's run of trumps and thus protect any his partner held for ruffing purposes, he led his heart four. Upon winning it, the declarer led a trump, which Mr. Porter won with the ace, returning a second heart, the seven, which he chose instead of the three to indicate that his side entry was in the higher of the other two non-trump suits, the diamonds. Mr. Hopkins won this, cashed his diamond ace and led back another diamond to the king, thus beating the contract, which would have been made easily if Mr. Porter had made the cut-and-dried lead of the jack of his partner's club suit.

In a large proportion of cases, the best start against a suit contract when the partner has bid a suit is to lead that one. Experienced cardsmen are agreed that the card to prefer is usually the highest held when there are two or three, and the fourth best from a longer holding. They make exceptions to both of these rules, however. From a long holding the ace is usually chosen when the leader has it, or the top of touching honors if he has them. Upon occasion, the small card of a trebleton is preferred—when it is headed by a high honor and indications are that the opponents may each have three of it. Sometimes this no-trumpish sort of opening enables the leader to knock off a queen in the declarer's hand.

If there is no special indication of the best lead from the bidding, and a player is obliged to make his selection according to what he himself holds, his problem is easily solved by a simple table of preferences. These place the choice of lead into one of three classes—positive, negative or doubtful. The positive leads, which he should prefer, are those from solid combinations of honors such as ace-king, king-queen-jack or queen-jack-ten, and those which are nearly solid with a doubleton sequence at the top, such as the king-queen-ten or queen-jack-nine. The negative ones, to be avoided, are suits headed by honors not in such combinations, including ace-queen, king-jack, ace-jack and guarded kings or queens.

Between these desirable and undesirable leads come the doubtful ones, such as the top of a worthless doubleton or trebleton, a small card from a longer suit, the ace from a long suit, or a singleton. The latter is usually an effective lead if the leader has the ace and one or two little trumps, or the king and two little trumps, but otherwise is in danger of setting up the opponents' long suit. The ace from ace-king alone, followed by the king to indicate desire to ruff, or the ace followed by a deuce or whatever may be the player's smallest of the suit, also depend for their effectiveness largely on the side's ability to keep declarer from dropping all of their trumps.

It is an axiom of bridge that with a long trump suit, the best lead is usually the longest side suit. This is to try to make the declarer ruff and get him out of trumps before the defensive side, so it may bring in the dregs of its long suit. Trumps themselves are seldom a profitable lead unless so marked by special features of the bidding, except upon the rare occasions when every other suit is topped by tenaces and guarded kings.

One principle of leading followed by all fine players is important when a player knows his partner has a worthless hand. Holding every bit of the strength which could possibly be out against the declarer, a player should endeavor to give as little information as possible with his leads and plays. In fact, it is then that he can safely false-card to his heart's delight, in order deliberately to fool the declarer and make him count on the partner for cards which the leader himself possesses.

Utterly useless hands are so rare that most successful defense is the result of what the partnership does in combination. The declarer never has to worry about this feature of his own side's game, for he is always assured of perfect teamwork, since he plays both his own hand and dummy. He can false-card as much as he wants to, knowing that if he bamboozles anybody it will be the enemy. He has one tremendous advantage over them in that he knows, to start with, every card held by his side, and likewise every card held against him. The opponents don't know where their strength lies, or how much of it they have, except what they can deduce from the bidding and what each can see in his own hand and dummy. So whenever a lead or play by one defender says that he does or does not hold a certain card or cards, he tells his partner also something about the declarer's holding.

"... and 'im, 'e ain't s' much as a 'air on 'is bloomin' 'ead!" JAY IRVING

### Leading Your Honors

When a player leads an honor of any suit not bid by his partner, he conveys a clear message about the other honors in that suit. It has become conventional to lead a king from ace-king and others or from king-queen, the queen from a queen-jack, the jack from a jack-ten, against a suit bid. When one of these cards appears, a partner usually can count on the others. Some players now use a new set of conventions for honor leads, always leading the second highest card of a sequence. Since these would give the partner information not received by the declarer, it is a matter of ethics to announce them to opponents if they are in use.

The lead of an honor against a no trump contract has a still more complete meaning. It usually shows additionally that suit is topped by what in no trump parlance is called an "honor combination"—at least three of the six highest cards in the suit—and that the one led is from two which are "touching": Thus a king is led from A K Q, A K J, A K 10, A K 9; a queen from A Q J, Q J 10 or Q J 9; a jack from A J 10, K J 10, J 10 9, and even sometimes from J 10 8; and a ten from A 10 9, K 10 9, Q 10 9, and sometimes A K 10 9. The partner can sometimes read these with amazing clarity. For instance, if a jack is led and a player sees the nine in dummy and holds the king himself, he knows his partner, having an honor combination, does not possess the queen, which is in declarer's hand; that he has the ten, and also one other honor, which is bound to be the ace.

An ace is never the standard lead

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against no trump unless the player has an almost solid suit which can be run if his partner unblocks by playing the highest card out; hence the partner is invited to play the highest card he holds.

Honor combinations which can be led profitably against a no trump game declarer are the exception rather than the rule. More often a player has to open a suit without such a combination at the top. Since no trump is usually a race to see which side can establish the small card or cards of some long suit, the best lead is ordinarily the longest suit, no matter how it is topped. The standard lead of it, when not headed by an honor combination, is the fourth-best.

When a player sees a fourth-best lead by his partner, there are two rules he can apply to his benefit. To determine the suit's length, he uses the rule of "fourth-best," looking for all smaller cards of the suit. If he sees them all, he knows his partner had only four cards; if all but one, his partner may have held five; if all but two, he may have held six. If the partner later plays one smaller than his lead, the player knows he had more than four, so has declarer counted more exactly. The other rule to apply is the "rule of eleven." By subtracting the number of the led card from eleven, he knows how many cards are out that will beat the lead; by seeing how many of these are in hand and dummy, he knows how many of them the declarer has.

This rule mystifies those to whom it has not been clearly explained but it is very simple. Actually the jack is the 11, the queen the 12, the king the 13 and the ace the 14. When the player leads a fourth-best card, its number could be subtracted from 14 to show how many cards in the deck will beat it; then 3 could be subtracted to account for the higher ones held by the leader; the result would be the number held by the other players. Since there would thus always be two subtractions—the number of the led card and 3—from the number 14, the job is short-cut by making the subtraction of 3 from 14 first, leaving eleven. Thus in all cases, the subtracting of the card's number from 11 is merely a time-saver.

### A Lead to Partner's Suit

Against some no trump contracts a player may hold a worthless hand, without any honors good enough to become likely trick takers eventually. At such times, the lead of his own long suit may look hopeless. He realizes that, even if he gets the little cards of it set up, they are likely to prove worthless because he has no high ones to get the lead again and use them. Therefore his best chance to beat the contract is to help his partner do the job. The latter is sure to have some side entries for whatever may be his long suit. Hence, the preferred lead in such cases is usually the shortest unbid suit in his hand—especially if it is a major—not because it is his shortest, but because it is most likely to be his partner's longest. Thus getting the jump on declarer with a lead of his partners' longest suit may amount to grasping the only chance on earth to set the declarer.

The leading problem against no trump is greatly simplified if the partner has bid a suit. Then his suit is nearly always the best lead, unless the leader is both extremely short and weak in it. If he holds as many as four, the fourth-best is prescribed by experienced players. If he has three to a high honor, it also is underled if the stoppers have been shown at the right by a no trump call there after the partner's suit had been disclosed. This of course is to knock off one of declarer's estimated stoppers. With other holdings, the top card is the conventional choice, telling the partner that any higher ones belong to the enemy.

In playing to the first lead, or, in fact, any lead, it is good policy to win a trick, or at least try to, except when there is some definite reason for not doing so. If third hand takes the opener, he should usually return it at no trump and keep on repeating it at every opportunity unless he reads it as a short suit, in which event a shift is invited.

When playing a card that cannot affect the winning of the current trick, a good player always thinks of what message he is giving with the card chosen. The lowest he holds is his natural play, indicating that he has no special reason for wanting that suit continued. Any unnaturally high one is called an "encouraging card" inviting a lead to him. An encouraging one followed by a still smaller one is called an "echo" or "high-low," urgently begging for the partner to lead that suit. This applies with equal force whether the signal is given on leads of that suit, or by discards of it on some other suit. Sometimes a player wishing to ask for the lead of a particular suit cannot spare any high card for signaling purposes; he can accomplish a similar result by indirection through discarding low ones from some other suit or suits.

### The Three-Card Signal

The signaling principle with spot cards is also used to indicate other situations. When declarer is running trumps, the play of the middle one followed by the bottom one of a holding is called the "three-trump echo." The partner, seeing the reverse order of play, knows that exactly one more is held, so counts declarer accordingly. Some players give this signal only when they are void by that time in some other suit and want to let the partner know that they can ruff it if he gets the lead with the second trump trick.

Another three-card signal is used when the dummy has a suit which is solid except for the ace, and lacks side entries. The adversary with the ace wants to know when to come in with it—on the second round, the third, or when. His partner can tell him, by revealing how many cards declarer has in the suit. In this situation, the normal order of play—lowest, then a higher one—proclaims a three-card holding; any other order indicates that exactly three are not held. The ace-holder then can nearly always tell positively what the declarer has, so will not come in a round too soon, nor wait a round too late and thus let declarer get a trick which is "pure velvet."

If a shift of suit is clearly marked, some players tell their partners what to shift to, by means of the card they play; a high one asks for the higher of the doubtful suits, a low one requests the lower ranking suit. When leading a card which the partner is expected to trump, some experts signal the best suit to get them back into the lead again, by leading a higher than necessary card if their side entry is in the higher side suit and their lowest card if it is in the lower suit.

All of these signaling devices are worse than wasted, however, with a partner who either doesn't know them or is too careless to pay attention to the size of the little cards. With such a partner, it is best not to flash too many messages, for then only the declarer will listen in and benefit from them. Nor should any information be broadcast which the partner already should be able to infer, but the declarer cannot. The language of the cards had better not be spoken except on occasions where it promises to help the defenders "set that contract."

# "IT'S ALWAYS LATER THAN YOU THINK"

**BY DANIEL STARK***

*Counselor on life insurance problems*

ONE DAY last summer I was wandering with young John Foster through his pleasant suburban garden. I was interested in his weathered old sundial, because I remembered seeing it, years before, in his father's garden. Young John pointed to some words carved deep into its face and laughingly said, "Gloomy thought, isn't it? . . . *It's always later than you think.*"

Actually that day turned out to be much later than John thought. He fancied he had many years ahead of him in which to build up a secure financial foundation for his family's happiness. Fate gave him only four months, and he left his wife and little boy with far, far less than they needed.

Most men know that with life insurance they can leave a sum of money for their families. But to provide, on top of that, a regular *income* that would support their wives and growing children, has seemed out of the question for young fathers on modest salaries.

But it can be done. My company, The Union Central Life, has made it possible with a new kind of life insurance. We call it the Multiple Protection Plan—

*Multiple Protection*, because it pays your family's monthly bills until the children are grown, then makes your wife financially independent; or, if you're living, provides a savings fund for yourself. *Plan*, because it gathers together all these needed kinds of protection in a single policy that you can actually afford right now.

Thousands of young fathers with moderate salaries have already selected this plan which is backed by a 67-year-old company with over a billion dollars of insurance in force.

SECURITY FOR THE AMERICAN FAMILY SINCE 1867

## *The* UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

*To get full details on the new Multiple Protection Plan* just mail a card to The Union Central Life Insurance Company, Dept. C-32, Cincinnati, Ohio. You will receive a new, easy-to-understand booklet that shows clearly how, on your present income, you can provide more complete protection for your family than you ever thought possible before.

* Daniel Stark's radio talks are heard on the popular "Roses and Drums" program every Sunday at 5 P.M., Eastern Time, N.B.C. Blue Network

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# The Watcher

Continued from page 15

acquaintance with our bearded visitors.

I nudged Arthur Aymon. "Watch," I whispered. I knew that Jane hadn't a word of Arabic, and that her French wouldn't register on these chaps.

They stirred, uneasy as vultures about to flap into flight; then every man turned his back on her.

"Embarrassment," I whispered. "A beautiful and high-born lady appears from nowhere and approaches them unveiled. The effect upon them is about the same as if they'd seen Venus rising unclad from the sea."

Our Venus, unsuspecting, was disconcerted for a moment. After that she sat down by them, and in another moment she was offering them American cigarettes, which they accepted after an agony of shyness.

When she rejoined us she announced that she wanted to camp in The Watcher for a week.

FOR two days I did not realize what was happening. I took photographs and measurements, and started work on a ground plan of The Watcher; Aymon smoked his pipe and scraped around for souvenirs. "An Austrian howitzer," he said to me once, "would make nice crushed stone out of this place."

"No howitzer," I retorted, "was ever within sight of here, and none ever will be."

"That's true," he laughed. "I forgot."

I discovered, after a while, that he had been on the Italian front, at Gorizia, in 1917. Since then, some part of his mind always listened for those big shells. He did not actually think about them, but after sixteen years he would flinch occasionally when he was walking over a street grating in New York and a subway express came under him. He added that these bare Syrian hills under the low-hanging clouds reminded him of that Italian plateau. At times he laughed, he had the jitters when he woke and looked out at the broken parapet of The Watcher against the stars.

Jane, however, was all over the place. She explored the village and invited the head Arabs up for tea; she made sketches of The Watcher's towers, and disappeared on long walks alone—at least she thought she went alone. But Khalil or some Arabs always trailed her discreetly.

"It is not good for her to do that," Khalil, our driver, told us, "now."

And still I did not guess what the danger was.

I remember how I found her that afternoon, stretched out on the stone flagging of the empty chapel. She was sobbing quietly, and after a moment I tiptoed away. But I couldn't finish my work.

That night she talked to me, as if she never wanted to stop—the two of us perched on the outer wall, over the yawning entrance. She seemed to be suffering from a congestion of twenty-year-old ideas. What was love anyway, she demanded, but a natural habit? Men and women really mated like animals, didn't they? If you shared a summer vacation with a good-looking upperclassman you thought it was romance, for ever and ever—until the vacation ended and you had another man impressing himself on your senses.

If she and I, Jane argued, were to stick around like this for a whole summer with nothing else to think about, we'd fool ourselves into believing we were madly in love. At least, she added quickly, she might.

"It wouldn't take a summer," I answered. "A week would do the trick for me."

Fleetingly she glanced up at me—there was a nice young half-moon in the sky and the visibility was good.

"Then I'll promise," she said, "to go away before the seventh day. Now tell me about the knights who lived here ages ago. What made them go away?"

Obediently I told her. And it's really quite a tale. Those knights were besieged in The Watcher by the Moslems, after the crusaders had been defeated all down the line. So they were cut off, in the castle. Still, they stuck it out. When half of the garrison were casualties, the Moslems swarmed over the unguarded portions of the walls and took the weapons from the survivors, who were just about able to stand on their feet, weakened by hunger.

"Heroes," murmured Jane, "and very perfect fools. I suppose they had that indescribable something we used to call chivalry."

"Well, they stuck to their guns."

"Yes. Listen. What's that?" she asked.

**"Don't tell me you never heard of toasted marshmallows, Officer!"**

SIDNEY HOFF

I had heard it for some time, that *clink* of a horse's hoofs on stones. However, animals from the village were always wandering under the castle walls, and I thought nothing of it at first. Not until a horse and rider appeared on the path.

HE WAS a white man, without hat or coat, and he loomed large in the moonlight, being all in white, as he stopped to look at our car. Jane started violently, and little wonder, because he had all the make-up of a ghost. Even his bare head gleamed in the haze below us, when he dismounted and hitched his horse to a headlight of the car.

"Hullo, child," he called out.

And Jane scrambled to her feet. "Why, Tug!" she said. "Why—Tug."

When we fed him by the fire a little later, I discovered Tug to be a disheveled six feet of American youth, in need of a haircut and with an old bruise on one cheek. He was tawny as a lion, and as sleepy-looking. Also he carried about as much baggage.

IT DEVELOPED that he knew the Aymons. He had landed at Beirut the day after we did, had discovered from the Cook's man whither we had flitted, and had hired a horse to follow us. He must have come pretty fast to cover that distance in three days, and I wondered how he had managed it without knowing any French or Arabic.

"Why didn't you get a car?" Arthur Aymon asked.

"At two thousand piasters a day?" Tug swallowed part of an orange. "No, sir."

"How did you get from New York to Beirut?" demanded Jane.

He named the American freighter that had brought him.

"And I suppose," she added, "you made that an excuse to quit whatever job you had."

Tug admitted reluctantly that he had got a job on the freighter.

"Look here," he said. "The French officers at Beirut are sore as blazes about you. They told me to find you and have you all come back, quick. Their story is that some tribes are on the war path out here, and you all ought not to have come."

"What tribes?" I asked.

Tug was delving into an opened can of pineapple. "Druses, they called 'em." To Jane he added calmly, "I got your postcard."

He fished it out of a shirt pocket. It had a British India stamp on it, with a date of five months ago, and a picture of an elephant on the back. I couldn't help seeing what she had written, it was so short: *"It has been wonderful without you, Tug. I'll be in Beirut the first week in October."* There was nothing else.

"But why did you *come?*" she asked quickly.

Tug attacked his pineapple. I don't suppose he had had much to eat for three days. He looked to be about twenty-three, a couple of years older than Jane, and for the rest he was the type of slow, husky college lad you find working as stevedore at home, or maybe joining the Marines—good jobs for such youngsters being few these days. And his appearance at The Watcher exasperated Jane, who seemed to have expected anything but that. She introduced him to me as "Tug Donovan, near-champion weight man. He can push the brass shot fifty feet any day. He's a heavyweight on the wrestling mat, too. . . . And—what other qualifications have you, Tug? Did your Irish ancestors go forth on crusade? Who ever heard of a Sir Donovan, Lord of Donovan Castle?"

But by then I was too busy cursing myself to wonder about Tug Donovan. I took Aymon aside and explained to him that The Watcher was a dangerous place to be, just at present. On account of the Druses.

The Druses, I told him, were desert Arabs. Fighters. During the dry season they had to migrate with their herds into the hills, to find water and grazing. I'd never heard of them coming so far toward the coast as this; probably a big drought last summer had driven them over this way.

"It's my fault," I confessed. "I ought to have found out about this in Beirut before we started. We've got to keep out of the way of these tribesmen."

"Well, there's no harm done," Aymon said. "We can pack up in the morning and go somewhere else."

AN EXCLAMATION from Tug Donovan woke me up before the first light. Then Aymon's cot creaked violently. I sat up and heard dogs barking. Then a shouting and a distant uproar that came nearer by the minute.

Aymon and I went out of the tent in our pajamas and joined Donovan, who had slept in his clothes. He was stirring up the embers of the fire and listening to what sounded like a menagerie let loose. The air was cold, the stars beginning to fade in the east. The black walls of The Watcher loomed around us.

Then a half dozen camels pranced into our courtyard, groaning and squealing. A pack of horses followed with a rush, and tried to keep out of the way of the camels.

"Do you have this," Tug asked me, "every morning—or what?"

Dim human figures appeared, loaded with bundles. Then a bleating, tumbling gray flood of sheep. Tug tossed an armful of thorn bush on the fire, and when it flared up we saw that most of the Arab village was moving into our castle. The men came last up the chute from the entrance, driving a herd of cattle. By then there was standing room only in the great courtyard. If it had not been for the fire, our tents would have been trampled down.

Assorted animals oozed into the adjoining *salle* and, judging from the sounds below, the cellars were filling rapidly.

Jane appeared, fully dressed, and laughed. "I thought," she said, "you

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were making an awful row about packing up."

Then the entrance corridor was lit by the headlights of a car. It roared slowly up the grade in low, and started the animals to milling when it churned into our courtyard. Khalil had driven our car into the castle, and for a while we had all we could do, dodging camels. Did you ever see a camel trying to climb a fifteen-foot stone wall?

By the time Aymon and I were dressed, Khalil had calmed down enough to explain the situation. The Druses, he said, were almost here. They were in the village, he thought, by now.

Aymon and I talked it over and decided to pack our suitcases into the car and drive out as soon as it was full light and we could see where we were going. With Tug Donovan along, we'd just about fill that sedan. We'd leave the tents and big stuff. If the Druses did not see any baggage tied on the car, the chances were they would not try to stop us. Khalil thought they had no firearms, and with their horses and swords they could not very well stop a heavy sedan going downhill. Once down on the level, of course, they could never catch us.

IT WAS the best way out. And we were jamming things back into our bags when Jane came in, saying that her pet dozen Arabs were following her around talking to her. Because I'd taught her a few words of Arabic, they thought she could understand all they said.

Jane drew me out to listen to them. They made quite an oration to me. They reminded me that we Americans had shared their salt, and begged us to protect them against the Druses by staying in the castle. Evidently they thought that we could do as much for them as the French backed by machine guns.

By the time they had finished orating, a whole crowd was gathered around, in breathless suspense. In the hurry of the moment, I made a serious mistake. I explained all this to Jane.

"One thing you've never heard about your ancestors," I added lightly, "is that those crusading lords of the castle used to protect the countryside. You see the feudal idea still holds good here."

Jane looked me full in the eyes. "Do you mean to say the Druses would take their *babies?*"

They might, I admitted. After all, a child was worth as much as a donkey—and what difference did it make if the children grew up village Arabs or tribal Druses? Not having any guns, what could we do about it?

Jane went and climbed up the nearest stair to the outer wall, where Tug Donovan was amusing himself with Aymon's field glasses. The sun was up by then, and we could see horsemen dismounted in the village. They wore flowing dark robes, and they were going from hut to hut looking over what our Arabs had left behind.

"I'm not going to run away," the girl said quietly.

Her gray eyes were dark with excitement. She had made up her mind to stay in the castle and defend her assorted villagers, with their livestock.

Aymon came up in time to hear what she said. "Don't fool yourself, Jane," he retorted. "We're all clearing out. If you want to make a fuss about it, we'll tie you up for better transportation."

Evidently Uncle Arthur had dealt with her whims as a small child.

She ignored him, and looked at Tug, who had put the glasses down.

"I don't know about this," he remarked. "Those birds in costume down there don't look good to me. Let's clear out."

That made it unanimous except for Jane. She was still watching Tug from the corners of her eyes. "So you three ex-officers and athletes and gentlemen will push off in a closed car and let these bandits take their pick of slaves from my people, in the castle."

It was about as mean a thing as she could have said. Donovan got red around the throat. "All right," he said. "I'll stick here. But you and Mr. Aymon can't do that."

"I suppose," she replied calmly, "you think Uncle Arthur and I would go off and leave Mr. Halliday and you. Well, we won't."

Having put Tug out of commission, as it were, she turned to Aymon and worked on him. And he gave in, because, being ignorant of the country, he couldn't understand that argument would not show the Druses the error of their way.

Khalil and I took turns enlightening him. Before we finished, the Druses raced their horses up the hill, to rush the entrance of the castle. Our Arabs drove them off with a volley of heavy stones that frightened the horses, and Tug came up to report that our villagers had stopped up the entrance with a ten-foot barricade of heavy stone blocks. So there we were, besieged in the castle—the four of us, and some five-score villagers, and any number of animals. . . .

The Druses would not parley. They wanted to get into the castle, to get at the cattle, and whatever else they fancied worth while, and it was up to us to keep them out. Toward noon we had watched their main caravan filing through the valley toward the desert; but the fighting men had remained in the village.

"If we only had one rifle!" Aymon lamented.

"Well, it's good for us that the Druses haven't any," I said. The French had seen to it that the natives in the coast region carried no firearms.

But we felt lost without machinery of any kind. Our minds worked in terms of bullets, motors and searchlights, and here was the Syrian twilight settling down on the beleaguered castle, and nothing we could lay hand on that was not seven hundred years old—in style.

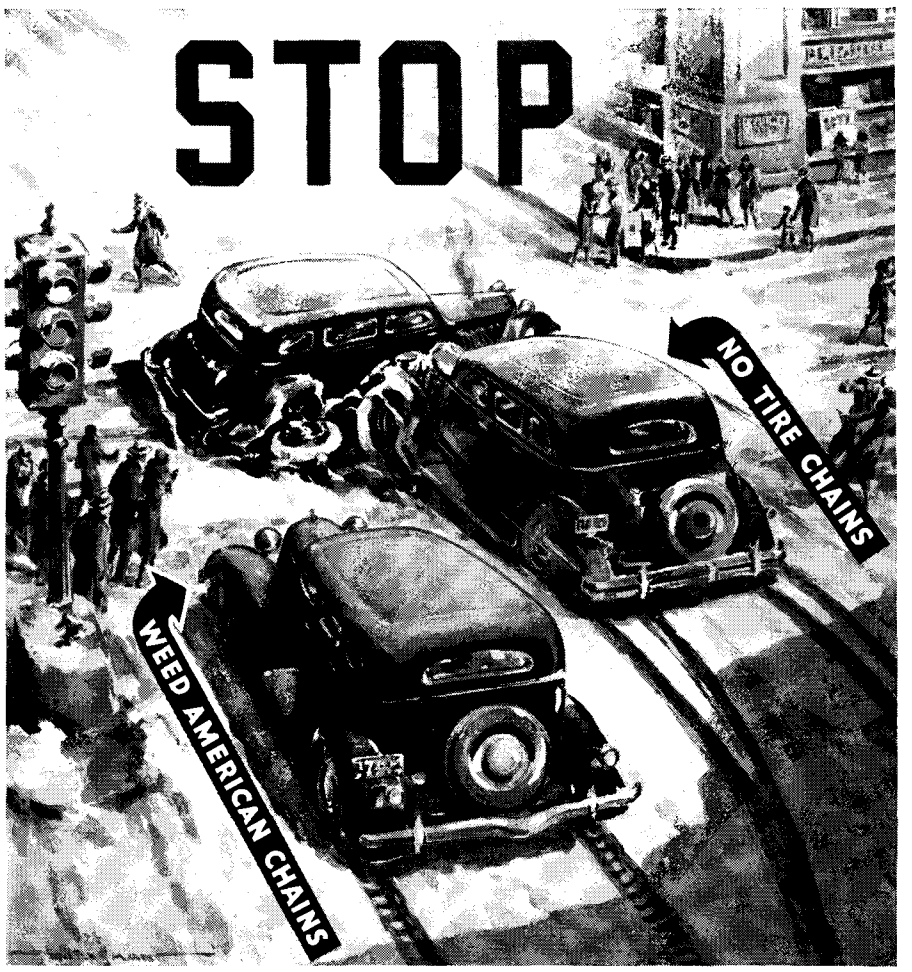
A FEW of our Arabs had swords. Some carried long sling-shots that used stones as large as hen's eggs. I understood then how David had cracked down the Carnera of his time, Goliath. For the first time I saw how the jaw-bone of an ass or ox made a mean weapon. With all its teeth intact, and mounted on a three-foot staff, a bone like that could crush in the side of a man's skull.

But all of our men had their favorite cudgels of hardwood, four feet long, with a heavy knot at the end. A very few of them turned out in ring-mail shirts, a century old. Such iron mail had probably been cherished in their families since before the days when rifles were available. They even brought three of the shirts to Aymon and Donovan and me.

I put mine on and urged the other two to do the same, but they wouldn't, at first. Tug was grinning at the whole affair, and Jane was laying out a dressing station in the men's tent. She had a first-aid kit and I had various medicines. She admitted she knew nothing about dressing wounds.

Well, we got organized as well as we could. Built a bonfire on the summit of the wall over the entrance, ready to light at the first alarm. Made a survey of the outer wall, and stationed groups of Arabs where it was broken down part way. The Druses could not very well swarm over the twenty-foot portions of our wall, but they could get in at these weak places. We told off

*(Continued on page 40)*


# STOP in ½ the distance with new WEED AMERICAN BAR-REINFORCED TIRE CHAINS

29,900 persons were killed and 850,700 injured in automobile accidents last year! 43.10% of all accidents occurred at street intersections and failure to use tire chains on slippery roads was responsible for more accidents than any other mechanical defect, even more than were caused by defective brakes. (See "The Great American Gamble," published by The Travelers Insurance Company.)

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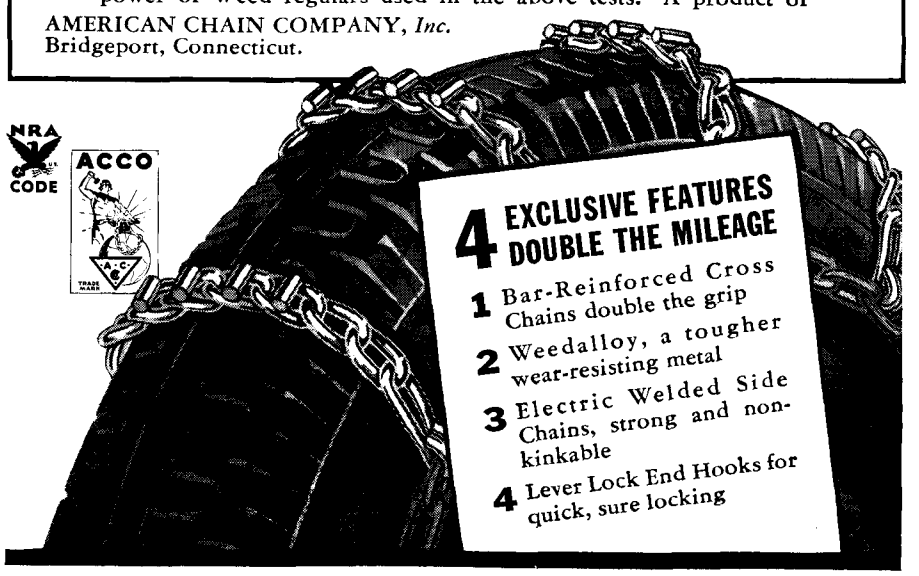
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(*Continued from page* 39)

boys to patrol the intervening spaces, and set the women to work piling ammunition—heavy rocks—by the breaks.

"Don't think this is going to be funny," I warned Aymon. "We've *got* to keep those chaps out."

"Sure," he said. He looked at me with a queer expression. "Do you know what, Halliday? I'd give something to see Richard the Lion Heart come clanking along in his armor to help us out with that sword of his."

"Well," I told him, "if you know any way to bring back the ghost of those dead knights, go to it."

When I went down, an hour or so later, to my post—some of our Arabs were yelling that the Druses were coming—I felt the same way Aymon did. Without flashlights and guns, with only our hands to fight with, we were infants compared to that fighting crusader with his gear on.

My Arabs, however, seemed glad to see me. The moral effect of white men was on their side.

We had to wait in that walled passage behind the barricade. This entrance corridor in the heart of the main structure had two turns in it, where heavy doors had once stood. The round roof of the passage had holes and slits through which the knights could have shot crossbow bolts and poured liquid fire on attackers—but we had no bolts or fire.

WE LISTENED for a while to the tumult above us. Aymon ran down in a lull in the fight, and explained that his bonfire was no good. It showed up his own men instead of the enemy, and he had shoved it all over on the Druses with poles—hence the temporary quiet. He said our Arabs had beaten off attempts elsewhere along the wall. The moon was coming up, too.

"Better put on your iron shirt," I said. "If we can stop them once, they'll lose heart." Both of us knew we were in for a bad time, but we did not see any use in alarming Jane and Tug, who had looked on it as a swell show, so far.

The yelling and banging of rocks began again, and he hurried off.

Then the barricade in front of me began to rattle, and slide down. The Druses were pulling the stone blocks away on their side. We had made a number of torches, which boys held behind us. So we could see the dark heads of tribesmen peering at us over the diminishing pile of stone.

I heard a whiz and a crash as a man near me let loose with a sling-shot. Then a half dozen tribesmen scrambled over. The Arabs beat them back with those long cudgels.

Volleys of heavy stones began to come from the other side of the barrier, and I found out that our makeshift wall did as much harm as good. When several Arabs had been knocked down, bleeding, by the stones, I ordered them all back to the first angle in the passage. The torches went back with us, of course.

By now my men were raising such an uproar that I couldn't hear anything else. For a time the Druses didn't show around the angle; when they did they came with a rush, with spears, cudgels and knives.

That was the last I saw clearly for some moments. The corridor became a press of screaming, stabbing men, fighting face to face. A whack from a cudgel numbed my chest, and I lost my footing when a knife slashed at my eyes. I crawled back, over struggling bodies and between knees. The Arabs were going back, too—fast.

Some one hauled me up by the armpits. We were almost at the end of the corridor—the torch-bearers were out in the courtyard.

"Y'allah—shoof!" a man yelled in my ear. "Oh, Allah—look!"

A big figure had plunged down among us. Its tawny bare head gleamed in the torchlight, its mailed arm rose and fell as it pushed through the pack, knocking men aside.

It was Tug Donovan, one cheek a bloody smear, and he was fighting mad. He had got on his mail shirt and the weapon he wielded was three feet of massive iron chain. He swung it like a rope. Tug Donovan, six-foot-two, the weight man, could handle a thing like that.

The chain knocked men around as if they had been stuffed with straw. The Druses beat at his head with their long cudgels and he weaved from side to side throwing up his free arm to take the smash of the clubs. The iron ring shirt protected his body to the hips, and the Druses could not get at his lower limbs.

I saw a couple of them crouch down to knife him in the legs. I yelled at him, but he couldn't have heard. The knife blade must have stung him, because he jumped high and slashed down with the chain.

That gave the Druses a chance to close in on him. Owing to his height they could not grab his right arm. He shifted his grip to the center of the chain. He snapped the loose ends among the heads of the tribesmen and they fell away from him.

They had nothing to stop that chain, swung by two hundred pounds of trained muscle. And Tug Donovan kept on swinging, although he was breathing like a tired horse and blood was spattering the roof of that corridor. My Arabs pressed after him, yelling and throwing things. But they had to keep out of the lash of that chain.

AT THE barricade the Druses made a stand with knives—for a minute. Then they scrambled out over the rocks. Tug cleared that barricade and started climbing after them, until my Arabs pulled him back. They were shouting with joy, and they stroked his shoulders. They stroked him down as they held him fast, for, as I said, he was fighting mad.

When he was quiet, he sat down all at once, and I ran back for water to wash him, because I wanted to see how much damage had been done. At the first turn I nearly ran into Jane. She was leaning against the wall with her hands hiding her face. I pulled them away, but there didn't seem to be anything the matter with her except that she was weeping. When I came back with a leaking goatskin of water, she tried to swab off Tug's face with her handkerchief. Then I told the Arabs to carry him back to her cot.

We stretched him out and looked him over. He had blue bruises from waist to neck and a knife stab through the thigh. One cheek-bone was smashed, and a shoulder fractured. Later, in Beirut, we found out that he had two ribs cracked.

WHAT a night that was! The smell of blood and the general excitement made the animals wild, and from time to time the sheep would start stampeding around the courtyard, which would set off the dogs again, and the boys after them. The women lit fires and lined the castle walls to chant the victory and hurl abuse down at the beaten Druses in the village. The things they said!

"I'm awfully glad you've come home early, sir. The ladies have been having cocktails" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

The Arabs gathered around the ten-odd prisoners we'd picked off the corridor floor. They brought all the wounded to Aymon's tent and left them there for us to doctor. By torchlight and by guesswork, we set broken bones without anesthetics.

Not one of our patients whimpered, although some of them screeched. We poured iodine into body slashes, and did not bother about anything less. Jane went white to the lips when she first looked in our tent, which she had fixed up so nicely for a dressing station. She went away quickly. Then she came back and helped us silently to pull and swab and sew. At intervals, she'd go off to look at Tug.

"Sure, I could sleep," I heard him complain, through the tent wall, "if you'd stop flashing a light in my eyes. . . . And for Pete's sake take these goats some place else."

Then Jane came and sat beside me at our fire. She looked washed-out around the eyes, and weak from excitement. She'd seen a real fight, and discovered that it's hard work and no romance being a trained nurse. Feeling that way, she was sure that she was responsible for the war, and to blame for everything.

Actually, she had won the war. The Druses had had enough. For hours the next day they parleyed with the *rayiss* of our village about the ransom of their prisoners. It was settled that they would pay two horses for every man. They drove the horses two at a time through a break in our barricade, while we lowered a battered Druse down over the wall with ropes.

Then the Druses went off quickly. We learned the reason for their haste when a half company of black infantry appeared in the village, under command of an exasperated French lieutenant, about sunset.

We left in triumph the next day. The whole village turned out, of course, to see us go. One after the other, the headmen took Tug's hand and pressed it to their foreheads. They even escorted us down the hill on their horses, singing some kind of a chant about a lion-maned Frank who had won the battle with his invincible arm. At the bottom of the hill they stopped singing while the *rayiss* made an oration. It was all about Tug; they had gotten over Jane completely.

"What's it about?" she asked me.

"Oh, they want Donovan to come and live in the castle. They'll set him up in housekeeping with livestock, and give him his pick of the young girls for his wives."

"That's just what he ought to do," she said. "That's just where he belongs."

"Sure," he grinned, "I'd be a big hit."

"I'm serious," she said. "This is your big moment. What else will you ever do?"

As it happened, I went with her to Cook's the morning after that to look for mail. And the clerk handed her a fat cable. When she pulled it apart, her fingers trembled. And when she read it, she acted as if nothing in the world mattered except that cable.

Her eyes brightened; she drew a long breath, and she handed it to me. "Read it," she said.

*Darling, why don't you write all I have is your postcard from India stop cable me as soon as you reach Paris and I will arrange to come over we'll be married in Paris and honeymoon for a week on the Riviera make it soon because I can never tell you how I love you.*

It was signed Milton.

"Who's he?" I asked. She took a long time to answer such a simple question.

"He is the better man." Then she looked as if she was going to cry and laugh at the same time, standing there with her cablegram in the little office. "I'm going to be married in Paris," she whispered.

And she was married in Paris—to Tug Donovan.

"I DON'T know," said Arthur Aymon, when I dropped in on him a year or so later in his New York office. "I don't know." He stopped to fill his pipe. "And Milton never could understand it. He thought she was going to marry him. He showed me the solitary postcard she wrote him all the months she was gone. All it said was: *'I've missed you dreadfully. I'll be in Beirut the first week in October.'*"

I thought of the other card Tug Donovan had carried with him all the way out to The Watcher. I thought of a number of things, but I only asked where Aymon kept that crusader shield of arms that they had talked about. It was not visible on the walls.

"Jane's got it," he said, and his eyes gleamed through the pipe smoke, "hanging in the hall of their two-room flat in Newark." He smiled, reflectively. "She says it's bunk, like Santa Claus and jingle bells. But she likes to look at it, sometimes."

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# On Texas Street

*Continued from page* 19

by a slim, scrupulously sad player opposite. Lee Bowie studied all the men around that table and knew them well for what they were, and his eyes went back to the slim one—a gambler in every secretive gesture. An impulse, rash and heady, moved him toward that table. He put a hand on the bearded fellow's shoulder. "Colonel," he said, "there's a man outside that wants to see you."

The bearded one looked up, displeased. "My name is Wesser," he said, "and I don't know you."

LEE BOWIE scarcely heard. His glance was pinned to the slim gambler, who stared back and showed the faint lip curl of a dog deprived of its bone. Bowie said to the gambler, "Get yourself another sucker, brother," and lifted Wesser with a sudden force and pushed him toward the door. One sharp word ripped at him from behind and when he looked about he saw the gambler rising and pointing. Sudden wildness rushed through Lee Bowie and he heard his own rash laughter run across the room's dying confusion. Swamp Humbird moved slowly through the crowd toward the gambler's table, eager for a fight; and Bill Teeters came obediently behind him. Lee Bowie shoved Wesser out of the Bullshead and across the street without consideration. A quick crash pursued them and at once the Bullshead began to emit a rising hum of anger. Lee Bowie, in the shadows beyond Texas Street, stopped his man. He reached out and slapped Wesser smartly across the face. He said, dismally outraged: "You're drunk and you're a damned fool."

"I don't know you," complained Wesser. "I have just lost fifty dollars back there."

"Leave those joints alone, Colonel," said Lee Bowie. "Leave 'em for suckers like me. Your fifty dollars is gone."

Wesser shook his shoulders, but Lee Bowie pushed him on without effort. They went down the vague line of picket fences, into the Wesser yard. They walked up the porch. "I'll leave you, Colonel—"

He got no farther. For the door opened and a woman stood there—Wesser's wife, Bowie supposed. Her head lifted and her lips moved and Lee Bowie, removing his hat, felt ashamed at seeing the naked expression of relief in her eyes. He said: "The Colonel and I got to talking about old times. I am sorry to disturb you."

Wesser rolled into the room. He sat down in the nearest chair, doggedly repeating: "I have lost fifty dollars."

The woman said, swiftly releasing her breath: "Is that all, Henry?"

Lee Bowie heard none of this. His glance had lifted across the room and he found Ilena Tillman standing quietly there, watching him with a directness that was like a command. Lee Bowie murmured, "I will not trouble you," and moved slowly backward. He heard Ilena Tillman speaking to the woman. She said, "It is all right now," and came quickly out of the house, closing the door. Her slender silhouette strengthened beside him and the fragrance of her presence locked his speech. When he went down the steps she was beside him. There was a soft, slow melody in the way she talked.

"He had a thousand dollars in his pocket and he might have lost it all. He's been drunk since morning. When he wakes up tomorrow he'll be full of shame."

"Men," he said quietly, "should stay where they belong. Wesser has no business in the Bullshead. That's a place for fellows like me."

There was a bubbling of sound on Texas Street; but the shadows here were still, with that strange feeling coming out of the dark again to disturb him. Ilena Tillman's voice was slow and full and considering. "I live across the street," she said and turned, darkness swirling around her. Lee Bowie stood in his tracks. But she looked back at him and the round white oval of her face lifted. He walked on with her then and stopped at the vague opening of a gate, recklessness rising; something was happening here—something he didn't know.

"Today you rode up from the south. Tomorrow you'll ride back into it."

"Yes," he said.

Her murmur was soft; it was mysterious. "Always the trail—always Texas Street and a saloon?"

"I'll never make Wesser's mistake and stray outside my proper limits."

"There are other ways of living."

"They are not for me."

She said: "You have been kind to the Wessers. Come to supper at our house tomorrow night. We eat at seven."

"It would be a mistake."

The thready breeze came off the wild plain like a summons; on Texas Street was a gunshot, with a quick clashing of voices. But he stood here and felt the strong undertow unsettling him. The melody of this girl's voice and her presence stirred him indescribably, rousing the suppressed hungers he had thought to quench on Texas Street.

"Are you afraid?"

"I'll come," he said.

She turned through the gate and was gone. But her words lifted on a tone of gayety: "Good night."

He wheeled and returned to the brightness of Texas Street, walking into its full flood. Many men were slowly backing away from the Bullshead and Tom Smith paced across the dust on his gray horse. He saw Lee Bowie and reined around and stopped at the edge of the sidewalk, looking down with an unruffled and inflexible courtesy.

"Your two friends got a little excited in that rumpus you started. I am forced to give you the warning I gave them. Be out of Abilene by sundown tomorrow night."

Lee Bowie laughed abruptly. He said, "I may be," and felt Tom Smith's glance tear through him. The man nodded and went riding down the exact middle of the street.

HE SAT on the top rail of a stockyards corral, the long low flash of the afternoon's sun striking against him and engraving more sharply the soberness of his face. In another hour sunset would come, which was the time limit set by Tom Smith; and in another hour it would be seven o'clock, with Ilena Tillman waiting at her doorway. He had a decision to make here, with a trail leading into the far future from either of the two choices he might elect. He sat there inscrutably, his cool mind searching down those trails. In the south the yellow distances were turning faintly blue. Far off the dust of another advancing herd lifted high fumaroles of dust. Beyond lay the trackless plains. Over that wildness the wind would presently drift, bringing up messages to his attentive ears.

Major MacBeath marched down the dust from the Drovers' Cottage. He

*(Continued on page 42)*


All is not gold that GLITTERS

*"Mary, won't you let me drive you home after the party?"*

*"Thanks, Tom, but I told Jimmie I'd ride with him in his new car."*

*"Hello, Jim—radiator frozen? Why not let me take Mary home. You'll be hours getting there."*

*"After all, an old car with ZERONE in the radiator is a lot more useful than a new one that's frozen."*

A FREEZE-UP is just no fun at all . . . inconvenient . . . costly . . . unnecessary. Anti-freeze is much easier on the nerves, car radiator, and pocketbook. Here's why ZERONE is preferred by careful car owners today: ZERONE, when used as directed, protects radiators against freezing at *any* temperature, and against rusting the year round; does not evaporate readily; has no unpleasant odor; maintains cooling plant efficiency; comes sealed in tamper-proof cans, as well as in drums; costs only $1 a gallon . . . 25c a quart; is made and backed by du Pont. If your car is still unprotected, stop in today where you see the big blue and yellow banner and get complete, *thrifty*, two-way protection. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc., ZERONE sales, Wilmington, Delaware.

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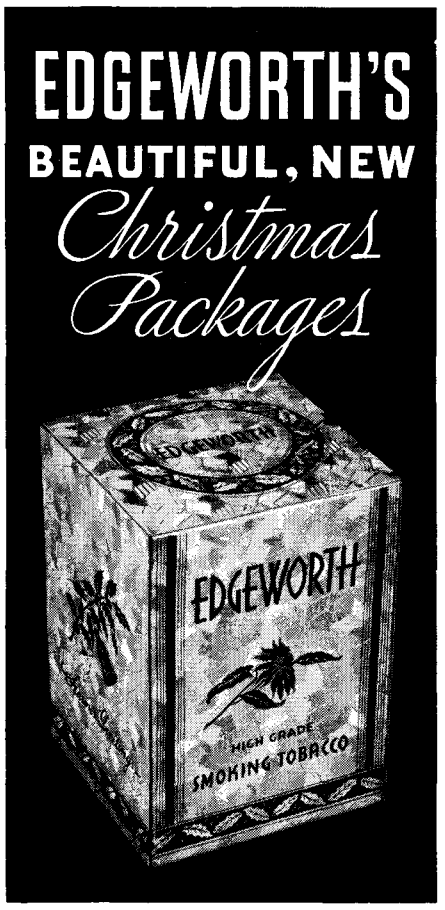


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*make a hit with*
**PIPE SMOKERS**

This year's Christmas gift packages of Edgeworth sparkle with beauty. Rich silver color with red and green decorations. The pound humidor tin, and the pounds and half-pounds in vacuum packed tins—all are provided this season in these beautiful Christmas cartons.

Look down your Christmas list. Do you find there a pipe smoker or two? Then let us give you a hint about these fellows who smoke pipes. Their devotion to their pipes is a far deeper affection than is given any other form of smoking. Naturally, any gift which increases this beloved pleasure wins a warm spot in their hearts.

The famous Edgeworth blend gives the pipe smoker a combination of delightful mildness and rich tobacco flavor not often found. When you give a gift of Edgeworth to a pipe smoker, you are giving him a tobacco he cannot fail to appreciate. Many tobaccos are mild. But to find full flavor and genuine mildness in the same package—that's something you may be certain to get if you buy Edgeworth.

If your tobacco dealer cannot supply you with the Christmas packages, send us your list of pipe smoking friends and your greeting cards and we will gladly take care of the shipping without extra charge. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

**TO EMPLOYERS**

How many pipe smokers on your salary list? How many of your close associates in your office smoke pipes? They are sure to enjoy Edgeworth—and these pound packages in their bright and cheerful Christmas cartons are already marked "Season's Greetings." Ask your tobacco dealer about the new 1934 Edgeworth Christmas packages. If he cannot supply you, the Edgeworth folks will be glad to take care of your order for you. Write them at the address above.

*(Continued from page 41)*

stopped at the foot of the corral and studied Lee Bowie with a sharp understanding.

"You been perched there like a buzzard all afternoon. When I was a young man with time on my hands I never spent it in solitude. What's saloons and women for, Lee? You'll be old soon enough. Go get your fun while there's spice in it. Our business is done here. We head south after supper."

"I was born to the saddle and plenty of room to roam. It's a mistake to change. What would I be doin' as a townsman, Major?"

"Some doubt in your mind, Lee?"

"There was," mused Lee Bowie.

"You've got a cool head, Lee. You'll get along anywhere. Still, I'd hate to lose you."

"A man should stick to the tunes he can whistle," reflected Lee Bowie. "I'll be with you when it's time to go." He got down from the fence. He had made his decision and unaccountably it released his mind from strain and he strolled toward the bend of Texas Street with a feeling of ease, with the pungent scents of the day and the sharp angles of light and shadow registering keenly on his senses. In a little while he'd eat a dozen oysters at the restaurant, get his horse from the stable and drift into the southern shadows—back to the broad earth that held no puzzles for a man. At the corner of the Alamo he faced Henry Lewes, the Star Cross foreman.

SAID Lewes: "I don't like what I see. Humbird's been actin' mysterious, over against the Bullshead, with Teeters apin' him like a shadow. I don't want to lug two empty saddles back over the Arkansas. Say somethin' to the kid."

"A cub wolf waitin' his turn to howl at the moon," murmured Lee Bowie and went on. Beyond the Alamo he stopped again to catch the details of a stage softly being set for trouble. Tom Smith rounded the bend on his big gray and traveled slowly down the middle of the dust, seeing nothing, seeing everything. He swung and vanished beyond the Bullshead. Over there, near the Bullshead doors, both Swamp and Bill Teeters stood indifferently by, showing no apparent interest in the marshal as he passed. But this was only half the story to Lee Bowie, who turned his glance immediately across the way to the restaurant. There were three men watching him. Silent laughter stirred through him and the breath of coming events fed the wild and hungry blood in him. These were the gambler's dogs, out to tree him for dragging Wesser away from the poker table.

"Wesser was a fool," he thought, "for steppin' over to this side of Abilene. Wouldn't I be a fool to step over to his side? Men should stick to what they know."

The sun fell swiftly; and then it was dusk, blue shadows trickling across the housetops and lights flowing along the silver-yellow dust, with Texas Street slowly filling with restless men whose voices rose and grew different, whose muscles seemed to arch as they prowled. Respectability drew quietly back behind the picket fences of the side streets; and this narrow strip began to lift its jungle growl.

He felt himself change as well. Alert and attentive, his faculties sharpened to the secret maneuverings around him. The three men by the restaurant had faded—they had drawn mysteriously away from him; and down by the Bullshead, Swamp and the kid were now pacing into the darkness. The kid dropped into an alley's mouth, Swamp went on. Afterward Lee Bowie thought he knew how it would be and silently swore at the follies of ignorant men. He went forward at once, impelled by a sense of needed haste, cut across Texas Street and followed the Bullshead side wall to within a few yards of the alley. He stood in the deepening shadows staring into the heavier darkness of the street's end on his right, vaguely discerning Swamp Humbird's outline there.

What happened next was exactly as he guessed. Swamp's gun made a brash, red streak through the night and the report rushed wickedly across Abilene. Swamp yelled and fired again and afterward Lee Bowie heard the swift run of a horse coming along the other face of the Bullshead. Swamp was the bait to lure Tom Smith down this street, but it was the kid's hidden gun in the alley that would drop Smith as he passed by.

"A cub wolf waitin' to howl," he thought again, and saw Tom Smith round the corner of the Bullshead and trot forward. At that Lee Bowie slid the remaining yard along the boarded side of the Bullshead and flung himself into the alley. He plunged against the kid, who crouched there; his arm knocked aside the kid's lifted gun. He slapped the kid across the face, full of disgust, and heard Smith go by the alley at a quick gallop. Swamp Humbird's gun roared again; and on the heels of its dying echo there were two hard, booming explosions nearer at hand, which was Tom Smith's way of answering.

"I got to get to Swamp," said the kid, breathing fast.

"Swamp's dead, kid. When did it get fashionable to shoot a man from shelter? You little pup, you been drinkin' milk from the wrong teat. Turn around and get down this alley or you're dead too."

He turned Bill Teeters about and pushed him forward; and then saw that way darker than it should have been. For there were three shadows filling the alley—and a man was saying in a cold, bitter way, "You won't interfere with no more poker games—"

"Let 'em have it, kid," sighed Lee Bowie and threw himself forward. He hit one of those men full on, his flat chest striking and diverting a sudden-rising arm, and he carried the man on over into the rank back-door sweepings of the Bullshead. Teeth bit wickedly into his ear and a gun exploded along his leg. There was no mercy in him then and no pity; he cracked the man's belly with his knee and got the gun from the man's hand and brought it down over the vaguely rolling head he saw. Hell seemed on the loose in this black slit; powder smoke rolled its stifling way around him and sound slammed against the adjoining walls. The kid was crying, "Where you at, Lee?" And another fellow was bending over him to find a fair shot.

LEE BOWIE rolled and slashed the barrel of the gun at the dim shine of the face he saw, and heard teeth and bones snap. The man fell on him heavily, without protest. The kid was creeping uncertainly forward. "Lee, where you at?" Behind, at the alley's mouth, Tom Smith's peremptory tones lifted: "Come out of there!" Lee Bowie crawled to his feet. He said, "Come on, kid," and ran into the depths of the alley; there was a right angle turn, and beyond it a sudden widening into a deserted corral where a line of wagons lay half dismembered. Lee Bowie stopped here.

The kid stood near him, his lungs reaching for air. "There was another one," he said unevenly. "I knocked him down."

Lee Bowie's laughter rubbed the darkness softly; it made the kid suddenly say, "What's funny?"

"Nothing, Bill. Anyhow, it isn't funny. You're through in Abilene. Go out of this corral and keep in the dark spots, all the way back to the stockyards. MacBeath will be waitin' there. Humbird's dead. Listen, pup—never fool with a quiet-speaking man."

"What's funny?" repeated Bill Teeters.

"I just thought of something. Get out of here before Smith comes."

He stood there, leaning his long frame against a wagon box, watching the kid walk awkwardly from the corral into the open prairie beyond. There was a camp fire burning yonder a quarter mile, cutting a pure orange hole against the black. Figures crouched around it; a steer bawled in the long distance. A breath of wind, aromatic with the wild lands it crossed, came into the corral. It would be like that down the trail—a red heart of fire burning beneath the black arch of the sky and a wind crossing the earth, and the chant of a coyote, wild and sad, in the mystery beyond.

He shook his head, thinking of things nearer to hand. Swamp was dead in the street and three men were crawling around a dark alley; and he stood here in this smelly obscurity and listened for pursuit. "The trail's long and it's wide. But it always comes to an end like this." He pushed himself away from the wagon and crossed the corral; he walked around the sagging skeleton of an old stable into Texas Street and followed it as far as the corner of the Bullshead. Lights blazed brighter here and the crowd stirred restlessly by him. A few men came back from that spot where Swamp had fallen; Abilene had forgotten about Swamp already. Tom Smith rode casually around the bend and saw Lee Bowie standing on the edge of the walk. He came over.

"Your twenty-four hours is up, friend," he said.

"It is why I am standing here," replied Lee Bowie, evenly and stubbornly polite. "My party has left Abilene by now. It is my intention to stay."

TOM SMITH stared down and Lee Bowie saw the devil's temper in the man ruffle across his eyes. Never monkey with a quiet-speaking man. But it was a rule that worked both ways, as Lee Bowie hoped this marshal of Abilene would understand. He stood there, feeling Tom Smith's glance tear through him, matching that inflexible glance with a smooth, unbreakable calm.

Tom Smith inclined his head. He said then, in a manner of a man speaking to a known equal, "It is agreeable to me, friend," and turned his gray horse into the confused and yellow-patterned dust.

Lee Bowie wheeled, walking into the shadows at a rapid pace. He came to a picket fence and a quiet house lying behind it and for a moment he paused to look back again to Texas Street, a little wonder in his mind. Afterward he passed through the gate, going toward an open doorway that threw its full beam against him. Ilena Tillman stood there and the sight of her slim shape against the light, so proud and so crowded with mystery for him, sent a sharp flash of excitement through Lee Bowie. He saw her lips move, he saw shadows suddenly die out of her eyes, and all at once there was a keenness in the night that stirred his hunger and made him reckless and richened all that he felt.

She said: "You were supposed to leave town tonight. But the trail couldn't pull you away."

He said, strangely moved: "I don't know why."

But she shook her head. There was a softness in her lips, an unfathomed light and warmth glowing out of her.

"It is something you will discover. Come in."

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# Giggle, Giggle, Little Star

*Continued from page 17*

teacher of dancing and taught those young Los Angeles squirts at a salary of twenty-five monthly. The dancing pavilion happened to be in Culver City, hard by the movies, three hundred feet from the stern doorway of the M-G-M studios, and the Myrna of those twenty-five-dollar days diligently showed the young squabs how to trip the light fantastic, hour after hour, day after day.

When they sat down to rest, it was teacher's custom to stroll across the three hundred feet to the studio, for even then she yearned to be a movie actress, like three million other little girls. She gazed upon the lucky ones who passed within the magic portal: the handsome gentlemen actors in white trousers, the lovely young actresses in their war paint, the eccentric queers who manage to get jobs; and she sat upon a bench in the outer room and calmly waited. Whenever she was not engaged with the dance—and none of her pupils ever amounted to heck-room—she sat upon the oaken bench and waited, and as time passed, nothing happened to her. Nobody noticed her.

### The Slant-Eyed Era

She was freckled and still gangling and not in any way like a movie gal, but she had determination, and nobody needed the bench at the time. Finally a passing director—same old story—espied the forlorn figure near the door, and inquired if she would care to break into the motion-picture business for the afternoon. The sitter replied with a brisk affirmative, so they ushered her into the studio for her first look-see at the fascinating jumble within, and they put a red dress on her. It seems they required photographs of the red dress, and not the person inside the dress, and when she asked timidly if she should put on a little make-up, they said, no, this was a day when freckles didn't really matter. In the end they handed her four dollars, or maybe eight.

It took Myrna about six and a half years to navigate that three hundred feet from the dance academy to the studio door, and get inside, and it was a highly indirect, round-about journey. In the course of time, she came upon a temporary job with a Sid Grauman stage prologue, in which, strangely enough, she was again a spirit. This time, she played the Spirit of the Arctic Circle, or it might have been the Polar Ice Pack, but at any rate, there she was, pirouetting about on Grauman's stage, expecting nothing but her pay, and somebody noticed her. The somebody felt she might make a Chinese gal, if they slanted her eyebrows and fixed up her mouth. Immediately Miss Loy was invited to play a part in What Price Beauty, she slanted her eyebrows, and that was the real beginning of the slant-eyed era for Myrna.

After that, she had jobs, and if she wasn't a Mongol, she was a Malay hussy, or a Hindu, or a Javanese, Indian, Egyptian, Senegalese or some other far-off damsel, with a bad disposition. Having opened up as a slant-eyed dagger-toter, the powers kept Myrna on the shady side of Sinister Avenue for years and whenever a Hollywood producer needed a hard-hearted Oriental damsel to look slinky and be bad medicine for the gentlemen, they called in Myrna Loy. In Hollywood, when you begin a tradition, it usually sticks for eight years; she was a vamp, exotic and mysterious, and a vamp she remained until recent times. All is changed since The Thin Man, and Myrna will play misunderstood wives, flip wives, heartless wives and humorous wives, but you will probably see very little of the old dagger business and the slanted eyebrow.

Another odd matter is that Myrna Loy doesn't look remotely the way she ought to look. On the screen she seems to be a definite sort of person, but not the same one you see over in that chair. You'd never know her, and she admits she hardly knows herself. Many of the screen's great ladies are the same on the screen or in person—witness Mae West, Dietrich, Jean Harlow, Irene Dunne and Ruth Chatterton—but not Myrna Loy. In an ordinary light, she is discovered to be an extensively freckled and healthy-looking young woman who might develop a grand golf swing with proper handling. She laughs without effort and has a pleasant giggle, and she has calm, slate-gray eyes that photograph some other color.

She is not nervous at all, or jumpy, or bothered by the passing problems. She would rather listen than talk, and is one of the most polite listeners in the world, as Barrett and I proved. She is never in a hurry, or alarmed about the immediate future, yet she is always on time, unflurried, unflustered and mildly surprised by the anxieties of those about her. When she is a very old lady, she will probably sit peacefully in a rocking chair and not even knit. Come to think of it, she's about twenty-five.

When she winds up with Paramount's Wings in the Dark and a few other dramas she will definitely sail for Europe, say about April 15, 1935. She announces that she is ready to have her fling, not having had any flings up to this point. When you pause to think of all the ultra-sophisticated damsels Myrna has been on the screen, enjoying the confidence of European, Asiatic and Oriental diplomats, carrying dirks in her hand-bag, bottles of Chinese poison and secret missives from the Czar, it is strange to know that she has never been east of Montana, and when you have never been east of Montana, there is quite a jag of easting before you.

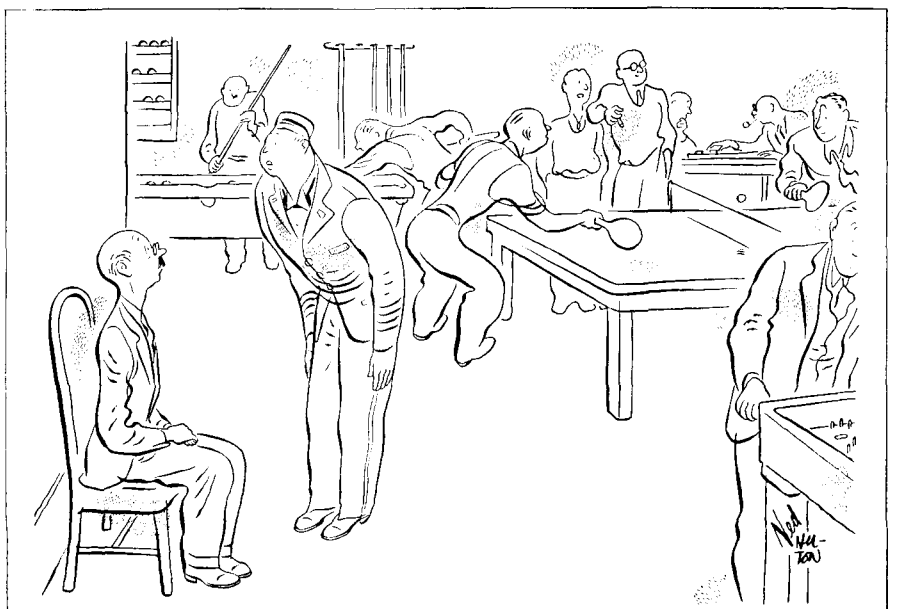
One thing I admire about Myrna, she never goes on a diet, never has been on one and means to keep off. Movie ladies are forever going on diets and discussing the repellent items with a wealth of detail, but not this one. Miss Loy drinks coffee, but I don't believe she eats anything, for she didn't during lunch after lunch. She smokes a certain well-known brand of cigarettes, different from mine, and I wouldn't come right out and claim she steals her cigarettes, but all I know is that I had a fresh pack of my kind when I went into her dressing-room and it disappeared.

### The Ladies Tell

She is of medium height, slim, calm and distinctly amiable. She cannot understand why people rush about so, obviously in a tremendous hurry, or why they dash into these eating-spots where the waiters hang the food on the car window, lest a second be lost, and the customers gulp and step on the gas again. She wonders where such people go and what they do with all that saved time. She particularly likes to be interviewed by lady interviewers, as they chat steadily for two hours, reveal intimate passages from their early lives and tell Myrna a lot of things about women that she never knew before.

When she returns from this "fling trip," it is her intention to buy a house, her very first. Up to this time, she has lived in hotels and apartments and such, but she feels the time has come to step up and purchase a large, roomy domicile, with many rooms, in none of which will anybody be permitted to play bridge. She doesn't like bridge, or hardly any game. The other day, an official telephoned her from the studio and word came back, as he understood it, that she was not at home, but over at the Country Club. Well, she wasn't. She was over at the airport learning how to get in and out of those tin gooses, and what to do with the various doohickies, as she is about to play a stunt aviatrix in her next job *pour les* films.

One of Miss Loy's most valuable assets is her giggle, which costs her nothing and is probably worth eight million dollars in any kind of gold. As long as she retains that giggle, she will surely be up there among the four hundred hitters, and the turnstiles will click serenely when the name of Loy appears. Some lady stars take on a new dignity after landing in the money, and the girlish laughter is abandoned, but I believe that will never happen to Miss Loy. I tried my very best to find out her age, but Barrett was always in the way. I'd say she was about twenty-four.



"This is the game-room. You're not allowed just to sit" NED HILTON

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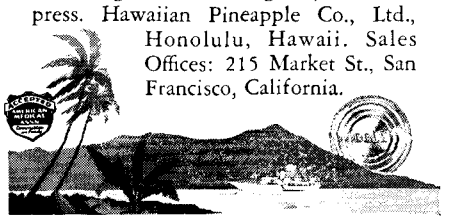

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# Money Troubles of a Miracle Man

*Continued from page 16*

foreign markets are being snatched away from her. Indeed, according to the Italian equivalent of our Gloomy Gus, if things do not improve soon the Italian silk business may be pushed right off the map.

And the main reason for this, as for so many other crises in the present-day world of international trade, is—Japan. It is Japanese competition, above all else, that is cutting down the profits of Italy's silk interests. No matter where Italian silk men turn, they find the Japanese purveyors of silk and silk goods underselling them.

"And what can we do about it, after all?" a silk man wailed to me when I was in Milan, center of the Italian silk industry, a few weeks ago. "If the Japanese were hurting us by selling their cheaper stuff right here in Italy, the government could impose prohibitive tariff duties and drive them away. But that isn't our problem. Japanese silk exporters are cutting our throats in foreign markets. And in such markets, under present conditions, we are powerless to take effective measures against them."

### Silk, Fruits and Marble

In 1931, the total value of Italy's exports of raw and artificial silk was 884 million lire, equivalent, at that time, to about 45 million dollars. In 1932 it dropped sharply to 404 million lire, considerably less than half the 1931 total.

In 1933, it took another tumble to 323 million lire, or 27 million dollars—reckoning the lira at 8½ cents, which was about what it was worth when I was last in Italy. In other words, Italian exports of silk had fallen to about three fifths of their value in 1931, even when calculated in terms of Italian money much higher in relation to the dollar than the Italian money of 1931. Calculated at the 1931 rate, the total value of Italy's silk exports for 1933 would work out to about one third of their value for 1931.

Exports from Italy of rayon and similar products reached a total value in 1931 of 777 million lire, equivalent, at the rate of exchange then prevailing, to about 39 million dollars. For 1933 they totaled 528 million lire. At the rate of exchange a few weeks ago this would be equivalent to about 45 million dollars. But, calculated at the 1931 rate, it would be only 26 million dollars, or two thirds of the 1931 figure.

Exports of Italian silk products to the United States dropped more than one third in quantity between 1931 and December 31, 1933.

Since the latter date matters have not improved. This present year, so far, has been one of gloom for the Italian silk business. The talk one hears among those engaged in it is almost one hundred per cent melancholy.

Dictator Mussolini is making vigorous efforts to help the silk business out of its troubles. Subsidies of from 5 to 6 lire per pound are being paid by the Italian government to silk producers; and raisers of silkworms are receiving a government bonus of ½ lira for each pound of silk cocoons. In addition, through contributions from official funds, more than half a million mulberry trees were planted in Italy during the first half of the present year.

Another discouraging picture is presented by Italy's exports of fruits and vegetables.

For a long time these have been among the most important items in her foreign trade. Now, however, competition and the general effects of the world depression are combining to cut down Italian profits in this branch of business. An expert who has studied the situation closely, especially in connection with Italy's shipments of fruits and vegetables to Great Britain—in the past one of her best customers—told me:

"If you want to find out what is happening to Italy, go to Covent Garden market in London. There you will find Italian products, of course—lemons and limes and tomatoes and all the old staples—but you will also see oranges from Brazil, and fruit from Palestine, and both fruit and vegetables, in increasing quantities, from new foreign competitors of the Italians. Look up the figures and judge for yourself."

The figures certainly bore out his words. For instance, Italian exports of lemons and limes to Great Britain totaled 415,000 pounds in 1931, as against only 316,000 in 1932. And, to show the remarkable record being made by Brazil as a competitor of Italy in the fruit business, the Brazilians raised their shipments of oranges to Britain from 65,000 pounds, for the first five months of 1932, to 193,000 pounds for the corresponding period of 1934—a *threefold* increase.

As a result of these various factors, the total value of Italy's exports of fruits and vegetables declined by more than 220 million lire between 1931 and 1932, and by an additional 85 million between 1932 and the end of 1933.

Still another branch of Italian activity which has fallen on evil days is the marble business. For many years marble has been one of Italy's export staples. From the region of Carrara big shipments have gone all over the world, to meet the steady demand for the best ornamental material for monuments, statues, public buildings and luxurious private residences.

But nowadays there is gloom in Carrara. The world is waiting for better times before placing more big orders. Exports of uncut marble from Italy, which totaled 114,000 tons in 1931, fell to 95,000 tons in 1932 and to 89,000 tons in 1933. Total exports of cut marble and alabaster dropped twenty-five per cent in 1931 and 1932, and another ten per cent in 1932 and 1933. Exports of these products to the United States between 1931 and 1933 fell off to the tune of 65 per cent.

### Curtailing Imports

And we must not forget cheese.

Italy is going through an acute cheese crisis. In the warehouses of Lombardy and other cheese-producing sections of the land the grim Gorgonzolas are piling up in alarming stacks, flanked by Bel Paeses and Cacciocavallos and the rest of their odoriferous brethren, because there is no market for them. To show the seriousness of the cheese situation let it suffice to remark that the total value of Italy's exports in this line dropped from 97 million lire, for the first half of 1933, to 79 million for the corresponding period of 1934. This, put into dollars at the average exchange rate current early this autumn, represents a decline from something like $8,250,000 to $6,700,000.

Just as he has tried to restore prosperity to the silk trade of his country, so also has Mussolini sat up nights trying to think up ways of curing the other hard-hit branches of Italian foreign trade. He has let loose his experts on the problem, and, as a result, they have introduced the quota system and various other forms of control. Imports into Italy of a number of commodities have been drastically curtailed—exactly as Hitler has been curtailing such imports into Germany. Strenuous efforts are being made to limit Italian orders for foreign goods to such countries as will increase their importation of Italian products. This has brought a certain degree of relief, but it has also tended to upset the smooth running of Italy's foreign business, by making her exporters turn from markets well-known to them to others with which they have had little or no experience.

### Out of the Coffers

General Italian exports dropped in value, between 1929 and the end of 1933, from fifteen billion lire to six billion lire (a lira, at the present writing, is equivalent, roughly, to 8½ cents). This represents a loss of sixty per cent. Imports during the same period fell in value from twenty-two billion lire to seven billion.

During 1934, the situation has been growing worse. Exports last July were at their lowest in many years. Their total money value—372 million lire—made a poor showing against 429 million for July, 1933. Taking the figures for the first seven months of 1934 and comparing them with those for the corresponding period in 1933, we find that the total value of Italian exports fell 17 per cent below the 1933 record.

Last June, Italian imports also began to shrink in value. But the total value of the imports for the first seven months of 1934 remained somewhat above those for the corresponding months of the previous year. Italy's adverse trade balance for the first seven months of the present year rose to the formidable total of over one billion and a half lire, compared with 878 million for the corresponding period of 1933. The negative balance, for the first seven months of this year, was greater than that for the entire twelve months of 1933.

Italian trade with the United States, during January-May, 1934, inclusive, showed a decrease in the value of imports of fourteen per cent and a decrease in the value of exports of eighteen and a half per cent, compared with the same period of the preceding year.

As a result of this state of affairs, gold has been flowing steadily out of Italian coffers into those of foreign countries. Ever since last February the gold reserve of the Bank of Italy has been dwindling. Late last summer, however, the rate of this outflow was checked. Italian optimists insist that, with regard to this phase of Italy's condition, there is no cause for alarm. Pessimists, on the other hand, shake their heads; scarcely any phase of the present situation, as they see it, is such as to rule out worry.

In support of their gloom they point, for instance, to the budget situation. Italy's provisional budget, for the year from last June to next, showed a deficit of a little less than 4 billion lire.

Mussolini is trying hard to reduce costs of production in Italy as a help toward restoring normally favorable business conditions. For one thing, he has cut salaries and wages. But, as in other lands where this has been tried, it caused such an outcry that he declared recently that no more such cuts would be made.

He has also said that no additional

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taxes would be imposed. This was good news for Italian business men. For years they have been staggering under a burden of taxation which contributes so effectively to raise production costs that some concerns find insuperable difficulties in selling their products profitably.

Italian agents of foreign firms have been driven out of business in many cases because the taxes on the foreign-made wares which they sought to place in Italy precluded all hope of profitable sales. Foreign automobiles, including American, have been hard hit by such taxation. Resident Italian representatives of foreign manufacturers of radio and radio apparatus—including manufacturers in the United States—complain bitterly of the prohibitive nature of the taxes levied against such goods.

### Hitting the Bright Spots

Italian producers are equally sore. Taxes imposed on their products—wine, for example, and oil and cheese—often bring overhead costs to such proportions that sales become extremely difficult. Italian customers simply won't buy at the prices which must be charged.

One producer of wine in Tuscany—where Italy's most famous wine, Chianti, is grown—after figuring costs on a big lot of wine which he had on hand and working out the lowest possible price at which he could sell it and make a profit, ordered his men to knock the spigots out of the casks and let the stuff run onto the ground.

"No use!" he said. "I can't do business!"

But there are bright spots.

This summer a slight improvement in industrial activity was causing joy in official and business circles. Also, the tourist business seemed to be on the upgrade. The record in this direction was nothing to write home about; nevertheless, it was such as to cause Italians to look hopefully toward the immediate future.

Italy's tourist business is of enormous interest to her. Indeed, with the exception of the hydroelectric industry, enormously developed under Mussolini, it is the most important in the country.

For many years huge quantities of foreign money have poured into Italy's coffers from the armies of foreigners who have visited Rome, Venice, Naples, Florence and her other great tourist centers. These armies are the main source of support for Italian hotels and restaurants; they contribute most effectively to the prosperity of her transportation lines. Without foreign visitors to their places of business the glovemakers and purveyors of tortoise-shell and coral ornaments of Naples would close their doors, as would the dealers in glass, who have prospered so long in Venice; and the makers of lace and linen and leatherware, who are so numerous in Florence; and the dealers in antiques, whose shops are to be found from one tip of the Italian peninsula to the other—to mention only a few of the businesses the backbone of whose prosperity is the foreign tourists.

All Italians employed in these lines have been in melancholy mood for some time. Therefore, the improvement registered during recent months in the tourist industry is most welcome to them. For some time past Mussolini has been trying to help them by attracting foreigners across Italy's frontiers. Railway fares, for instance, have been slashed as much as seventy per cent on some tickets bought outside Italy for travel within her borders. This brings their cost considerably below what it was when American dollars had not been depreciated and travel in Europe was not the expensive venture which it has since become for Americans.

Besides dangling the bait of cheap railway journeys, the Italian dictator has also been making vigorous efforts to cut hotel charges. Nor has his campaign for lower prices reduced itself to a mere lure for tourists. House rents in Italy have been brought down twelve per cent; and those of shops, hotels, and industrial and commercial premises have been slashed fifteen per cent.

Mussolini has been particularly energetic in his drive to free Italy from dependence on foreign imports. This drive has a twofold object: to make the country self-supporting in case of war—something which is very much on the dictator's mind—and to remedy the adverse balance of trade.

The great "Battle of the Wheat" is as good as won, so much so that one hears little about it nowadays in Italy, whereas a short time ago it was on every tongue. This grandiose project, one of the most ambitious of Mussolinian dreams, has resulted in an amazing increase in the country's wheat crop.

The figures speak for themselves. In 1928, when Mussolini had been in power six years, Italy produced 227 million bushels of wheat. The next year her production rose to 260 million bushels, and then—after relapsing in 1930 and 1931—to the record totals of 275 million bushels in 1932, and 297 million bushels in 1933.

But, in the midst of the rejoicing at this proof that Italy need not look to foreigners for her bread, there was a note of gloom. The 1933 bumper crop was more than the country could absorb. Owing to hard times, many Italians cut down their consumption of wheat, both in the form of bread and spaghetti, turning more to cheaper grains, such as corn. The result was that huge stocks of wheat piled up.

The government tried hard to sell these abroad. Hungary and Austria, at that time initiating their entente with Italy, took some of the surplus, but not enough.

This summer, however, the situation was much better. The new crop gave signs of being so much smaller that Italy, it was predicted, would consume both this new crop and the residue of the 1933 crop, and, in addition, be obliged to import a considerable quantity of wheat.

So Mussolini has reason to be pleased on this score. Not only has he proved that Italy can grow grain enough for her daily bread in time of war but he will succeed in getting rid of the surplus stocks which the enthusiastic response of Italian peasants to his "Battle of the Wheat" propaganda had made a source of genuine embarrassment to him.

Equally fruitful has been his campaign to increase the output of Italian electric power and thus free the land from its slavery to foreign coal.

### "Watch Mussolini!"

As a result of this other Mussolinian drive, which has made the Italian hydroelectric industry the biggest among the country's big businesses, the money invested in it was well over half a billion dollars some time ago. Recent reports showed that there were over 1,200 generating stations in Italy. Of the total amount of power generated about twenty-eight per cent is utilized by the electrochemical and electrometallurgical industries, ten per cent by the metallurgical and mechanical industries, ten per cent by textile, spinning, printing and similar concerns, ten per cent in electric traction, and about six per cent by food-producing industries.

The principal increase recently has been in electric traction. Of the 10,000 miles of broad-gauge railways in the entire Italian peninsula about 1,250 miles are now electrified and the work is being rapidly pushed forward. Soon it is hoped to have a total of over 4,000 miles of electrified lines, including some of the most important in the country, on which traffic is heaviest.

When these plans are carried out, it is hoped that consumption of coal will be cut by 1,500,000 tons. This will make a big dent in Italy's importation of coal from abroad, which runs to about ten million tons yearly.

Meanwhile, winter has arrived. And winter is dreaded in Italy just as it is all over Europe, where it is supposed to feed strength to the elements of depression and bring nearer the dread menace of war. As the winds on the Italian peninsula grow chill and the friendly landscape turns bleak, pessimistic Italian business men are croaking of bad days to come. But the optimists—and Fascism has bred plenty of them during its dozen years of supremacy—laugh away such prophecies of gloom with the confident assertion:

"Watch Mussolini! He is sure to bring back prosperity!"

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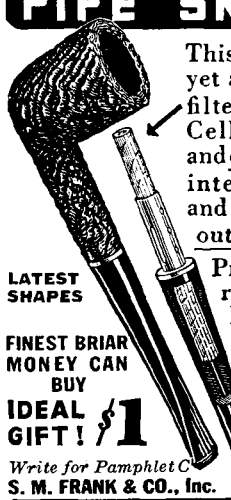

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# So You're Going in Pictures

*Continued from page* 11

have possibilities and if he wants to help you he can do a lot. I might help too, if I can."

"It's awfully sweet of you, Junie. I didn't think anyone ever did that here."

"No one ever got anywhere without it—here."

"I don't doubt that," I said, "but it isn't always so easy to find the someone."

"Are you finding it so hard?"

I knew what it was time to do, but I didn't do it. We talked about everything but us until we got to Hollywood and I asked her if I might take her to dinner the next night. I was counting on that check for the bit. It couldn't be less than twenty-five.

Well, she couldn't be sure. She'd see me on the set in the morning.

Going to sleep wasn't easy with all I had on my mind. Boy, was I going to knock 'em dead tomorrow! I hoped it was something I could get my teeth into and not some of these lines you could yell through a megaphone and nobody'd notice you were in the scene. Not that there was much chance.

I HAD to leave at seven to get on the lot early enough to get make-up put on. I didn't know anything about panchromatic, so I stood on one foot and then the other for a half-hour waiting for a chance at the make-up man. He didn't do anything I couldn't have done myself and I thought next time I wouldn't bother. That is, if there was going to be any next time. About that I wasn't at all sure.

Homans greeted me with a smile.

"All set?"

"Yeah, you can start any time now."

"Oh, we won't be ready for you until this afternoon. Here's your part. Might as well look it over."

He handed me a page of yellow script. I looked at it and saw three lines and that was all.

"O. K., Mr. Homans. Can I sort of hang around and watch you shoot?"

"Sure. Here, grab yourself a chair."

I watched the assistant getting a mob of extras lined up. Junie came on when they were all ready to start. She looked around. I didn't know if it was me she was looking for or not, but when she saw me she came right over.

"Hello, Barrymore!"

"Hello, Bernhardt! Is the sun dazzling my poor old eyes, or are you as beautiful as I think you are?"

"I'm glad you think so, anyway. See you later, Nicky, I want to talk to you before you go on."

About twelve she beckoned me over.

"We're going to stop after this shot. Come over to my bungalow and have lunch."

When I walked in Homans was there and a guy named Marr, the scenario writer. Then I was introduced to a little guy, very quiet and very neatly dressed, with cheaters on, whom I recognized as Leblin, the boss of the whole works. Junie was draped all over a chaise longue, having a drink and looking nice enough to eat. I caught Leblin looking at her a couple of times as though he had the same idea, but you couldn't hold that against him.

Homans said something nice about me to Leblin and he was polite enough but you could see he wasn't interested in anything at the moment but la Manners. She called me over and made me sit down by her and have a highball.

"You'll need it before the afternoon's over."

"No doubt I will. What are you going to do to me?"

"Give you a break if I can. Look—" and she went on to tell me just what she meant. I saw Homans listening and finally he came over.

"What are you doing, Junie? Trying to let young Stewart steal the picture?"

"If he can. Why not?"

"O. K. with me." He stalked away. He was always stalking somewhere, that guy, but he was nice.

We had something to eat and when we walked back to the set he came along with me.

"Know your lines, Stewart?"

"All three of them!"

"Fine. Well, there's not much to it. I guess I don't have to tell you what to do. You'll be over here with these two other reporters, by the rail, and when Miss Manners and Mr. Lawrence come up the gangplank you go after her. Pay no attention to him. Got it?"

"Sure."

"Let's run through it."

The two guys that were playing the other reporters came over and I looked around for Junie. Then up the gangplank she came with a sable coat on, and Lawrence hanging on her arm.

"New York Chronicle, Miss Sinclair."

"I don't care to talk to any reporters!"

We went through the rest of our lines and before I knew it she had swung around so that my pan was right smack in the camera. That put me in front of Lawrence and he immediately let out a yell to Homans.

Homans said: "Oh, let it go; you're incidental in the scene, anyway. It's all Miss Manners'. Once more and we'll take one."

We were two hours shooting that scene. I came through pretty well—better than I thought I would. I went to the cashier's office and they told me the checks weren't quite ready. Back on the set, Junie and Lawrence were doing another scene and I waited until they got through.

Junie had a boy blowing glycerin in her eyes for tears.

I said: "What about that dinner tonight?"

"Don't know how late we'll work. We've got to finish with this crowd of extras today—they cost money. But I'll go out with you later."

I said that was O. K. with me. When I went back they had my check ready. I looked at it. It was for fifty dollars.

WHEN I got home I sent out for a quick press the one good suit I had left. I took the make-up off and had a bath and lay around for a while. I was feeling plenty excited.

At seven I had something to eat and took a cab out to the studio. No more busses for me today!

Junie was there and I took her arm as we went up the steps into the projection room. I looked around behind me and there was Leblin giving me what might have been a dirty look. I didn't speak to him. So what?

They ran off the stuff they'd shot in the morning and everybody seemed to think it was good. All of a sudden I saw myself walking into the camera and I almost fainted. Was that guy me? I sat there sort of holding my breath and expecting the worst. Then I began to feel better. He was doing all right!

They ran the rest of the scenes and we went outside. Homans came alongside me.

"Come on over to my office."

We sat down on his desk and he said: "Well, Nick, I think you've got something. You may go places out here if you get smart."

"Why, am I so dumb?"

"Dumb enough, if you get Leblin sore at you. I spoke to him about you but he doesn't seem very impressed. Whether it's because he thinks you're fooling around with Junie I don't know, but be careful."

I said: "Is he carrying the torch for her or what?"

"I don't know, but he's funny that way. You never can tell what's going on in his mind. Anyway, I'm going to give you a test for David in Manners' next picture. We'll be starting in a week or two; this is almost finished. It's her lover—you could play that with abandon, couldn't you?"

I grinned: "It would be a pleasure."

Junie came in.

"Going to sign the new Gable?"

"Not yet. I'm going to talk to Leblin about giving him a crack at David, though."

"That's mighty white of you, old man. No kidding, though, I think he'd be swell in the part. Tell Max I said so."

"Think that would help him any?"

"Well—maybe not."

We said good night to him and went out to Junie's car.

"Let's go out to the Colonial and get a drink, I'm dying for one. Bet I lost four pounds today." She stretched back on the cushions like an Angora kitten.

I SAID: "Junie, you were sweet to do that for me today. Why?"

"Oh, well, why not? You can't get a start in pictures if somebody doesn't give you a break."

"So you said last night. Anyway, thanks a million."

"Skip it. Maybe you can do something for me some day. You know what Bill Mizner said?"

"What?"

"You'd better be nice to them going up, for you may meet 'em all on the way down."

"That's a long time away for you, Junie," I told her.

"I hope so. But that's something you can't tell about in this game."

When we got to the Colonial there was a mob there, of course. Everybody spoke to Junie and I had to content myself with saying hello to a guy I'd known in New York. We got a table and were sitting there talking when I looked up and saw Leblin at the bar. He kept looking over at Junie and me and finally he walked up to our table.

"How do you feel, Junie?" he said.

"Simply elegant, Max. Won't you sit down? You know Mr. Stewart, don't you?"

"Why, yes, I think so." He nodded to me, none too cordially, and sat down.

I asked him if he'd have some wine.

"Thank you, no. I'll have my drink brought over from the bar."

He called a waiter and I wondered if he just didn't like my face or what. I was making a swell start in pictures if I had him sore at me.

Junie said: "Mr. Stewart's from the stage in New York, you know, Max. He did that bit of a reporter with me today—you saw it, didn't you?"

"I don't remember. Oh, June, I think I may make that new picture for you in Hawaii. Murdock's going to be on the camera—it'll give him a chance for some fine photography."

I thought of Hawaii and Junie and I wondered if anybody could be lucky enough to get a break like that.

Junie said: "Oh, I think that's grand, Max. By the way, Homans thought of

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Nicky here for David. He's going to make a test of him for it."

Leblin didn't even look at me. "Eric Chamel is going to do that," he said.

"Oh! I didn't know it had been cast."

"It has—now. Good night, June. Better get some rest." He walked out.

Junie looked at me.

"Never mind, Nicky. You'll get something else. I'm sorry."

"Don't be silly. Sure I'll get something else." But I didn't feel any too confident of it. What a chance I'd had, and I'd muffed it. Oh, I was a smart guy!

"Nicky, I feel like a drive to the beach. Would you like it?"

I said: "Well, it isn't Hawaii, but it'll do."

WE WENT outside and when Junie's chauffeur brought the car around she told him to get a cab home and she'd take the car. We got in with Junie at the wheel and we started.

It was a sweet car all right. Junie skidded it around in the gravel and shot out onto the hill going up to Sunset.

I said: "Careful! This is a big car for a little girl to handle."

"Oh, I'm used to it."

We didn't say anything for a while. Then Junie glanced at me. "There's a flask of brandy in that side pocket if you get thirsty."

"Not now. You?"

"No. You know, Nicky, I think you're the nicest—"

I don't know where the guy came from. He seemed to step in front of the car from nowhere and I saw the lights flash on his glasses as there was a thud and we hit him. We couldn't stop—nobody could have stopped. Junie slammed on the brakes so they screamed and I was out of the door before we stopped rolling.

The guy was lying half across the curb and I knew when I put my hand on him that it was bad. He wasn't smashed up or anything but I could feel he was wrong inside. I had an empty hole where my stomach should have been.

Junie backed the car up slowly and her white face peering back anxiously was like a camellia in the dark.

"Nicky! Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes, I think so." I looked up and down the street. There wasn't a soul in sight or even a car coming.

"Listen, Junie, you've got to get out of that car and get away from here fast!"

"What do you mean, Nicky?"

"Just that. Come on now!" I grabbed her arm and practically pulled her out of the car.

"But—where shall I go?"

"Go anywhere as long as you get away from here. Go back to the Colonial and get a cab. Quick—get out of here before somebody comes along!"

"I can't do that!"

"No? You've got to! They'll crucify you for this, don't you see? It's all you need to finish you in pictures. Beat it now, I'll take care of this."

"But, Nicky—"

I didn't pay any more attention to her—I was lifting the guy up and putting him in the back of the car. He was as loose as a half-empty sack of wheat but I got him in.

Junie was standing by the door.

"I can't let you do this, Nicky."

I said: "I'll rush him to a hospital and say I picked him up where a hit-and-run driver left him. I'm nobody—they can't hurt me. Go on, darling—please!"

That got her. She looked at me once and ran, half stumbling in her high-heeled sandals, down the hill.

I was just turning it over when I saw a car cruising around the corner and the way they came along I knew it would be the cops. If I started now they'd look me over for sure. I hopped out and looked at the front of the car. There was a big dent in the right front fender.

They pulled up alongside and one of them stuck his head out.

"What're ya doin' there, buddy?" He looked the car over.

I said: "I've just had an accident, Officer. Guy stepped in front of the car and I'm taking him to the hospital. What's the nearest one?"

The cop jumped out fast for a fat guy.

"Accident, huh? What were you doing? Is he dead?"

"I don't think so, but we'd better hurry."

He was looking at the guy.

"We'd better move. Go ahead, Jim. I'll ride with this guy."

He stepped in front with me and I thought fast as I reached across him and pulled the flask of brandy out of the pocket. I had the cap off and took a shot before he could stop me.

"Say! I needed that!" I put it down on the seat between us.

"Hey! What's the idea?"

I said: "Sorry, the nerves are a little shot, that's all." I slammed it into gear and we started with a jerk that shot him back in the seat.

"Go easy, young fellow, will ya?"

I said: "You want to get this guy to a hospital, don't you?"

We made it in about three minutes flat, but he was asking me questions all the way. I had to pretend I didn't hear half of them while I tried to think connectedly.

"June Manners' car, huh? How come you're driving it?"

I said: "Well, I didn't steal it if that's what you mean."

"No? Where's she?"

That was one of the ones I didn't answer. I swung into the ambulance entrance of the hospital with my hand on the button and the siren wailing like all the sinners in hell.

Two internes came running out and the cop motioned them to the back of the car. They lifted the guy out and I remembered they wouldn't take stiffs in a hospital—you had to take them to the morgue. I wondered where the morgue would be in Los Angeles.

I sat there lighting a cigarette and the police car pulled up in back. The cop in that got out too, and they both started to work on me. I wouldn't say anything I could help.

One of them said: "Better run inside, Jim, and see if he'll live. Looks like we'll be booking this guy on a manslaughter charge. He's been drinking."

I said: "What do you mean, drinking? You saw me take one *after* I hit him, but you can give me all the tests for being drunk you know."

"Yeah? We'll do just that."

WE DROVE around to the Lincoln Heights station and they took me inside. I knew I was in for a bad time. I didn't know whether taking the brandy had been right or wrong but it had seemed like a good idea at the time.

They called in a little bald-headed guy with popeyes and he peered up at me solemn as an owl. He was the doctor.

"Name?"

I told him.

"How long have you been drinking?"

I said: "Why, I had a little wine, that's all. I took some brandy after I hit the guy; I needed it."

He looked at me; I couldn't tell whether he believed me or not.

"Walk that line over there."

There was a white line painted on the floor. I went over and walked it. I was more scared than any opening night had ever made me.

They were after me with some more questions then. I was trying hard to think of the right answers to keep Junie out of it, when the door opened and who walked in but Junie and Leblin.

He looked at me curiously but he didn't say anything. Then he walked up to the sergeant at the desk.

"I'm M. B. Leblin. Stewart's one of my people. Anything I can do?"

You should have seen the way that sergeant got polite. Names are big things in Hollywood.

"Why, Mr. Leblin, we were just questioning Stewart, that was all. I'll ring up the hospital and see how the guy is getting along. Oh, Doctor. What's your report?"

"Why, he's perfectly all right, Sergeant." He smiled at Leblin. "Just going through the regular procedure, you know."

The sergeant dialed a number and we waited while he talked in monosyllables. He hung up after a minute.

"He'll probably live; you can't kill a drunk. The hospital says he was so soaked in whisky he must have been blind. That lets you out, Mr. Stewart." He turned to Leblin: "Seeing as he's a friend of yours, Mr. Leblin, we'll make as little of it as we can. Of course there'll have to be a report."

"Of course." Leblin was calmly polite as usual. "Can he go now?"

"Sure." The sergeant didn't seem to dislike me any more. "Come in in the morning, will you, Mr. Stewart?"

I said I would and we went out. Leblin's car was parked in back of Junie's. I said:

"Thanks, Mr. Leblin. A word from you goes a long way, doesn't it? Those monkeys were just about to give me the third degree."

HE LOOKED at me for a minute before he said anything. Then he said:

"That's all right, Stewart. June told me about the whole thing. It was decent of you; June might have gotten some very bad publicity."

I said: "Not at all," quite as if taking the rap for a dame was right up my alley. I still didn't know why I'd done it.

Leblin was still looking at me with a funny expression on that poker face of his.

"Drop in my office in the morning, will you, Stewart? You know I, ah—" he smiled at me, the first time I'd ever seen him. "I rather liked that bit you did today. We can probably find a place for you at the studio. In fact, I've changed my mind about Chamel for that part. We'll give you a test for it, anyway."

I said: "Gee, that'll be swell, Mr. Leblin! Thanks a lot."

"You don't have to thank me. I pay my debts but I never do favors. If I didn't think you had what it takes, I wouldn't give you an extra job. But I do take care of my people."

I looked at Junie. She was standing there with her eyes shining and it wasn't glycerin either.

I said: "O. K., Mr. Leblin, I'll be there."

He bowed over Junie's hand. "Good night, June. Let Stewart drive."

He got in the car and it moved away smoothly, like himself.

"He's not a bad guy, Nicky. Sometimes I'm almost sorry I never could see him—that way."

"No, he certainly isn't. Well, it looks as though I'll stay in Hollywood after all."

She looked up at me. "Think you'll ever get to like it?"

"Not as much as I'm going to like Hawaii," I told her and I wrapped her up in my arms and kissed her. "But they're both going to have their compensations."


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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

# The Captain's Dinner

*Continued from page 13*

put a hose down there quick, Captain," he said. "The whole starboard side's in flames. That scantling goes like tinder."

The master waved shortly to his mate. This was something like! His eyes glittered. Made to his order! It would give a new punch to the captain's dinner later. What a yarn to spin to lovely women beneath the clustered lights of the main saloon! He knew how to turn things in the way of his own fortune. They'd know, all right, they'd know who led the ship's company into the flaming 'tween-deck to save the vessel.

"Come along, Mr. Morely!" he snapped. "Let's get to it. What are you standing there for?"

He took a step forward, a quick, buoyant step. The chief mate looked at the ship's surgeon and touched his chest.

"Those four Chinks down there, Doctor," his placid voice asked quickly, "what's up with them?"

"Dead," the surgeon said shortly; and then, "Asiatic cholera."

Mr. Morely lifted his heavy brows; that was all. But Captain Bayne heard that quiet and awful verdict. He whirled about, seizing the doctor's arm. There was a different light in his eyes.

"What's that you said?"

"I said Asiatic cholera, sir. There's no mistake. Get your fire out and get it out quick. There's a lot of nasty work to be done down there."

CAPTAIN BAYNE'S hand dropped nervelessly from the doctor's arm. His eyes were wide, and the erect air of the conqueror that hung forever upon him fell away like a discarded cloak.

"Cholera!" he said in a dreadful whisper. "The *place*—is a pest hole. . . . Cholera!"

Morely's eyes were on him.

"There are a hundred-odd Chinese down there, sir."

But Captain Bayne's face was wild. He had not heard. He had heard nothing but that single terrible word. Cholera! A frenzied pounding started behind the scuttle doors, and the shrieks of terrified men, muffled, a melancholy undertone to the whining wind and the hissing sea. When those doors opened they would come spewing out upon him, overrunning him. There was death in their touch, perhaps! Death. Lord, he didn't want to die! . . . The fragment of a moon shot clear of its streaming veils of cloud and mist. The foredeck glimmered weirdly in its momentary light. Amidships the orchestra had started. The violins were singing with a faint and splendid irony. John Morely stepped forward quickly and shot the bolt from the scuttle doors.

"Man the ladders here!" he heard the captain shouting behind him. "Bosun! Man the ladders, I say! Keep them off!"

The chief mate had time for no more of that. The doors flew back, vomiting smoke and stumbling, screaming yellow men. Morely was caught instantly among them. Stolidly he forced his way along, while the frenzied Chinese poured past him like a flowing tide about a hump of stone in its path. He had the fire hose in the crook of his arm, and he dragged it with him toward that lurid patch of yellow showing through the billowing smoke.

Someone was directly behind him. He heard the hard, harsh breathing of stout Doctor Stenger. It could be no one else, grunting and growling that way as his elbows swung. He had a momentary sight, like a thing seen through a red fog, of Captain Bayne's tall figure behind rough-shirted sailors on the steps of the starboard ladder leading aloft to the promenade. They were savagely fighting off a mob of terrified men who wanted nothing in their bewilderment but to get as far away as possible from that fire-ridden hold where death and the flames had so suddenly overpowered them. Then the sight was blotted out, and the chief mate found himself on the ladderway leading into inferno, with a hard-faced, bearded man beside him.

Water spurted with a spasm from the hose nozzle; then poured in a steady, pressured stream. Morely gasped for breath. The doctor was coughing and stumbling. The smoke poured past, blinding and hot. There was no air. The fantastic shapes of men went crawling along the deck, clawing for the lowermost step of the ladder leading up into the sight of heaven. On the starboard bulkhead the flames went leaping and crackling in grotesque and crimson patterns behind a billowing wall of smoke. The water hit it and set up a savage hissing. The stench of steam and half burned gases struck Morely like a physical blow.

The doctor had hold of a fire axe. He was swinging it against the flimsy partitions. It seemed a fantastic and hopeless thing to do. The impacts gave no sound, as if it were a shadow attacking hell itself. Yet splintered, flame-licked wood collapsed before him, and the water of the Pacific fell on it. The smoke was shot with white now as the two of them went staggering drunkenly about. They had it now! Water on the heart of the fire. The roar of it was like the roar of the sea in a tidal wave.

But the fire no longer leaped and danced. Tendrils of it went creeping angrily into oblivion as the water found it out. The axe dropped from Doctor Stenger's hand. His fist was clawing at his throat. Morely saw that, through the red veil flowing before his consciousness. Somehow, now there was another stream of water pouring. The hose-nozzle wasn't in his own hands any longer. The square face of the boatswain appeared. Close to him. Morely knew it was all right then, and staggered over to the doctor, groping along the bulkhead. Some poor devil was lying there on a ragged, charred pallet. He reached down for it. Get him out of it, the poor helpless beggar. The doctor's fingers tore his arm away.

"Leave it alone!" he heard that hoarse voice croak from tortured lungs. "Dead . . . Cholera . . . Leave it alone!"

MORELY backed off. He remembered. He hadn't thought of it before. The doctor was right. Best leave it alone. Air. Air was what they wanted, and the feel of that harsh raw wind on their cheeks. But it wouldn't do. The ship was afire. He was the chief mate, and he had to get hold of that fire and trample it underfoot. You couldn't let a ship blaze away because there was cholera in the 'tween-deck hold. He looked wildly about him. Nothing but hissing tendrils of smoke curling up from charred and splintered wood. And the stench of it. With the boatswain searching the corners with the strong stream of water. Someone beside him was going over in a heap.

"Steady, Doc!"

The chief mate managed to get that out somehow; then with his arm about the other's shoulder he staggered toward the ladderway. It was all right now. The cold air was pouring down through that open hole up there. It was clearing a little down where the fire had been. Good man, the bosun. He could finish a thing off well enough, once you showed him the way. . . . The chief mate found the solid iron of the foredeck under his feet at last, and he stood there, balancing himself and gasping for breath with great soughing sighs.

"How is it, Doctor?"

"All right now, Morely. . . . Thanks."

"You didn't have to go down there," the mate growled gruffly with aroused professional pride. "Manage it with our own crowd. Not your job at all."

The doctor smiled painfully. "No," he said. "You're right. I wonder why I did it."

MORELY looked sharply at him. No telling what the surgeon meant by that, but he thought perhaps he knew, and he turned quickly away. The wet, strong wind of the Japan coast was rushing past, bringing sanity with it. The weight came off his lungs. He looked about at the desolate clutter of his foredeck. The white line of the fire hose ran along at his feet into the 'tween-deck. The Chinese of the steerage crowd were huddled miserably on the forecastle head, along the ladders, in jammed groups by the well-deck bitts. Aft where the passageways led to the first-class promenade the bars were up. There were sailors on guard there. The chief mate sighed. All this mess and clutter. It would want some cleaning up. A devil of a way for a ship to look on the night of the captain's dinner!

"I'll set up hospital down here soon as I can." The doctor's voice was normal, harsh again. "This means quarantine for all hands, you know. Keep it under control until we dock tomorrow. Don't need to tell you not to spread it up there on the promenade. Eh? Time enough for them to find out after it's over and done with. I'll get Clara Aldrich to help me. Good nurse, that; fine woman. You're lucky. She can be trusted."

"Ay," the chief mate agreed abstractedly. "She can be trusted."

And he went down again to inspect the gutted steerage hold.

When he came up, walking wearily to the ladderways, the sailor quickly lowered the bars to let the chief mate pass. The ship was rushing on, rolling gently. A pool of moon-silver lay on the western sea.

"Why weren't a few of you down there lending a hand with that mess?" Morely asked acidly.

"Old Man's orders, sir, were to keep the Chinks from—"

"All right then." The chief mate bit his lip. "Keep a sharp watch on them."

"Ay, sir."

The sailor looked after him as he lumbered off. But if he had any opinion of what it all meant, it was not apparent in his steady eyes as he turned forward again and replaced the bars. The chief mate dragged himself to the master's door. He pushed it open without knocking, entered, and closed it carefully behind him. Then he faced about again and stopped short abruptly. He saw Clara Aldrich standing against the bulkhead.

For a moment of silence he said nothing, staring at her. His uniform was in tatters, and his shoulders sagged with weariness. His hair was singed, his solid face oiled with smoky grime. He had no eyebrows left whatever, and he saw things with pain through his smarting eyes. The little mesh evening

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purse he had seen on the master's settee not much over half an hour ago was there no longer. He saw that plainly. But mostly he saw the girl, standing with her cheeks aflame and her breast agitated with her breathing. She looked so lovely that way, a loveliness that was like a stabbing pain. Full of defiance she was, and pride and strength. She said nothing. He turned away from her.

"The fire is out, sir," he reported coldly to Captain Bayne. "Doctor Stenger is taking charge there until we dock tomorrow. He can use Miss Aldrich's help—if she wishes. The whole ship will be quarantined, of course."

Still Captain Bayne was silent. His face was pale. The fingers of his hands at his sides were trembling a little. He squared his shoulders with great effort and came erect.

"You," he said hoarsely at length. "You know that I—"

"Don't say it! Don't say anything!" Morely's interruption was harsh and icy. "You must go down to dinner just the same, sir, you know. It's no good their knowing it's cholera until it's over with. But you look too spic and span for having quelled a vicious mutiny of Chinese single-handed." His voice was not bitter or ironic, simply cold and hard. "You ought to be mussed up a little. A bruise or two would help. Do you understand, sir?"

He stepped up and slashed out with his fist in a movement swift and unexpected. It was the first time in his life John Morely had ever struck a man that way, deliberately, and that man the commander of his ship. The blow caught Bayne below the eye. He staggered back with a startled exclamation. It sent him off balance and he fell, his face striking against the settee leg. It bruised his cheek. Blood showed there. And his eye would blacken. There was no doubt of that. But he wasn't hurt very much. Clara Aldrich gasped. Anger flamed in her eyes.

"That will be better, sir," the chief mate said with hard emphasis; and he turned and went quickly out of the master's suite.

ON THE brilliant promenade the passengers were gathered in excited groups, speculating on just what had happened. It was a splendid sight. Men in dinner jackets, luxurious women in fancy ball costumes scintillating with points of fire, or in trailing gowns bare of shoulder and bosom.

There had been a fire. Some of them had seen evidence of it. And a mass of wild-eyed, ragged Chinese, infuriated, charging like a frenzied herd of beasts against the ladders leading to the first-class suites. Some of them had seen the captain, tall and upright and grim, so it seemed to them, fighting off that savage mob with an iron pin in his hand. . . .

John Morely could not hear what it was they were saying, aft there along the gay promenade. He was not looking. He was leaning wearily on the forward rail. And he did not know that Clara had followed him from the commander's room until she touched his arm. Then he turned and looked at her. Her eyes were blazing. He tried to smile at her, but there was no answering tenderness in her face. Her voice was husky with anger.

"Why did you do that?"

"I had to."

"Had to? Yes, indeed, you had to! You thought I was in there making love to handsome Captain Bayne? And you could think of nothing better to do than to hit him in the face and walk out without letting me say a word! I—" her voice broke—"I didn't think that of you, John. Perhaps you would like to know why I was in his room? I—"

"I know why you were there, Clara."

"No, you don't! I saw that whole noble performance of his on the foredeck." She spoke with a low, deep tensity now. "I saw it all. He was scared out of his wits, that man! And he let you go down there alone while he—"

"I wasn't alone. Doctor Stenger was with me."

She rushed on. She had not heard him. "And I was in there telling him what I thought of him! *That's* why I was in the captain's room! I thought you had better sense, John. I thought we loved each other a little more deeply than children. You had no right to assume what you did."

He heard her out patiently. His blue eyes were pensive. He shook his head.

"I know why you were in there," he repeated quietly.

"I TELL you, John, I was telling him—"

"Exactly. I know it. I saw a lady's mesh bag on his settee a half hour ago. Things like that aren't supposed to happen in a captain's room at sea. Of course. But I know they do. At any rate, that mesh bag wasn't there when I found you two together." Morely smiled, a little wistfully. "Even if I'd thought what you think I did, I'd have known it wasn't you. Because you had your own purse in your tight little fist—as you have it now."

"But—"

"You were telling him what you thought of him. In half an hour it would be all over the ship. I can't let that happen, Clara. That's all. It doesn't do to change men's destinies. Alexander Bayne is a liner hero. He must remain so."

"But your job, John?" she persisted. "Striking your superior officer!"

John Morely's rugged face cracked with a grin that made him in that moment strangely younger. He pointed in silence along the deck. Captain Bayne was striding aft in his spotless uniform with the gold epaulets at the shoulders of his mess jacket. A crowd collected about him at once. The light struck his head strongly, and Clara saw very clearly the mark of the hero on his smiling conqueror's face. The hero's mark placed on his cheek by the fist of the first mate.

"Never fear for my job, Clara," John Morely said softly. "Bayne is no fool. If he preferred charges against me what I could tell a court about tonight's work would set him ashore for the rest of his life—and he knows it." The mate paused, then a tolerant smile warmed his eyes. "As for what his own thoughts might be—what does it matter to such a man what two people think of him when the rest of the world fights to shake the hand of a hero?"

Clara Aldrich turned away. He felt her fingers caress his arm with light tenderness.

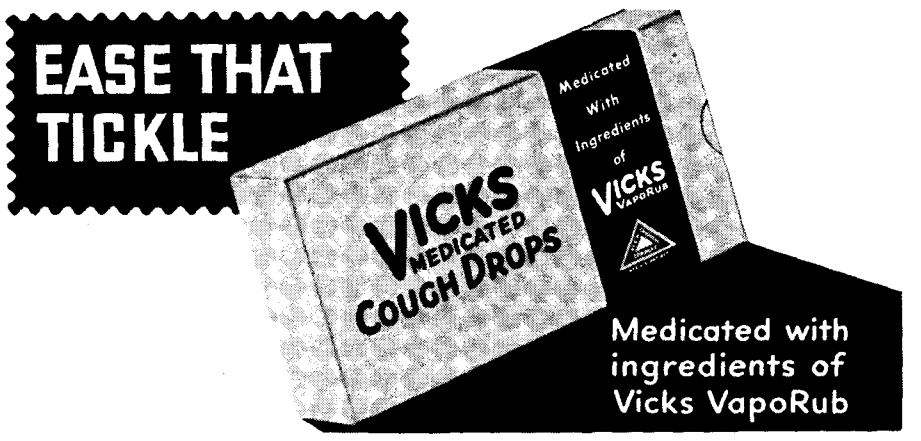
"John—" she said, and was silent.

"We were kids together, Clara, Alex and I," he said. "It's hard to forget."

"Yes, John. For you I suppose it is. . . . I am not going down for their carnival. I mean to help Doctor Stenger. But if you will ask me, John, I'll have dinner with you in your cabin when I can."

"Ay; I'll ask you."

He turned from her. She watched his back with an odd light in her wistful eyes as he walked with his slow lumbering walk toward the passageway. She watched until he disappeared into the obscurity of its shadows where the officers lived. A strange man, the man she loved. He was a sailor-officer in the old tradition. Perhaps that explained a deal. The master couldn't have his dinner if it weren't for his chief mate, in whose safekeeping is given the well-being of a ship. And at times the captain's honor as well.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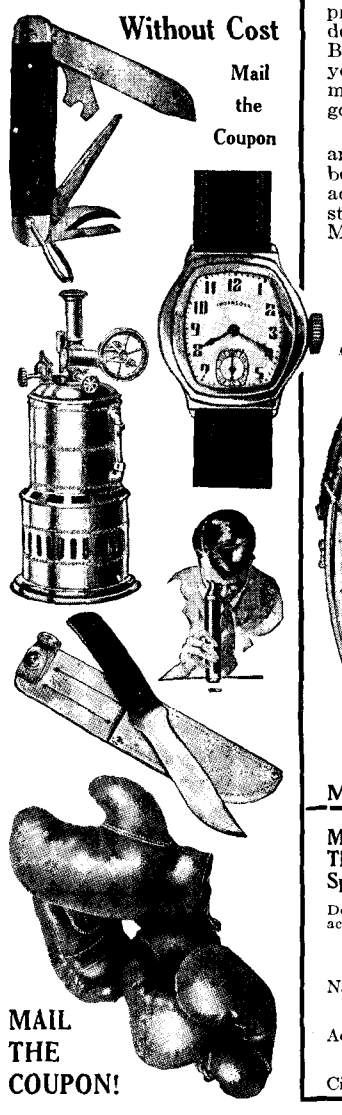

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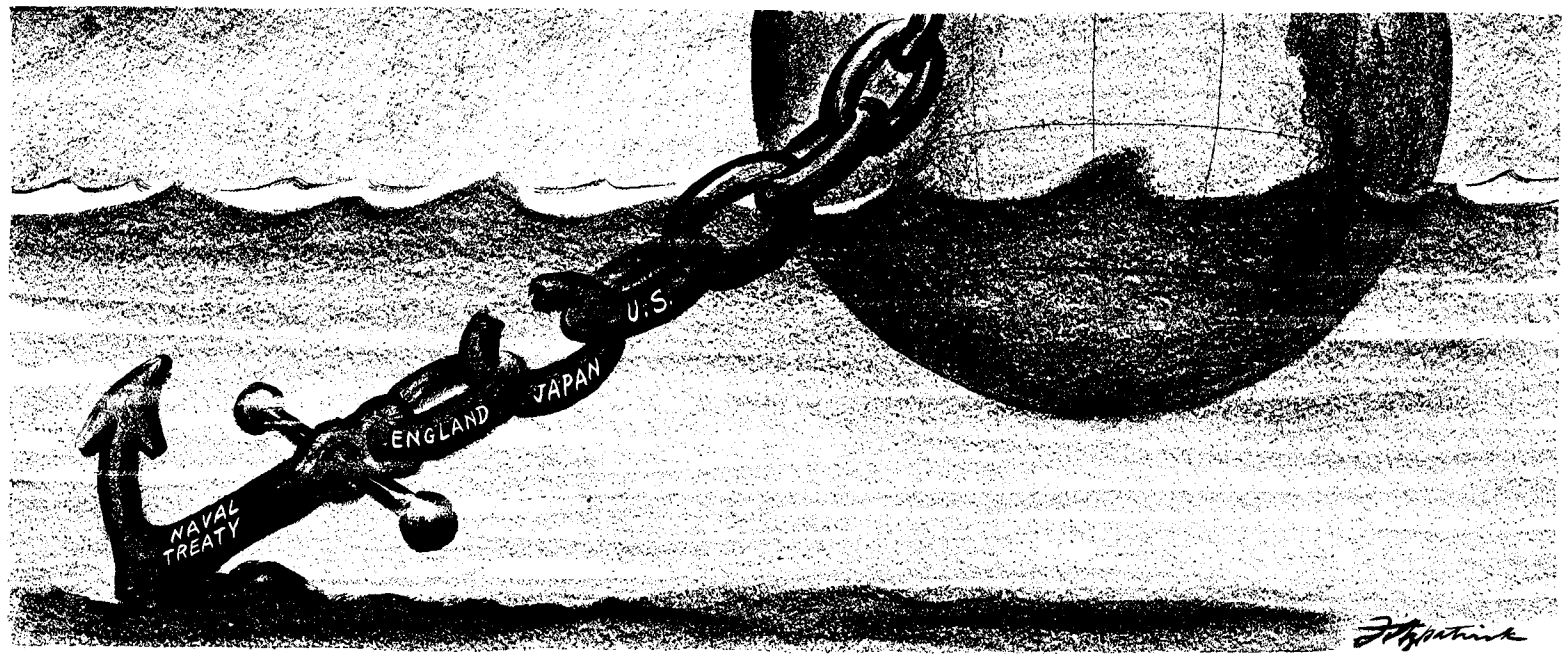


# Speaking of Ships

NORMAN H. DAVIS, our ambassador at large, is an incurable optimist. This is the reason President Roosevelt sent him to London to trade words with the Japanese concerning further limiting naval armaments.

If Mr. Davis were not an optimist his mission would be altogether useless. Maybe not even an optimist can work out a treaty. Certainly the Japanese demand for "equality" leaves little room for trade. Still, it is good to give a skillful and cheerful negotiator the chance to explore all the hopeful possibilities. Too much is at stake to justify any neglect.

To understand clearly the complicated play between the diplomats and naval officers at London, we have to look back a dozen years and then take a long look ahead.

Just after the close of the World War the United States, Great Britain and Japan seemed to be racing for naval supremacy. Our naval forces had been greatly increased during the war. We had the equipment to create an even greater navy. Such a rivalry in fleets was a disturbing factor to a world sick of war. So President Harding invited the great powers to meet at Washington and to consider the situation.

The Washington Conference was held and the presiding officer was Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State and now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Mr. Hughes worked out the Washington Naval Treaty. Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and the United States signed it. It was a good job well done.

By the treaty the race for naval supremacy was halted. Everybody agreed to stabilize at the point then reached. The fighting ships of Great Britain and the United States were approximately equal. Japan's navy was not quite two thirds as large. Thus the statesmen agreed on a navy ratio of 5-5-3, counting the United States and Great Britain each as 5 and Japan as 3.

This treaty was arrived at on February 6, 1922. It is to remain in force until December 31, 1936. If no power gave notice of the intention to terminate the treaty, then the agreement would be continued indefinitely, or at least until two years after a termination notice had been given. Japan has not, at this writing, given the required notice.

Consequently, the naval treaty will, in any case, be binding for another two years.

The treaty is unpopular in Japan. The Japanese government appears to have decided that the time is ripe to establish Japanese supremacy in the Far East and to believe that neither Europe nor America will actually interfere.

What the Japanese people think about this policy of aggression need not influence the Japanese army. Under the Japanese Constitution the army can make its own decisions. It can decide upon war. The civil government must pay the bills.

Whether the Japanese people oppose or favor the army's seizure of Manchuria cannot be known. In common with other people the Japanese have been highly nationalistic since the World War. With the radio and a censored press it has not been found difficult to whip up a people's fury. By such devices Hitler fomented hatred of the Jews.

At any rate, the ideas and the principles of the Japanese generals and admirals are what now count in Far Eastern affairs, and in world affairs. The recent policies of the Japanese army toward China seem to have followed the worst Western example. The Japanese can say truthfully that they have done nothing in China not previously done by Great Britain, France, Russia or Germany in China or by the United States in Panama. The Japanese not only can say these things but they do point to the deadly parallels.

The Japanese admirals want ships enough to defend themselves against any contingencies which may arise. The Japanese generals have shown a fairly reckless disregard for the opinions of other peoples and the notes of other governments. This is the reason Norman H. Davis and the British diplomats have had such difficulty in working out any preliminary agreements with the Japanese at London.

The Washington treaty did more than limit the number of ships and guns. By its terms Japan, Great Britain and the United States agreed not further to fortify harbors and islands which might be useful in the event of a Pacific war. We agreed not to fortify Hawaii or the Aleutian Islands. Great Britain undertook to leave Hong Kong as it was.

Japan has been accused indirectly of fortifying the Pacific islands formerly held by Germany and now controlled under a League of Nations mandate by Japan. If the naval treaty were not extended or renewed unquestionably the British and we would resume building forts in the Pacific. The Aleutian Islands would be a natural American fortress. The Aleutians are only 1,000 miles from Japan's Kuril Islands and not 2,000 miles from Tokyo.

World peace, like a chain, is no more durable than its weakest link. Naval limitation won't be accomplished by precept and example. Either a satisfactory agreement will be worked out or there will be no agreement.

It is safe to guess, however, that if the naval treaty is denounced or allowed to lapse, we shall build fleets and fortifications as large as we think necessary to safeguard our lands, our interests and our prestige.

Such an armament race would be a tragic waste of human resources. It was possible to work out a treaty of mutual concession in 1922. Maybe it can be done again. Peace and international agreement are surely worth unending effort.



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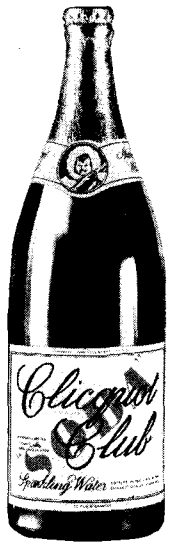


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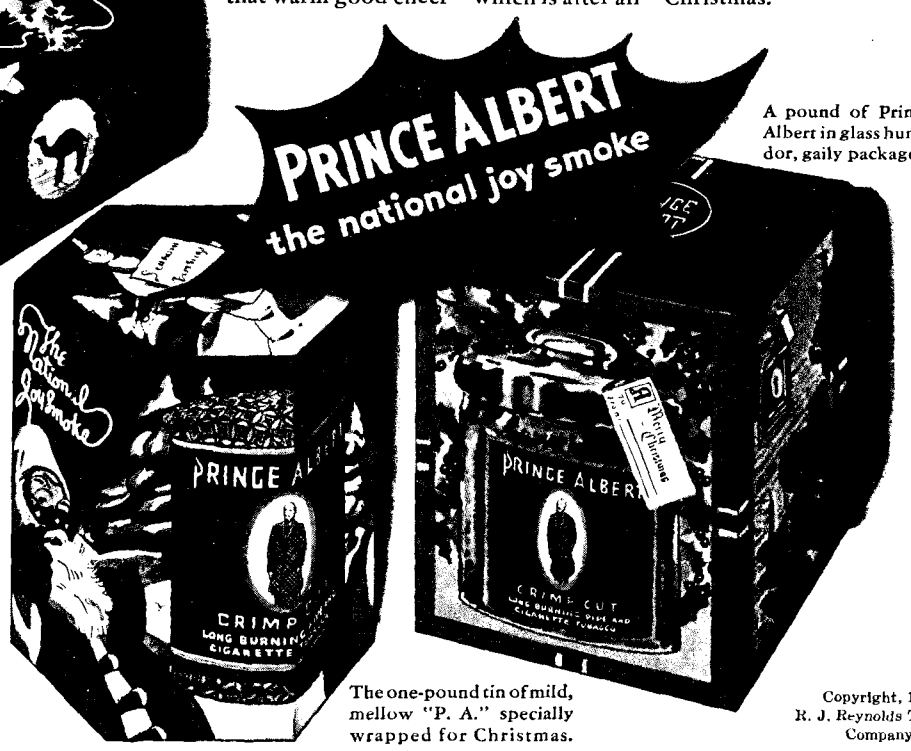


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